HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA:
OR,
LOVE'S MASTER-PIECE,
Being the First Part of that so much admired ROMANCE, Entituled *CLEOPATRA.*

Written Origina" ch,
and now rendred into English
By R. LOVEDAY.

EVAND.
Quid magis optaret Cleopatra *Parentibus orta*
Conspicuis, Comiti quam placuisse Thori?

LONDON,
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458C-255

To the right Honourable his ever honoured Lady, the Lady Clinton.

MADAM,

AT ſuch times as your ſilent Authority gave me leave to want better imployment, this trifle (that now begs to live a ſhrub under the ſecure ſhade of your Patronage) was Sinn'd into Engliſh: and, though not to confeſs the preſumption, be to add to it, yet its being born in your Honours ſervice, bids me hope it leſs rudeneſs, thus to throw it ſelf at your feet, than to diſclaim the priviledg of being yours. *Madam*, I am not ignorant (if you deſcend to the peruſal of this humble toy) that you muſt force your ſublime thoughts (which uſually fly at fair Quarries) to a ſtooping: but as the Sun (who is the cleereſt Emblem of your vertues) when mounted to his Meridian, does not diſdain to look downwards; ſo if you vouchſafe to let fall the beams of a ſmile upon this piece, and bid it live, how unkindly others may uſe it ſhall never be plac'd among the fears of,

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt humble,
and ever obedient Servant,

LOVEDAY.

To the Reader.

READER, *thou haſt here my recreations, if they have the luck to be thine, I have my end; and we are both pleaſed: They had long ſince looked upon the light, if I had not the ſin to anſwer for, of truſting a Book-ſeller, or rather He of deceiving me; thou ſhalt pardon me for the* how, *leſt I take pains to be laughed at, but I think I ſhall ſooner truſt, (what his ſign repreſents,) to the wind than him again.*

But to the purpoſe, thou wilt here find the Portal a fair Building, with a little Plat-form of the whole Fabrick; here is Hiſtory enameled with Fiction, and Truth dreſt like a May-Lady, who through the gay diſguiſe of her flowry ornaments, does often ſhow her own ſimplicity. If thou beeſt an Hiſtorian, thou wilt trace his ingenious Pen through Tacitus, Florus, Suetonius, *and others that wrote* Auguſtus *life, and find with what skilful method he hath culled ſuch flowers from each of their Gardens, as were fitteſt to beautifie his Garland. It was the ſame hand that wrote the much cryed up* Caſſandra, *and the beſt judgements agree, if this were perfected as happily as begun, it need not yield That any other precedency but of time, (in all things elſe might claim advantage;) but I keep thee too long at the door.*

Farewel.

R. L

To his deſerving Friend, Mr. Loveday, *upon his Tranſlation of* CLEOPATRA.

SOme uſe to praiſe before they do peruſe,
And make a *Common Hackny* of their Muſe.
I love my *Friend*, yet do I love to look,
Before I paſs my *verdict* on his Book.
'Tis merit win's Encomiaſtick Strains.
While *Sychophanes* who proſtitute their brains,
Profeſs a ſervile practick art of praiſe,
And crown *weak Artiſts* with *Apollo's* Bayes.
I would be loth my *Genius* ſhould be ſuch,
" This pure *Elixer'd Grain* will bide the touch
I dare maintain't; where Language, Method, Wit,
Approve his Judgement that commendeth it.
Nor is it greater glory to a *State*,
T'invent a piece than aptly to Tranſlate,
Wherein my *Friend* has ſuch exactneſs ſhown,
His *Native-dreſs* has made the work his own:
I am no *Partialiſt*; it is a crime
That ſuits with *Timiſts*, it is none of mine,
It was a *Maxim* from a *Sybill's* mouth,
Who thwarts it, is Appoſtata to truth.
" Where *Nature* grounds, and *Art* improves encreaſe,
" That only hand compleats *Love's Maſter-piece*.

Nomen amoris habens, & amare Charactere cogens,
Ingenui vatis nomen omenque tenes.
Nomen amans, & amantis opus ſint pignora palmis
Digna peregrinis, ut rediere tuis.

Arbores multi renovant Coloni,
Quo magis cultu redeant opimi;
Hoc agit Loved ay *renovans Libelli*
Ora faceti.——
Cœtus ut ſancti pariunt modeſtos,
Et novæ veſtes faciunt venuſtos,
Mille te dignum tenuere teſtes
Meſſe Laboris.——

 R Braithwait

Upon this choycework, Love's Maſter-piece, *expos'd to light by Mr.* Loveday.

AS *Pearl* 'mong gemms, ſo 'mong the paſſions *Love*
Excels, and in a higher Orb doth move.
Her Siſters *Faith* and *Hope* attend us here,
While through the Elements our Courſe we ſteer;
But *Love* ſoars with the Soul beyond the Sky,
As imp'd in Her to *all* Eternity;
But what was here *frail fancy* that did burn
Sometimes, and *freez* ſoon after, there ſhall turn
To an Angelick nature, ever free
From all ſuch fits of Mutability.
This Author doth this *Paſſion* ſo diſplay,
And in ſuch high Ideas, that he may
Stand to be Chairman, and ſo ſit above
The choiceſt *Maſters* in the *ſchool* of *Love*

James Howel.

Thoughts on this Tranſlation of Love's Maſter-piece.

GReek *Heliodorus* with *Melliſluous* Style,
In th' *Æthiopick* ſtory did compile
Ideas, which might regularly move
To Conjugal affections and pure Love.
Loveday, thy Gallick Author doth advance
Such with new art and ſplendors to his *France*;
And thou (whoſe vertuous knowledge did compile
Them in beſt language of thy Native Ile)
As *He* to modern *France*, *Thou* to old *Greece*,
For us haſt fram'd of ſtyle the *Maſter-piece*.

John Chapperline.

To my moſt eſteemed Friend, and dear Brother, Mr. Robert Loveday, *upon his happy Labours of Tranſlating* CLEOPATRA.

WEre yet alive the *Cleopatra* fair,
Candace, *Eliſa*, or Grand *Ceſar*'s Heir,
With th'*Heroes* of thoſe times, they'd all allow
They ne're ſuch Luſtre did receive as now:
What ever other Authors written have
Had bury'd lay'n in dark Oblivion's Grave,
Or been deprived of the greateſt Glory
That all acknowledge due to ſuch a Story;
But that thy Pen renew'd and imp't the Wings
To their illuſtrious Fame, repeating things
In quainter and conciſer Terms than they
In any other Language could diſplay.
Spurn then at Envi's plots, contemn all them
That ſtrove to rob the world of ſuch a Gem;
Or pay th' Oppoſers thanks, ſince th'*Others* pain
Serves as a Foyl to thy politer ſtrain.

J. Wright

To my very much Honoured Friend,

Mr. Robert Loveday, *upon this his Matchleſs* Verſion, *Entituled* Love's Maſter-piece.

Sir, there is nothing that offends Me ſo
(Next to my *Sins*) as theſe (your *Lines*) muſt go
For a *Tranſlation*; which no leſs exceed
The *French*. than *Fertile-Nile* the *Barren Tweed*:
Which (when the *Delphick Sword* of *Him* that *Reigns*
Hath Conquer'd *France*, made the ſteep *Mountains Plains*,
And laid both *Dialects* in *Common*) ſhall
Be thought no *Copy*, but th'*Originall*
For where the *Author* only doth abound
With *Graceful Words*, here th'are with *Fancy* Crown'd:
What he wrapt up in *Clowds* of Groſſer *Aire*,
Your *LOVE* diſtills in *Phraſe* polite and fair.
Where he *Confounds* us with an Irkſome *Night*,
Your *DAY* Reviveth by his Gladſome *Light*:
Chawcer and *Gowr* our *Language* but *Refin'd*,
You (*SIR*) true *Chimiſt*-like, have it *Calein'd*,
Hew'd out the *Barbarous Knots*, and made it *Run*
As *Smooth* as doth the *Chariot* of the *Sun*;
Whilſt *French* is but the *Foyl* to let us ſee
The *Luſter* of our *Tongue's Preſperity*.
And this *Choyce work* more fitly ſtyled is
(Not only *LOVE'S*, but) *LOVE-DAY'S* Maſter-piece,

G. Wharton.

Hymen's Præludia.

OR

Love's Maſter-Piece.

The Firſt Book.

ARGUMENT.

Prince Tyridates *reſcues* Queen Candace *from the Jaws of* Neptune, *invites her to his Solitary reſidence, and there gives the relation of his Life. His Extraction, Education, and ſtrange eſcape from the inhumane Cruelty of his Brother* Phraates, *after the murther of his Father and all his Brethren. The ſecret and open practices of his Brother's malice purſue him through the Courts of* Armenia, Media, *and* Bithynia, *where he runs the hazard of his life by the Treachery of* King Pharnaces. *He flies into* Judea, *is received and treated honourably by* Herod: *Relates his cruelties: Falls in love with* Queen Mariamne, *and* Salome Herod's *Siſter with him. He commands in the War againſt* Malichus *the* Arabian, *gives him many brave defeats, and at laſt, by a total overthrow drives him out of* Judea; *returning finds* Hircanus *murdered, and* Mariamne *impriſoned by* Herod's *command. He gains* Sohemus *to let him viſit her, diſcovers his affection which ſhe vertuouſly rejects.*

Herods *proſperous return from his* Rhodian *voyage to* Auguſtus. *He inlarges* Mariamne. Salome *artificially inſinuates her love to* Tyridates, *but is civilly refus'd, which half converts it into ſpight.* Tyridates *often renews his reſearch of* Mariamne, *and is as oft confuted and repulſed by her wiſdom and vertue, which refines his affection.*

THE Shades of Night had not yet given place to the firſt bluſhes of the day, when the ſaid *Tyridates* waken'd by his cruel inquietudes, and not able to wait the approaching light, left his ſolitary Manſion, to breath his languiſhing body and amorous thoughts upon the Shore of *Alexandria*, the Eſtate of his Mind, with that of his Fortune, furniſh'd him with matter ample enough to entertain the hours, & upon this employment he ſtill beſtowed the better part of his day; his griefs were the moſt lively, and his misfortunes the moſt violent that ever Soul was capable of reſenting: And yet, he fancy'd ſo much glory in thoſe ſufferings, that (cruelly as they us'd him) he could neither hate nor deſire the end of a miſery, to which he had conſecrated the reſt of his deplorable life. He had given ſome moments to theſe ſad conſiderations, when lifting his eyes from the Earth, where they had long been fix'd, and ſending a look towards the Sea, they were incountred with an object capable to arreſt them.

It was a great Fire, which raiſing it ſelf from the waves, ſeem'd to climb'd Heaven, with no other deſign, than to ſeek a Refuge in its proper Centre, from

from the Enemies it fled the flames in ſome places (mix'd with thick ſmoak) rowl'd themſelves in great flaſhes towards the Stars, and ſhot their ſparks upwards ſo fiercely, that they ſeem'd to conteſt for ſplendour with thoſe lights, wherewith the Firmament was then imbroider'd. *Tyridates* judg'd, with much likelyhood, that the flames could not riſe from the Ocean's boſom, unleſs ſuſtain'd in ſome burning veſſel, which made his generous and compaſſionate inclination deplore their miſhap that were involv'd in that combuſtion (and wanting power to give other ſuccours) he ſent the aſſiſtance of ſome Vows to Heaven for their deliverance.

Ah! devouring flames! cry'd he, *you yet act your part with leſs power and cruelty than mine: if you be not ſuddenly quench'd, the materials will ſoon fail that feed your fury: but my fire finds in my Soul an eterna! nouriſhment, no hope of relief from a contrary Element, nor end of ſuch a ſubſtance as may ever burn without conſuming.* With theſe words were mingled many ſighs, that roſe in throngs from his breſt; and in the mean time beholding the Fire with a ſerious eye, he ſpi'd it grow'd pale at the dayes arrival, which ſoon after diſrob'd the Sea and Earth of all their Sables, & thus his ſight was no ſooner ſet at liberty, but ſurpriz'd again by a ſecond ſpectacle, which touch'd him more feelingly than the firſt. He ſpy'd ſome perſons, that had indeed eſcap'd the Fire, and were now diſputing for life with the liquid Element, and ſtriving with all their ſtrength to gain the ſhoar, which they ſaw already neer them. This little number was compos'd of two Women, who ty'd themſelves with faſt imbraces to a Plank that

ſuſtain'd them, and a man, that ſwam behind, and with all his power puſh'd it towards the ſhoar, as if he had only tender'd his own life to imploy it in the preſervation of theirs: yet he was grown ſo weary, as the hope of making good his aſſiſtance began to languiſh; for, though the diſtance between the Ship and Shoar was not ſo great, but a man might ſwim it in a calm, yet the pains he had taken in thruſting forward the Ladies Plank, added to what themſelves had ſuffered by the waters coldneſs, the toſſing of the billows, (a toyl too rude to agree with their delicacy) had render'd them ſo feeble, as all their force was left, was not able to reach the Shoar. Oh! What beauties were there expos'd to *Thetis* mercy, how proud the Waves were grown of the priviledge they had gotten to Court and kiſſe one of the faireſt Bodies that ever Nature fram'd! & (to render their Courtſhip leſſe dangerous) they ſeem'd to lay by a part of their ordinary fury, yet retain'd enough to make their imbraces fatal, if the Gods had not ſent relief.

Tyridates well diſcerning what kind of pity the object crav'd, ſtaid not to weigh his reſolution, but, (ſpurr'd by that generous diſpoſition, that taught him freely to expoſe his life for the ſafety of the miſerable,) (clad as he was) he threw himſelf into the Sea, being only cover'd with a thin light habit, that could not hinder his deſign, and ſwimming with a mighty force, he had ſoon reached them, juſt as they were reduc'd to the extreameſt need of ſuccour, and bidding the man imploy the ſtrength was left him for his proper ſafety, he tender'd the ſame ſervice to the women (which till then they had receiv'd of him)

him) with ſuch ſucceſſe, and drave their Plank ſo ſtrongly forward, as in a ſhort time they approach'd neer enough the Shoar to finde a bottom, and ſtay their ſelves upon their feet; then, leiſurely removing their weari'd bodies, and propping each with an Arme, he led them gently to the Shoar, whither preſently after came their Man, juſt as *Tyridates* was preparing to repeat the danger in his behalf.

The Principal of theſe Ladies reſembled *Venus* newly ſprung from *Thetis* womb, or ſomthing more fair, if poſſible; and though *Tyridates* was prepoſſeſſed by one of the worlds rareſt Beauties, yet he could not behold hers without aſtoniſhment, and ſome inclination to Idolatry; he had doubtleſs taken her for ſome Sea-*Goddeſs*, if he had not ſeen the Waves uſe her too rudely to be her Subjects: and he would have believ'd her a Celeſtial *Deity*, if the extremity, wherein he beheld her ſome moments before, had not perſwaded him that he lent his Succours to a mortal beauty: indeed her *Complexion* had not ſo pure and delicate a white as the world could ſhew, though it much ſurpaſs'd common beauties, but in revenge of this, her eyes (to whoſe blackneſſe, nothing but her hair was comparable) ſhot ſuch penetrating rayes, all the Features of her Face form'd to ſo rare a proportion, her neck (then half uncover'd) ſo well ſeconded the charms of her Viſage, and her ſhape (much over-topping the Common Stature of women) accompanied with a Geſture ſo graceful and Majeſtick, every part helping to make the compoſure admirable; that no eye could view it, and not carry War to the heart, and give the Soul a hot Alarm of extraordinary motion.

Tyridates had not then the leiſure ſingly to conſider all thoſe marvels, and ſhe that poſſeſs'd them had no ſooner gain'd the Shoar, but ſhe let her ſelf fall upon the ſand, too much oppreſt with wearineſs to ſuſtain it, or command force enough to pay her thanks, or almoſt one ſingle regard to her deliverer; her Woman had the ſame title to repoſe, and was likewiſe fallen at her Ladies feet, but the man (though he had undergone exceſſive toyl) had too ſtout a Conſtitution to ſink under what he had ſuffer'd, or loſe the memory and power to render a fit acknowledgment to his live's preſerver; at whoſe Feet, he threw himſelf, and imbracing his Knees with much affection, *What ever you are,* ſaid he, *I would ſpeak the reſentments I ought to have for the life I owe you, if they were fit to be mentioned with what you have done for another: But,* Sir, *the whole world is my fellow Debtor to your Generoſity, for the ſafety of one of its moſt conſiderable perſons.*

Tyridates (helping him up, and inviting him to ſit a while, and indeavour to diſmiſs the wearineſs his travel had contracted) told him, *That he would hold that for the happieſt day the angry Gods had ever ſent him, if he had done any thing in relation to his, or that perſons preſervation, upon whoſe precious life he had ſet ſo rich a value.* To theſe they had both added ſome other expreſſions of Civility, when the beauteous *Lady* (time having reſtored part of her Spirits) roſe from the ſeat her feebleneſs had choſen, and caſting her eys round, ſtaid them upon *Tyridates*, whom ſhe knew had preſerv'd her. His face was none of thoſe that might be ſeen without ſurpriſal, for the World had very few that could ſhew more ſigns of

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an Illuſtrious birth: ſuch a pleaſing Manly ſweetneſs was ſtamp'd in all his Features, that the fair Unknown, found enough in his Noble looks to claim reſpect, and judging him worthy of her Civility, ſhe accoſted him with a geſture repleat with Grace and Majeſty.

I owe you my life, ſaid ſhe, *but am not troubled to be reduable to a man that carries in his face ſo many marks of a Birth and Vertue ſublime and Illuſtrious.* *Tyridates*, who (by the Beams of that admirable Beauty, & the Stranger's advantagious *Character*,) had already underſtood what was due to her, roſe from his Seat, and returned her theſe words with much ſubmiſſion. Madam, *you honour me with a high opinion borrowed from erroneous Conjectures; yet 'tis true, my extraction is none of the meaneſt; but, with much regret, I confeſs, I owe that to the glory of my* Anceſtors, *which I deſpair to make good by my proper vertue.* The fair Unknown had certainly indeavour'd to confute *Tyridates* modeſty, if he had not oppos'd it by repreſenting the inconvenience ſhe ſuffer'd in her wet habits, and the hazard her health might run, if ſhe remain'd ſtill in that Condition; to remedy which, *Madam*, ſaid he, *I am here a ſtranger as well as you, and the rather ſo, becauſe the miſeries of my life have enjoyned me to fly all ſorts of Society; they are thoſe which will not ſuffer me to offer a retreat worthy of you, which at ſome other time, and in another Country I might poſſibly Command; I have only here a little Houſe ſome five or ſix hundred Paces hence, ſeated in the moſt Savage and Solitary place I could chooſe, there are ſome Chambers Commodious enough, and Beds in them, where you may repoſe your*

ſelves till your Cloaths be dry. Your entertainment will not be ſo ſplendid as the City may afford, but you ſhall have leſs noyſe and trouble, where you ſhall ſee no Perſon that will not be diſpos'd to ſerve you. Your offers are full of Nobleneſſe, repli'd the fair Stranger, *but before I accept them, if you pleaſe, I would gladly learn what* City *this is, and in what* Countrey *we now are. You do now behold*, ſaid *Tyridates*, *the Walls of proud* Alexandria, *the Metropolis of the great Kingdome of* Ægypt, *made Illuſtrious both by her Founder, and the ſucceſſive reſidence of ſo many mighty Kings, but it ſeems at preſent ſhe ſadly ſuffers the change of her Condition; for, having been the royal ſeat of the* Ptolome's, Anthony's, & Cleopatra's, *ſhe is now reduc'd (not without the reluctance of ſome diſdain) to be the Manſion, and bow to the command of a Governor.* While *Tyridates* utter'd this, the Man, which was ſav'd from the wrack, began to renew his acquaintance with the Shoar & Walls of *Alexandria*, & beheld them with aſtoniſhment; from thence turning his Eyes upon the Stranger's Face, he perceiv'd her change colour, and underſtanding ſome Sighs, which the words of *Tyridates* had forc'd from her breſt, but ſtriving to recover her temper, ſhe intreated *Tyridates* to inſtruct her further. *It is* Cornelius Gallus, ſaid he, *that now commands* Alexandria, *together with all* Egypt, *for the Emperour* Auguſtus, *who gave him this Government after the deplorable death of the unfortunate* Antony, *and the great Queen* Cleopatra, *who, in this unhappy City, (about nine years ſince) loſt both life and Empire, but ſure you muſt know this Story, for it is not likely the Earth hath any part, which the fame of that fatall*

quarrel

quarrel (that decided the Worlds command) has not viſited. I have heard of it, replyed the Stranger with a faint voice, *but by the Diſcourſe you have made me, I ſee my ſelf reduc'd to make uſe of your bounty, and accept of the retreat which you proffer. Let us go then,* ſaid ſhe, (offering him her hand) *when you pleaſe, and the dangers I have newly ſcap'd among Treacherous Men, cannot hurt the Confidence my opinion hath of your Vertue.* At theſe words ſhe began to ſet forward, and on either ſide ſtaying her Arm on him, and the Man that was preſerv'd with her, ſhe overcame that ſhort way, not without much trouble, caus'd by her former wearineſs, together with the coldneſs and weight of her wet Apparel.

The Houſe whether *Tyridates* conducted her, and where he then made his own abode, was ſeated among divers points of a *Rock*, which over-look'd one ſide of it; on that quarter where the High-way lay, it was conceal'd from the Eye, by a Wood mingled with *Rocks:* but on that ſide which regarded the Sea, they might have a full free view from the windows, as far as the ſight would reach. The fair *Lady*, with her retinue, was no ſooner arriv'd there, but *Tyridates* (having given Command to ſome Servants, ſpeedily to make a well-furniſh'd Chamber fit to receive them) led them thither, and there reſpectively took his leave, that they might freely enjoy the privacy of laying off their wet robes: they went to bed, the *Miſtreſs* commanding her Servant to lie with her, being a priviledge ſhe had often granted her in their former Travails: *Tyridates* chang'd Cloaths, and ſent a Servant with a dry Suit to the Stranger, whoſe countenance gave him

him a good *Character*, and ſpake his age about Fifty years.

After they had all beſtow'd ſome hours upon repoſe, Dinner was ſerv'd up to the *Ladies* in their Bed, and *Tyridates* having din'd in another Chamber with his unknown gueſt, deſir'd him to ask the Ladies at what hour he might viſit them, & not be importunate: the *fair Stranger* having ſent her anſwer, that ſhe was ready to receive him, he enter'd the Chamber, where ſhe treated him with much *Civility*; ſhe was then ſo well recover'd, that all the Beauty, which pain and fear had put to flight, was come back again to its uſual luſtre: which *Tyridates* took ſome time to admire; for, though his heart was Captive to another, yet it could not hinder him from giving her the *Palm* from all that ever his eye acknowledged fair: The *Lady* had no leſs *Satisfaction* from his brave looks, and this mutual eſteem gave to each an almoſt equal deſire of a further diſcovery: The *Reſpect* which the *Lady*'s face had imprinted in *Tyridates*, would not ſuffer him to own his *Curioſity*: but ſhe was ſo hardy to profeſs hers; and after ſhe had invited him to a Seat near her Bed, and beheld him with a more pleaſing *Aſpect*, than ſhe had yet expreſt; *I ſhould be very ingrateful*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had any deſign to hide my condition from a perſon to whom I am indebted for my life; & though there be many reaſons weighty enough, to diſſwade the diſcovery of my Name, Birth, and Fortunes, in a Country that has deſerv'd to be ſuſpected; yet I ſhould eaſily conſent to truſt the ſecret of my life to the remembrance of what I owe you, and the opinion I have of your vertue, if my deſire to know you better did not want ſome ſatisfaction*;

ſatisfaction: pardon this Curioſity to my ſex and apprehenſion, and think it not ſtrange, that I am willing to underſtand his Name and Condition, whoſe face and behaviour have already ſpoke ſo much to his advantage: if you do not find cauſe to ſuſpect me, deny not my deſire, and in exchange I ſhall give you the relation of divers paſſages, which, with the confidence I repoſe in you, may be judged important.

Tyridates took ſome moments to reply to theſe words, but a while after (lifting his eys from the earth, and fixing them upon the face of his fair *Gueſt*) *you deſire that of me,* ſaid he, *which can never be paid for, with a leſs price than what you offer, and I ſhould be hardly drawn to reveal the ſecret of my life to any that could challenge leſs reſpect and obedience than your ſelf; it were frivolous to conceal, that to the confeſſion of my name, is faſten'd the manifeſt danger of my life, for that is fallen to ſo low a value in my conſideration, that it cannot oblige me to hide it from you: but if I give this relation faithfully, I muſt diſcloſe things which were never yet declar'd to any, & which I was reſolved to continue ſecret, ſo long as my breſt could hold them; yet I ſhall forget all theſe conſiderations, & (arm'd with the hope of your promis'd exchange) try to ſubdue all the difficulties that withſtand my obedience.*

Inſtead of rebating, theſe words inflamed the *Lady*'s deſire, yet ſhe reſerv'd ſo much diſcretion to tell him, that ſhe ſhould be ſorry to importune the recital of ſo weighty a ſecret: but *Tyridates* reply'd, he had already clear'd all the obſtacles that reſiſted his inclination to obey her, and (having kept ſilence ſome moments to prepare attention) he began his *Story in this manner.*

The

The History of Tyridates.

THe Diſcourſe I am now to begin, is nought elſe but a *Webb* of miſeries, interwoven with a few memorable *Events*; it would affl&t your *Patience* if I did not reſolve to abridge it, and (ſlightly touching the reſt) only enlarge my ſelf upon thoſe *adventures* that are moſt important.

My name is *Tyridates*, I am of the *Illuſtrious blood* of the *Arſacides*, Son of *Orodes* King of the *Parthians*, (under whom the *Roman* power receiv'd ſo great a *Shock* by the loſſe of *Craſſus*, and his Army) and brother to the cruel *Phraates*, who now poſſeſſeth that great *Empire*, which our *Anceſtors* have commanded, ſince the grand *Arſaces* founded that proud *Monarchy*, of whom we are deſcended from *Father* to *Son*, in a dire&t maſculine line.

At the knowledg of *Tyridates* his quality, his fair *Gueſt* regarded him with a more reſpe&tful eye, and (interrupting the beginning of his Diſcourſe) *I took my Conjecture*, ſaid ſhe, *from many Signes I obſerv'd, that your Birth was not common, and am well pleas'd to finde my opinion not erroneous; and leſt you ſhould believe her a mean Perſon that hath engag'd ſo great a* Prince *to this long narration, I ſhall let you know (before I give a more ample relation of my life) that I was born a* Princeſſe, *and am lawfull* Queen *to one of the moſt puiſſant, and rich* Empires *of the world.* At theſe words, *Tyridates* roſe from his Chair, and making an *obeyſance* as low as the verge of her Robe, demanded pardon for the faults his *Ignorance* had committed; the fair *Queen* made him the ſame excuſes

excuſes, and when they had allow'd ſome time to this Diſcourſe, *Tyridates* being return'd (by the Queens intreaty) to his Seat, thus purſu'd his Story.

I was born under an unfortunate *Planet*, and thoſe which conſulted the *Stars* at my *Nativity*, did all finde me menaced by moſt malicious *Influences*, eſpecially the *Mathematician Traſillus*, who (before his Youth had done Blooming) had acquir'd a great reputation in that *Science*, & does at this day paſſe for one of the worlds living wonders; he ſaw me in *Armenia*, which I viſited in one of my unfortunate voyages, after he had perus'd ſome lines in my *Hand* and *Face*, and been inform'd of the *Day* and *Hour* of my *Birth*, he foretold my *Miſeries* ſhould not end but with my *Life*, that neither ſhould long continue, that I was threatned by a *Death* which ſhould be neither *Violent* nor *Naturall*, but participating ſomthing of both. In my firſt *Childhood* I was nouriſh'd in the *King* my *Fathers* Court, with a great number of Brothers, of which I was the youngeſt, *Pacorus* & *Phraates* being 16 or 18 years elder than I. I was not 8 years old, when my brothers the Prince *Pacorus* & *Labienus* broke into the *Territories* of *Aſia*, that obeyed the *Roman* people, defeated *Saxa*, and (ſwel'd with their lucky ſucceſs) ravaged *Cilicia*, with a part of *Syria*, it may be you have heard of the great *progreſs* they made in ſo ſhort a time: But the end was much different, for the following year, they were defeated and unluckily ſlain by the *Roman* Army, Commanded by *Ventidius*, *Lieutenant* to *Antonius*.

After the death of *Pacorus*, the *Prince Phraates* my *Brother*, not much ſhort of his age, being already Marryed

Marryed, ſucceeded to the *Helm* of the *Parthian* affairs, for the *King* our *Father*, beginning to ſtoop under his *years*, deſir'd the Comforts of a *Calm age*, and to be releas'd of the troubles which his *Youth* had ſuſtain'd. At my tenth year, the King ſent me to a little *City* upon our *Frontier*, where uſually the *Parthian Royal Infants* were educated, and there the *Prince Pacorus* had learn'd part of his *Exerciſes*: I took ſome pains at mine, with a *ſucceſs* fruitful enough to content my *Tutors*; and after I had there imploy'd about four years time, and began to think of being call'd home to my *Fathers Court*, I underſtood it had been lately dy'd with *Bloud*, and that *Bloud Royal*, newly drawn from my poor murder'd *Brothers*; this *Act* hath been too well known to all the *World* for the *Honour* of *Arſacides*, whoſe name to all ages, will ſtand blotted with eternal *Obloquy*: the cruel and ambitious *Phraates* (unworthy of the *Race* & *Memory* of *Arſaces*) deſirous to make ſure of that *Authority*, which he fear'd his *Brothers* might one day find means to diſturb, cauſed them to be Barbarouſly Slain; and the aged *King* our *Father*, for making his grief appear in his juſt complaints, and declaiming againſt his deteſtable *Inhumanity*, in ſome terms that diſpleas'd, provoked him to compleat the *Horrour* of this *age*, and the *Infamy* of *Royal Dignity*, by the addition of *Parricide*. thus puniſhing no other crime in his murder'd Fa[illegible]r, than the giving life to the *Cut-throat* of him and all his *Off-ſpring*.

I had ſhar'd the ſame fate with my *Brethren*, if he that was diſpatch'd with the Bloudy *Commiſſion* to the *City* where I was, had not been touch'd with the

ſenc

ſence of *vertue*, and a reſpect due to the *Extraction* of *Kings*. Inſtead of executing *Phraates command*, he ſav'd me from his *Cruelty*; and having inform'd me in few words of my *Brother*'s deplorable *Murther*, (for that of the *King* my *Father* was not yet perpetrated) with the charge he had given him; but *Arſanes*, ſaid he, *will ſooner chooſe a thouſand ways to periſh, than conſent to dip his hands in his Maſters Blood; let us ſave our ſelves*, Young Prince, *and evade the dire deſign of that ſavage* Monſter *that would deſtroy us*, I intirely reſign'd my ſelf up to his conduct, (and being followed by my *Governour*, with five or ſix Servants that were willing to run my *Fortune*) I got to Horſe; and, though I had ſcarce attained to 14 years, I expos'd my ſelf to the hardſhip of a painful *Journey*, uncertain to ſave a life, which I never yet could own with *comfort*.

Thus I firſt grew miſerable, and began at an early age to inure my ſelf to *Baniſhment*, and thus I have almoſt worn out twelve years, in all which time I have learn'd to hope no better than to finiſh my *diſgrace* and my *days* together.

Arſanes firſt conducted me to the Court of *Armenia*, where the King (keeping no very friendly *correſpondence* with *Phraates*, and not willing in his behalf, to violate the right of *Nations*) received me into his protection. In that Court I injoyed ſome *Tranquility*. Beſides what the King allowed me, *Arſanes* had brought a quantity of *Jewels*, valued at about a thouſand *Talents*, which the *King* my *Father* (to whom he diſclos'd the *deſign* he had to ſave me) had given him at his departure: but *Fortune* ſoon ſhew'd how much my repoſe diſpleaſed her, by the

the *Calamities* that befel the good *King* that had given me ſhelter, who moſt unfortunately fell with all his *Family* into the hands of *Antony*, his *Enemy*, and was led bound to the Queen *Cleopatra*, who ſome time after with moſt barbarous *Inhumanity* cauſed his head to be ſtruck off. This *Diſaſter*, which doubtleſs you have heard, (being important enough to ſpread the whole earth) ſent me to ſeek another *Sanctuary*, which *Arſanes* would needs have to be the *Court* of *Media*, betwixt whoſe King, and the King *Orodes* there was ſome alliance; there I found the retreat I deſired, and ſtaid two or three years. In that time there happened the ruine of *Antony* & *Cleopatra*, the eſtabliſhment of *Auguſtus Cæſar* in the *Roman Empire*, and many other Revolutions, in which the whole World was concerned.

The cruel *Phraates* often ſent to demand me of the *Median King*, but could never diſpoſe him to put me into his hands; yet after he had made many Incurſions upon his *Territories*, he at laſt obtain'd his promiſe to protect me no longer. At *Praaſpa*, the Capital City of *Media*, I receiv'd his Orders to retire, colour'd with divers excuſive reaſons, which laid the blame upon *Neceſſity*. From thence I went into *Bithynia*, where I was receiv'd by the old King *Pharnaces*, who for two years time treated me with Humanity enough: but at laſt the baſeneſs of his nature ſhew'd it ſelf: And indeed, what faith could I hope from a diſloyal wretch, that, in favour of the *Romans*, had betray'd his own *Father*, the great *Mithridates*, & inhumanely conſtrain'd him rather to give himſelf *Death* by his own hands, than fall into his. This perfidious man, ſuffering himſelf to

he gain'd by *Phraates* promiſes, (who ſpightfully purſu'd my unhappy wandring *life* with an inflexible *cruelty*) at laſt promis'd either to poyſon me, or deliver me up. Theſe practices were not carried ſo ſecretly, but *Arſanes* began to ſcent them; and deteſting ſuch barbarous *infidelity*, after he had given me notice, we made uſe of the night to ſave our ſelves, and got out of the confines of his Kingdom, with our beſt diligence.

After this, we long wandred from place to place, till at laſt, we arriv'd in *Judea*, which then groan'd under the *Scepter* of *Herod* who was formerly ſupported by *Antony*, and is now favour'd by *Auguſtus*. And thus I have paſſed my diſaſtrous *Youth*, wandring from *Province* to *Province*, and begging ſhelter from *Court* to *Court*, for this wretched *life*, which was never worth the pains *I* took to preſerve it.

I have hitherto Epitomiz'd the recital of my Voyages, which had I drawn at large, muſt needs have tir'd your *Attention*; but now my Diſcourſe muſt take a larger ſcope to relate the Accidents befel me in *Judea*, ſince they are the *Authors* which compos'd my preſent condition. I had plenty of reaſons to ſeek a *Sanctuary* with *Herod*; for, he was the greateſt enemy *Phraates* had, & had indeed receiv'd ſuch ſenſible *affronts* from that *Pariſide*, which were all freſh in his *memory*, that he ſought all ſorts of ways to breath his *Revenge*. A little before my arrival at his Court, *Phraates* had not only ſupported his Enemy *Antigonus*, & lent him force to make war upon him, but had invaded his Dominions, ſpoil'd his Provinces that were contiguous to *Parthia*, & took *Hircanus* and *Phaſolus* Priſoners, the latter of which

(rather than remain in that *Tyrants* power) choſe to beat out his own brains againſt a *Rock*. Beſides theſe, he had done him other injuries, which though *Herod* (being then perplext with other affairs) had little power to repay, yet he laid them up in his memory with a reſentment ſo violent, as he would willingly have given a large part of his *Dominion* for an occaſion to requite his miſchiefs. Of this he gave a clear proof in the reception he made me, which was imputed by thoſe that underſtood his humours, rather to the reaſons I have given, than any natural inclination to goodneſs.

Indeed he did heap extraordinary *favours* upon me, allow'd me large *penſions* for ſubſiſtance; and not only promis'd me protection from my *Brother*, but Forces to make War upon him, and take *vengeance* for his cruell perſecutions. I received theſe offers with a becoming *acknowledgement*: the whole Court (by his command) treating me with much *reſpect*, and thus I began to live with *tranquility* enough. I ſay, I began. But alas! The *repoſe* was not long-liv'd, for if my Body injoy'd a peaceable Retreat, my Soul was incounter'd with a cruel *Warr*, or rather fell into the hardeſt *Captivity* that ever Soul reſented. Ah! how much better had it been, that I had abandon'd my ſelf a willing *prey* to *Phraates* greedy *cruelty*, than expos'd my heart to ſuch rending *torments* as have ſince coſt it ſo many *Groans!* how juſtly might I ſay, to avoid the leaſt of evils, at leaſt the ſhorteſt liv'd, I have thrown my ſelf headlong upon the greateſt of all calamities; and I would ſay the bittereſt, if the glory to ſuffer ſo did not poiſe the miſery. In fine, *Tyridates* was doom'd to dye by a brighter

brighter Weapon than any *Phraates* had, and receiving the *Wound* that conducts him to his Tomb, he took it with a reſpect ſo profound, as judged it a *Sin* to murmur.

Herod had eſpous'd the *Princeſs Mariamne*, ſprung from the glorious *Bloud* of the *Aſmoneans* and *Macchabees*, Granchild to the two Kings, *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus*; indeed a *Cien* truly worthy of ſo illuſtrious a *Stock*, from which *Herod* following *Antipater's* ſteps, by the help of the *Romans*, had uſurp'd the Judean Crown, 'Tis poſſible you have heard what ways he took to arrive at that *height*, how his Father *Antipater* (after he had divided the two *Brothers*, *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus*) at laſt made uſe of the *Roman Power* to ruine both; and whilſt *Ariſtobulus* Sighed in his *Chains* at *Rome*, after he had ſerv'd for an *Ornament* to *Pompei's Triumph*, he took advantage of *Hircanus* weakneſs to invade the *Sovereign Authority*, and make way for his Son *Herod*, after the deſtruction of all the lawful *Heirs*, to mount the *Throne*: He had then newly made an end of the miſerable *reliques* of that *Family*, *Alexander*, the eldeſt Son of *Ariſtobulus*, being eſcaped out of Priſon at *Rome*, and having got ſome forces together, was unluckily ſurpriz'd and ſlain by his Enemies, and the unfortunate *Antigonus*, his Brother (the ſame that fled for refuge to *Phraates*, and the laſt King of the *Aſmonean* race) being fallen into their hands, had his Head cut off by the barbarous command of *Antony*, who (being *Herod's* friend) believed he could not otherwiſe aſſure him the *Crown*.

Though *Mariamne* had a juſt reſentment againſt

this cut-throat of her *Family*, yet ſhe was forced to marry him in obedience to the *Princeſs Alexandra*, her *Mother*, and old *Hircanus* her *Grandfather*, who being eſcap'd out of *Parthia*, where he was Priſoner with *Phaſelus*, liv'd at *Jeruſalem* in the condition of a private man, and in that womaniſh ſoftneſs, that made him tamely ſit down with the loſs of a *Crown* both from him and his; & thus the old man's *weakneſs*, and the woman's *ambition* ſacrific'd her to their *Intereſts*: But they could never bow her ſoul to love that Husband, whoſe *diſpropotion* of manners, and *inequality* of *Birth*, with the bloudy *outrages* he had committed in butchering her *Kindred*, and the *uſurpation* of a *Crown*, which in right belong'd to young *Ariſtobulus* her *Brother*, induc'd her to regard him with *Averſion* and *Diſdain*: Yet ſhe had liv'd in a moſt admirable *moderation* with him, and with an *exceſs* of *vertue* done violence upon her *inclinations*, by induring him, whom Heaven and her *Parents* had given her for a *Husband*, till by one horrid act of *cruelty*, he defac'd all that a forc'd obedience had Charactered; it was the *death* of the *Prince Ariſtobulus*, Brother to this fair *Queen*, whoſe vertue and excellent qualities contriv'd his *deſtruction*; for *Herod* (the ſubtileſt of men) growing Jealous of the peoples *inclination* to this amiable youth, that was now 18 years of age, caus'd him to be cruelly ſtrangled in a Bath. There was never beheld a more goodly & accompliſh'd thing than this young *Prince*. No wonder then if his Siſter expreſt her reſentments in a ſharper tone for ſo dear a loſs. yet *Herod* clear'd himſelf of it before *Antony*, but in ſuch a manner, as all the World ſtill thought him guilty, and *Alexandra*

andra with her *Daughter* beheld him as the poor *Princes Hangman.*

The *Court* and *Family* of *Herod* were in this *Condition* when I came thither, and I ſoon knew all the reaſons why the fair *Queen* deteſted her ſavage *Husband*; it was then my eys loſt me all my *repoſe*, by lifting themſelves to that Divine *Princeſs.*

The beauty of *Mariamne* was not (like common ones) to be ſeen without a dangerous *wonder*; the eye of man never ſaw any thing more perfect, and till this day I believ'd none but young *Cleopatra* capable of *compariſon*; he that was ſent by *Antony* to make diſcovery of the Worlds choiceſt *Beauties*, publiſh'd her a piece that ſurpaſs'd *humanity*, and (ſo ſpeak my opinion freely) *Madam*, your ſelf excepted and that young *Princeſs* (*Daughter* to the great and unfortunate *Cleopatra*) I think the world cannot ſhew another that may equal her.

Theſe words charg'd the *Queens Modeſty* with a bluſh, and (interrupting *Tyridates*) *I have not vanity enough*, ſaid ſhe, *to believe that what you call my beauty can challenge an* equality *with the Queen* Mariamne's; *I am better acquainted with her* Face *than you imagine, for we have often view'd at our* Court *the* Pourtrait *both of her, and her Brother, the Prince* Ariſtobulus, *and indeed acknowledged them for the exacteſt Pieces that ever the hand of Nature drew. It is true*, reply'd *Tyridates, the* Princeſs Almandra, *raviſh'd as well as others with the Beauties of her children, had caus'd their* Pictures *to be drawn, and ſent to divers parts of the World: but*, Madam, *had it been in the power of Art to repreſent her Soul as well as her Body, your eys had yet*

been entertain'd with better wonders: *all that Report ever ſpake of the moſt ſublime and refined* vertue, *will ſerve to expreſs but an imperfect* Ray *of* Mariamne's worth, *and in thoſe great and frequent occaſions that call'd her to the trial, ſhe gave proofs of it, that could not be ſeen and not admir'd*, Her *Conſtancy* ſhin'd in her *Afflictions*, her patience in the perſecution which ſhe ſuffer'd without the leſt repining, & that prodigious force of *Spirit* taught her to indure a *Husband*, whom ſhe had ſo much reaſon to hate, & one ſo contrary to all her *inclinations*, fix'd her like an unſhaken *Rock*, beat off all the *Batteries* of her Malignant fortune, and took all thoſe *outrages* in (which another *Spirit* would have found out reaſon for *revenge*) with a *temper* that never ſo much as bow'd it ſelf to the leaſt thought, that might unbeſeem the *Grandeur* of her *Courage*.

And ſince *Mariamne* was thus, was it poſſible for *Tyridates* not to love her, having a heart ſuſceptible of *Love's Impreſſion*, and a Soul capable to comprehend the Divine *qualities* of *Mariamne*? was it poſſible to defend it ſelf by the *Conſideration* of *vertue* from ſuch a puiſſance, when vertue her ſelf came & help'd to give the paſſion Birth? Nor did it ever inſpire me with a thought that might juſtly offend her, I lov'd *Mariamne*, with no intent to *improve* my hopes, by the *abuſe* of her *vertue*, but becauſe *Love* had no ſtronger *Arms* than what that lent him, to make himſelf *Maſter* of my *Soul*; and I lov'd *Mariamne*, becauſe it was impoſſible to ſee, to know, and not to love her: Yet I indeavour'd to put my heart in a *poſture* of *Reſiſtance*, and to the birth of my affection often oppos'd all the *difficulties* I could encounter

counter in my *intentions*, the *danger* I threw my ſelf into, and the *rembembrance* of that which I ow'd to my Protector: but all theſe *conſiderations* were too feeble to defend me; one *look*, one *word* from *Mariamne*, would in a *moment* deſtroy all the *Fortifications* againſt her, that had been three Months a rearing: Then I began to arm the *Glory* againſt the *difficulties* I had to vanquiſh, the *peril* I ſlighted by undervaluing my *life*, and *excus'd* my ſelf to *Herod*, with the violence *Mariamne* did me, my affection not being an effect of my *will*; and further, *Madam*, I confeſs I ſuffer'd a *hope* to flatter me of being let into the *Queens Boſom*, by that juſt *averſion* which the *King* had given her; for, as I underſtood it, the love of a *Wife* to her *Husband*, founded either upon *Inclination*, *Merit*, or *Obligation*, is the beſt weapon ſhe can take up to oppoſe the *purſuits* of a *Lover*; and the *Queen*, having ſuch ſtrong *reaſons* to diſpenſe with all thoſe tyes, had now no other *defence* than for her ſelf, ſingly conſider'd, no *fear* of *remorſe* left for a *Husband*, who had but too much merited all the *revenge* ſhe was capable of taking: and from that time I began to call in theſe *apprehenſions*, my *Paſſion* grew able to corrupt the moſt vertuous *inclination*, to render me ingrateful to my *Benefactor*, and to induce me now no more to regard him as my *Protector* from *Phraates*, but as he that murder'd the *Brother*, the *Father*, and the *Grandfather* of *Mariamne*: Then Jealouſie began to joyn with my *affection*, and I could not reflect upon the *advantages* he poſſeſſed, without deeply Sighing & a thouſand times crying out, that the *Favours* of that fair *Queen* were more lawfully due to him, who was willing to buy them

with his best *services*, and dearest *bloud*, than to the man who had paid nothing for them but *Indignities* and *Injuries*; when *Love* first entred my *Heart* it us'd me gently, hiding those cruel *Idea*'s of *torment* he hath since inflicted: but now it hath taken an intire *possession*, and doth exercise an *authority*, which leaves no *liberty* to act by any other *motion* than his own; all my *thoughts*, all my *discourse*, all my actions had no other subject but *Mariamne*, nay my very *sleep* (whose proper *office* it is by benumming the *senses* to charm all our Cares) would not quiet mine, still representing to the eys of my *Soul*, when the other were clos'd, the *Divine perfections* of *Mariamne*.

This continual fixing my *Spirits*, rob'd me of all my *repose*, and produced *effects*, that were soon observ'd both in my *face* and *behaviour*; and, though the *care* I took to hide it, kept the true *Cause* undiscover'd, yet it could not hinder the whole *Court* from taking notice of my deep *melancholly*, accompany'd with an unnatural *paleness*, a change of my *humour*, and an *alteration* of my *health*.

Arsanes and my *Governour*, (from whom, I never before kept any thing conceal'd) in this were *strangers* to my *thoughts*; and I preserv'd the disguise with my best *care*, rather out of *respect* to my *passion* and the cause of it, than any *doubt* of their *affection* or *fidelity*.

In the mean time my *access* was so easie, that I daily saw the *Queen*: For the *hopes* which *Herod* cherished (by my means to revenge himself of the King of *Parthia*) had made him sweeten his savage *humour* on purpose to indear me with a kind entertainment,

tainment. A thouſand times was my tongue ready before that *adorable Princeſs* (not openly to declare my *Paſſion*, for I had not the daring to take ſuch a *liberty* before a *Vertue* that made me tremble) but at leaſt to let her know that no man had a more paſſionate *Intereſt* in her *fortune*, or could pay down his *life* with greater *Joy* than my ſelf, to purchaſe *Solace* for her *affections*: But ſtill *Fear* arreſted my *intentions*, and I have ſhak'd at the *thought* of my *deſign* like a timorous *Soldier* at the ſight of an Enemy, or his *approaches* to an *aſſault*; yet I expreſt part of that in looks, which my tongue would fain have ſaid at large, and then if ſhe chanced to caſt her eys upon mine, and take them in the *fact*, they loſt all their *aſſurance*, and were either too feeble to recieve the *beams* ſhe ſhot without *aſtoniſhment*, or confounded with the *ſurpriſal*) threw themſelves at the feet of this *Divine Princeſs*, and ſeem'd by that ſubmiſs *action* to ask pardon for the *fault*.

The *Queen* had ſoon diſcover'd the *truth*, if ſhe had not been prevented by ſo many cruel *Cares*, that would not permit her to faſten an obſerving thought upon any of my particular *actions*. I was one day, with the *Princeſs Alexandra* her *Mother*, & as I kept a *complaiſance* full of *reſpect* in my *behaviour* to them, by the help of an *opinion* which they had conceived to my *advantage*, they began to repoſe much *confidence* in me: *Alexandra* being of a boyling ſpirit, & a temper which wanted much of the *ſweetneſs* and *patience* the *Queen*, her *Daughter*, was indued with, abandon'd her ſelf to the *reſentment*, which was yet freſh for the *Death* of *Ariſtobulus*, exclaim'd againſt the *cruelty* of *Herod* in moſt violent *terms*,

and

and deplor'd her own & her *Daughters Condition* in *words* full of *paſſion* and *tranſport*: from the *Injuries* ſhe receiv'd in her *Son's Death*, and the *ruine* of her *Kindred*, her bitter complaints paſs'd to the deadly *Jealouſie* of *Herod*, and the fatal effects it had like to have wrought, by the *order* he had given to his *Uncle Joſeph*, which (at the brink of his going to appear before *Antony* at *Laodicea*) commanded him to kill *Mariamne*, in caſe that voyage prov'd fatal to him; *Alexandra* went on with *vehemence* in recounting divers other effects of her Son-in law's *cruelty*, & during all the *diſcourſe*, the *Queen* never ſo much as open'd her *mouth*, but only to let go ſome redoubled *Sighs*, and made her tears keep company with her *Mothers words*, which gave freſh *luſtre* to her *beauty*: Oh Gods! what new deep *wounds* did the ſight of that lovely ſorrow give me? how poſſible it was to behold my *Divine Queen* in that eſtate, without ſuffering all her *Sorrows*? I had now no longer power to diſſemble, and loſing all *remembrance* of my preſent condition, and the *danger* whereinto I threw my ſelf headlong, by provoking *Herod* againſt me, I blindly abandoned my ſelf to the motions of my Paſſion, and caſting my eys (moiſt as the *Queens* (upon hers, that were letting fall their dejected *looks* to the *Earth*, Good God's, cryed I Sighing, is it poſſible you ſhould ſubmit the moſt accompliſhed *piece* that ere you made to ſo much *affliction*, and muſt I owe *Safety* to a man whoſe actions have given me ſo much horrour? I preſently repented that I ſuffered theſe words to eſcape me, fearing I had declar'd my ſelf too far; but after I perceiv'd I was underſtood by none but the

the *Princeſſes*, and that they appeared unmov'd, I recovered my aſſurance, and a little after, the *Princeſs Alexandra* being retired to the other end of the Chamber to confer with ſome Perſons, and ſeeing my ſelf alone with the Queen by her bed's ſide, I made a ſtrong aſſault upon my *fear* to recover my *Diſcourſe*, and beholding the tears that ſtill crept upon her fair *Cheek*, *Would to Heaven*, Madam, ſaid I, *that all the Bloud I have could ſtay the recourſe of thoſe precious tears you ſpil. Ah! with what Joy ſhould I reſign it, how gladly Sacrifice my life for the repoſe of yours!*

Theſe words (wholly paſſionate as they were) were aſcribed by the *Queen* to nought but the *Compaſſion* I took of her *misfortunes*; yet they called her from the *Contemplation* of her miſeries which had ſeized her thoughts, and raiſing up her eys to mine, with a look full of a ſweet *acknowledgment*. *I ſhould be ſorry*, ſaid ſhe, *to buy the quiet of my life with the danger of yours; and I have yet more right to my own miſeries, than to your afflictions: we are both perſecuted, you by a Brother, and I by a Husband: your reſentments I cannot diſapprove, but I can admit none that are lawful againſt my Husband: and if his actions do frame our calamities, 'tis fit I ſhould believe that Heaven makes uſe of them to chaſtiſe our Crimes. By them it hath let fall it's* wrath *upon the* head *of our deplorable Family, and therefore if any complaint breaks from me, it makes its way through the weakneſs of my Nature, and muſt be owned for the* Child *of* Juſtice. *O miraculous vertue*, cryed I, interrupting her, *It is requiſite I ſhould redouble my griefs to ſee you plunged in ſuch deep Calamity, My misfortunes are not inſupportable*

ſupportable, reply'd the Queen, *if you could find the way to underſtand them right, and if you knew the* God *which I adore, you would likewiſe know the conſolation I taſt in my ſufferings, which now you cannot apprehend: if he hath given me* Herod *for a puniſhment as well as a Husband, I ought to receive him from his hands as both: and if he ordains me to pardon the injuries done by the moſt cruel and remote Enemies, ſure he would have me forget thoſe with an intire reſignation I received from him, to whom he hath pleaſed to tye me in a knot ſo ſacred. It is that* Madam, anſwered I, *that makes me hold my condition unfortunate, that Heaven hath raiſed you up an Enemy and a Perſecutor, againſt whom I cannot offer you my Sword and Life, without offending your vertue; that your high-raiſed reflections, cannot be combated by a man that reveres you; nor can I cenſure the conſideration you keep for the King your Husband, ſince in his Arms I found my refuge, nor do him any ill office without ingratitude: but if the intereſt which I take in your wrongs, the admiration I have of your vertue, and reſentments much more preſſing and particular, make me find in your afflictions a Subject,* --- at theſe words I ſtopped, and conſidering how the inſenſible tranſport of my paſſion, had carried me into terms of diſcovery, I ſtaid in an abrupt ſilence, without conducting my words to any period.

The *Queen* obſerving my ſtrange breaking off, looked upon me, & doubtleſs either expected what was behind to cloſe my *Diſcourſe*, or would have asked the cauſe of my ſuddain ſilence: when the *Princeſs* her *Mother* came back again to my reſcue from the *perplexity* wherein my *imprudence* had ingaged me;

me: yet I think we had ſpent more time in this entertainment, if the arrival of ſome *Ladies* had not interrupted us; the principal of which, was *Salome* the *Siſter* of *Herod.* It was not amity that brought her to viſit the *Princeſſes*, for ſhe hated them mortally, but having a dexterous and artificial *Spirit*, ſhe made it bow to her *Intereſts*, and knowing the power *Mariamne* had (as unfortunate as ſhe was) in the Kings *affections*, ſhe forc'd her ſelf to appear officious, and cover'd her malicious thoughts with a black *diſſimulation.* The ill-will ſhe already bore to the *Queen*, was augmented by a miſchance, which I muſt now recount; for (ſince you have ordain'd me to give you the truth of my *fortune*, ſtript of all *Diſguiſe*) I am forced to tell you *Madam*, (though the relation may offend *Modeſty*) that my miſhap, and no other cauſe, made me be lov'd of *Salome.* I had already obſerv'd her affection by divers ſigns, but was eaſily perſwaded to ſlight my diſcovery, either by a juſt anticipation which chain'd me to another, the meaneſt part of whom was infinitely above all that *Salome* could boaſt lovely, or by an imperfect knowledge I had already got of her dangerous humor: however I was content to anſwer her extraordinary *Careſſes*, with ſuch a *Civility* as I believe was due to the *Siſter* of *Herod*; and if I received them at firſt with any ſatisfaction, from that time wherein my life grew conſiderable, becauſe I had given it to the *Queen*, and had begun to ſeek all that ſweetneſs I could fancy, in her only. I had ſcarcely allow'd one ſingle regard either to the Face or Actions of *Salome.*

For that day ſhe cut off my further Diſcourſe with the

the *Queen*, but I had liberty enough to renew it in those that succeeded; the Court was not then very large, every man fearing to provoke *Herods* jealous and suspitious *spirit*: but in all the *Converse* I had with her, *fear* still fetter'd my tongue, and I had not the confidence to discloſe my thoughts further than what my eyes, or sometimes a sudden change of colour could expreſs. In the mean time *Herod* (either through generoſity, or those reaſons I render'd) still permitted me those *liberties*, when *Fortune* preſented an occaſion to improve my *credit* with him.

Malichus, who commanded the *Arabians*, an ancient *Enemy* to *Herod*, with a powerful *Army* invaded the Frontiers of *Judea*, committing a thouſand Acts of *Hoſtility*; it was ſince believ'd he kept intelligence with old *Hircanus*, who (as I told you) liv'd at *Hieruſ.* in the condition of a private man, without any *craft* or *cogniſance* of affairs; and with the Princeſs *Alexandra*: however it was, *Herod* uniting his diſperſed forces with exceeding *diligence*, had ſoon gather'd a conſiderable Army; & not being able to go in *perſon*, becauſe of ſome troubles he ſuſpected at home, beſides his intended voyage to go viſit *Auguſtus Cæſar* (then at *Rhodes*) he put his Brother *Phercras* in the Head of it. I was aſham'd that I had imployed all my youth in running away from *death*, and deſiring leave of the *King* that I might accompany his Brother in that *expedition*, he not only conſented, but gave me the *command* of all the *Cavalry*; I parted very well pleas'd with the *imployment*, & indeavour'd to ſweeten the grief I took to leave *Mariamne*, with a hope to merit her eſteem by

by ſome action of valour; I will not trouble you with the particulars of this *Warre*, and ſhall onely content my ſelf to tell you, that by an *exceſſe* of good *fortune* I acquired a reputation large enough; In the ingagements made with my *Troops*, I defeated the *Enemy* in divers *incounters*, which I had ſtill the hap to *Signalize* by ſome perſonal *action*. In one combat, which was obſtinately diſputed with a *Squadron* of our *Troops*, I kill'd the *Brother* of *Malichus* with my own hand, and a few dayes after, having ſurpriz'd half the *Enemies Army* at a *Paſſe* upon a *River*, I charged it with 4000 Horſe I had then with me, with ſo ſtrange a *ſucceſſe*, that we kill'd above 8000 *Arabians* upon the place, and routed the reſt with ſuch a grand *confuſion*, that they left all their *baggage* to our *Soldiers*.

By this, and the precedent *encounters*, I had acquired as much *credit* in the *Army* as I could well deſire, and *Herod* receiving the news, conceived an opinion of me ſo advantagious, as within a ſhort time after, having cal'd home his Brother *Pheroras* to the *Government* of the State, during his voyage to *Auguſtus*, he deſired me to accept the *command* of the *Army* in chief, rather chooſing to repoſe ſo weighty a truſt in me (though young, and a Stranger) than in any of his older & more experimented *Captains*. After the departure of *Pheroras*, I had the ſole command; and *fortune*, that had favour'd my beginnings, did ſo well ſecond her *kindneſſe* in what follow'd, that at laſt I intirely chaſed the *Arabians* out of *Judea*, after they had loſt above 10000 lives in divers encounters. Thus when all was pacified upon the *Frontiers*, and we had no more *Enemies*

mies to combat, after the garrisons were fortified, I returned towards *Jerusalem*, less satisfied with the *applause* was prepar'd me for my good success than with the hope of being suddenly restor'd to the sight of *Mariamne*; and to see her at such a time, when I believed the service I had done her *Country* had purchased some esteem in her thoughts.

But Oh Gods! how surpriz'd was I at a sad report I met upon the way, which told me that *Herod* was departed from *Rhodes*, with design to gain the same credit with *Augustus*, that he had before with *Antony*: but before his departure, had caus'd old *Hircanus* to be strangled, out of suspition that he kept *Intelligence* with *Malichus*, and that great *Princess*, his Grand-child with her *Mother* to be shut up in a *Castle*, or rather a close *Prison* near the *City*, under the Guard of *Sohemus* and *Joseph*, with express order to restrain their liberty, and forbid them all converse till he came back again. This news not only moderated the contentment I took in my return, and the successful event of my expedition, but possest my spirit with *astonishment*, *Horrour*, and *Compassion*. I was amaz'd at the cruelty of *Herod*, who holding his *Life* & *Scepter* of *Hircanus* goodness, though he was then Fourscore, had not the patience to stay till Nature would relinquish him to his Tomb, the horror of this act, and the sad pity I had for the affliction and captivity of *Mariamne*, bruis'd my Soul with a grief so weighty, as I was ready to give over all resistance.

Arsanes, & my governour *Polites*, seeing my sorrows swel to such a proportion as they thought too big for my *Interests* in *Herods* house, earnestly intreated

treated me to undiſguiſe the cauſe of it. At firſt I reſiſted, but in fine, conſidering the little reaſon I had to diſtruſt them, after they had given ſuch clear proofs of their affection, I abandoned my ſecret to their diſcretion, and avowed my violent paſſion for *Mariamne*. This confeſſion ſurpriz'd them (though indeed they might have ſpar'd their aſtoniſhment, well knowing what charms the *Queen* poſſeſſed) and after they had in vain repreſented all the reaſon they could make to extinguiſh my flame, they diſpoſed themſelves to ſerve me at the peril of their lives. I was a little comforted with the proteſtations they made me, & began to judge their advice not unſerviceable for the conduct of my deſires. I finiſhed the reſt of my Journey, with ſuch a ſetled melancholy, that the reception I had from *Pheroras* & the reſt of the *Jews*, was incapable to moderate it; what ſaid I (when I was alone, or had only my two confidents about me) is *Mariamne* (to whom all ſhould reſign their liberties) become a Captive? and can the *Gods* permit the moſt perfect piece that ever they put their Hands to, to be given up to the cruelties of ſuch an inhuman? *Mariamne* now weeps the loſs of a Grand-father with that of her liberty, & the feeble *Tyridates* weeps too like her, without offering other ſuccours than a few womaniſh tears; he keeps his Arms acroſs, while the *Monſters* tear his heart in the Perſon of *Mariamne*, and then how weak the reaſons are that will not let him arm himſelf againſt his Hangman! Ah *Tyger*! a thouſand times more cruel than *Phraates*, no longer my protector, but my Perſecutor, my Enemy. Savage Monſter! too too unworthy of thoſe dear advantages

thou poſſeſſeſt, truſt no further to that obligation which till now hath tied me to thy Intereſts, and believe it I am more injur'd by thee in *Mariamne's* wrongs, than oblig'd for my ſhelter; for her I will draw my Sword againſt thee and all the World nor can it be ingratitude to defend Vertue from the oppreſſion of Tyranny.

Theſe were the thoughts I convers'd with, for this laſt effect of *Herod's* inhumanity had ſo galled my Spirit, that it forſook all the conſiderations I had for him; and now I made no ſcruple (for the ſervice or revenge of *Mariamne*) to do him the worſt of miſchiefs; *Arſanes* (to whom I ſhew'd theſe thoughts naked) beg'd of me to cover them, ſince their publiſhing might procure my ruine without the leaſt advantage to *Mariamne*; In the mean time I told him it was impoſſible for me to live and not to ſee her, that I was reſolv'd to try all the waies (though never ſo dangerous) to compaſs it. *Arſanes* long oppoſed this intention: but ſeeing no poſſibility of diſſwaſion, reſolved to ſeek ſome means to ſerve me in it.

He was very well known to *Sohemus*, beſides I call'd to mind that I had done him a courteſie with *Herod*, in a buſineſs wherein he ſtood in great need of my favour; this gave *Arſanes* a belief, it might make way for the obtaining part of my deſires, and indeed we found a greater facility than we durſt hope: For *Mariamne* (againſt the power of whoſe charms there was no reſiſtance) had ſo perfectly gain'd *Sohemus* heart, as he had no paſſion more powerful than a deſire to pleaſe her, and would not have ſcrupled to hazard fortune and life it ſelf to

ſerve

ſerve her; he was very willing to have ſet her at liberty, and would have follow'd her fortune, whereever ſhe had retir'd, if his Companion in the charge had not been of a diſpoſition ſo different, as he ſuſpected it would betray him to the rage of *Herod.* At the firſt propoſition *Arſanes* made him to let me ſee the Queen, he ſhewed much willingneſs to oblige me, and ſcrupled at nothing but the difficulties he had to deceive his Companion; he had little hope to gain his conſent to my ſatisfaction, and therefore thought it unſafe to hazard the propoſition. *Arſanes* gave the deſire I had to ſee the Queen, no other title than pity of her miſeries, and ſo made by Paſſion paſs for an effect of Generoſity.

Sobemus demanded the reſt of that day to ſeek expedients to content me, and on the morrow came and told him he was reſolved to ſatisfie me, though he foreſaw ſome danger threatned the enterprize. *Arſanes* intreated him not to impart our deſign to the Queen, for fear (ſaid he) ſhe ſhould oppoſe it with ſome timerous conſideration; but he found it more difficult to make that requeſt prevail with *Sobemus*, than any he had yet mentioned, (ſo entirely was that honeſt ſpirit at the Queens devotion) but at laſt, clearing his doubts with a belief that I would bring no other intention than to ſerve her, and that I would not have ſought an occaſion ſo perillous to make my viſit, if I were not aſſured my ſight would not be unwelcome, they reſolv'd then, that the following Evening I ſhould be ready at a certain place neer the Caſtle, where *Sobemus* had appointed, and there he promis'd him about two hours within Evening to come and conduct me to the Queens pre-

ſence: he made choice of that hour, becauſe the *Queen* had then her Chamber free, and was not importun'd with *Joſephs* viſits, who at that time was uſually retir'd to his own. Beſides, my face was ſo well known to all the Court, that no diſguiſe without the aid of darkneſs could have conceal'd it.

There was much hazard in this enterprize, as well for what might then have befallen me, as for the fatal conſequences, if *Herod* ſhould ever light upon the diſcovery: Yet I not only ſlighted all that fear could alledge, but waited the wiſhed hour with an impatience that took all thoſe that preceded it for tedious years. At laſt it came, and when the night had ſpread all her Sables, I left *Hieraſalem*, only followed by *Arſanes* and my Governour, and having not above a hundred furlongs to ride, I ſoon arriv'd at the place deſired.

Sohemus kept his word, it being that day his turn to command the Caſtle, and therefore free for him to go in and out when he pleas'd; he came to find me, only attended by one of his Guard, which was a young man, in whom he repos'd an entire confidence. Beſides, he choſe him from all the reſt, becauſe his age and ſhape did not much diſagree with mine. The plot was, I ſhould put on his Cloaths, and he ſtay with *Arſanes* in mine, that thoſe that ſaw me enter with *Sohemus*, might take me for the ſame man that went out with him, my face being hidden from thoſe that knew it in the nights black maſque. When I had got on the Guard *Caſaque*, he led me to a gate of the Caſtle, flanked with high Towers, and ſurrounded with a deep Ditch, and commanding the bridge (by a ſignal given) to be let down, he conducted

ducted me into the Court without a Torch, having left an expreſs order with thoſe that guarded the Gate, not to light any thing.; who ſeeing me enter with him, never examin'd my face, nor regarded whether I was their companion or not; yet he would not lead me by the great ſtairs, nor carry me through the Guard Hall, but conducting me up a little pair of Stairs, & ſo through a Gallery where there ſtood a Sentinel (which he made a ſhew to come on purpoſe to relieve and put me in his place) he led me to the door of the *Anti*-chamber.

By this time I confeſs all my courage had almoſt forſook me; for though no Danger could ever inſtruct me what was meant by the fear of Death; yet I trembled to think I might diſpleaſe the Queen by this bold intruſion; and then unſeaſonably reflecting on what was paſt, I almoſt repented the enterprize, and was divers times about to ſtay *Sohemus*, and ſo return back without ſeeing the *Queen*.

At the name of *Sohemus*, the door of the Anti-chamber was preſently open'd; and becauſe of the inclination he had always expreſt to the *Queens* Intereſts, he had a free acceſſe to her at all hours. When we entred her Chamber, ſhe was upon her knees by the Beds ſide, praying with an ardent devotion to the God ſhe ador'd, and the Princeſs her Mother was newly retir'd to her Cabinet. The noiſe we made coming in, made her turn her head that way, and having ſpyed us, ſhe asked *Sohemus* if he had any thing to ſay. I did not give *Sohemus* time to anſwer, but approaching with a troubled poſture, I fell upon my knees before her, and taking one of her fair Hands, joyned it to my Lips with an ardour

ſo vehement, as bereav'd me of the uſe of ſpeech. The Qu: (finding this action too familiar, and too paſſionate for a Guard) at firſt repuls'd me with ſome diſdain; but afterward ſuſpecting a part of the truth, and beholding my face with a ſerious eye, by the help of thoſe lights which were ſet by her Bedsſide, ſhe knew me. It was no mean aſtoniſhment wherewith this ſight ſurpriz'd her, and recoyling ſome paces back, after ſhe had withdrawn her hand from mine: *Ah* Tyridates, ſaid ſhe, *what mean you? to what a danger have you expos'd your ſelf? Danger,* Madam, reply'd I, *Ah! that the Gods would confront me with a thouſand times more, that I might finde occaſion to ſhew you how mean a thing I think my life in relation to your ſervice. My Calamities* (replyed the Queen engaging me to riſe) *are too much in debt to your compaſſion: but I cannot yet quit the fear you have given me, and the knowledge I have of* Herod's *humour, makes me wiſh from my Soul, you had not tempted this peril to ſee me. I beſeech you* Madam, ſaid I, *do not keep thoſe fears for me, for believe it, while this condition laſts, to which your misfortunes have reduced me, I ſhall neither fear* Herod's *hatred, nor deſire his amity. I have a long time conſidered him, as a King of whom I hold my life, but muſt now know him for a man, that hath uſed that life a thouſand times more cruelly than death it ſelf would have done, from which the retreat he gave hath poſſibly defended me. Till now the obligation diſputed with the outrage, and in the perſon of* Mariamne's *Perſecutor I found my Protector: but at laſt,* Madam, *the reſentments of what I owe him, have quitted what they held within me to ſuch as have a juſter title: and theſe laſt injuries which*

he

he printed in your Grandfathers murther, and your own cruel Captivity, have ſtrangled all thoſe conſiderations which till now my heart ſuffer'd to ſpeak in his behalf, and have brought me to ask orders at your feet, which I vow to execute without condition or reſervation. Be not loath then, Madam, to ordain me all that may be done in your Quarrel, and if you pleaſe, believe that I will not only ſhut my eies upon all ſorts of conſiderations; but trample upon all difficulties that ſhall offer to withſtand me, when once fortified with the honour of your Commands.

While I ſpake in this manner, the Queen regarded me attentively; and though ſhe knew the malicious heart of her Husband, and remembred how often ſhe had been deceived by ſuch as acted the part of officious perſons, and made uſe of ſome ſuch tearms as mine to ſound her intentions, with deſign to carry the report to the King, I was ſo happy as not to be ſuſpected of ſo baſe an ambuſh, and of this ſhe aſſur'd me by theſe words, *I have too good an opinion of you,* ſaid ſhe, *and can too well diſtinguiſh the Princes of* Arſaces *bloud, from cheap and baſe perſons, to ſuſpect the diſſimulation wherewith divers others have betraid me.*

I know your words parted from a true compaſſion, and ſuch generous motions, as are familiar with perſons of your extraction: beſides, you have given proofs of too great a vertue to leave me the ſhadow of ſuch a thought; and (to witneſs the confidence I have in you) I will open my heart to you with a moſt entire freedom. It is true, though Heaven hath given me Herod *for a Husband, I cannot love him, and indeed I ſhould be rather inſenſible than conſtant or loyal, if the death of my Grandfather* Ariſtobulus, *of my Father* Alexander, *of my Unkle* Antigonus, *of my Brother* Ariſtobulus, *and theſe*

laſt of my Grandfather Hircanus *ſhould be remembred without ſtirring my Soul againſt him that murdered them, and deſtroyed the royal houſe of the* Aſmonians: *beſides theſe known injuries, I have received ſome more particular, but not leſs ſenſible: There comes not a day wherein I do not look for a knife at my throat, and this bloudy man, at his departure for* Rhodes, *hath given the ſame command to* Sohemus *that he did before to his Unkle* Joſeph, *to kill me if the voyage proved unfortunate. I have now freely repreſented my deplorable condition with* Herod, *but I muſt tell you (with the ſame truth) that (as much monſter as he is) he is yet my Husband, that my apprehenſions of his injuries are not more prevalent than the rules of my duty, and that I am not permitted to deſire a revenge againſt him, which Heaven hath reſerved for its own appointment: If my miſeries come once to be pittyed by our Sovereign Maſter, he will find power to relleaſe me of them, and if it be his pleaſure they ſhould ſtill continue, I ſhall endeavour ſo to ſuffer for the love of him, as I may be render'd more worthy of his love. Behold* Tyridates *the eſtate of my condition, with the temper of my thoughts, I am deeply in your ſcore for the propriety you claim in my misfortunes: but let me now beg you will give it over, leſt the dangerous pitty ſhould at laſt prove fatal to its owner. Ah! might it pleaſe the Gods,* (cryed I, *wholly tranſported*) *that your evils might be brought off, with the cruelleſt death that* Herod *is capable of inventing, with what glad heart ſhould I run to embrace thoſe glorious torments, which poſſibly might procure me ſome ſmall acknowledgment in yours; how fair would be my deſtiny to pay down my life for this adorable Princeſs, to whom all lives, all hearts*

hearts ought to be ſacrificed. Theſe words, with the Paſſion that helped to pronounce them, opened the Queens eies, and ſhewed her (by a prompt reflection on what was paſt) that tranſports ſo violent could not ſpring from a naked pity: this diſcovery called up a bluſh into her face; and having ſilently beheld me with an action that betrayed ſome trouble: *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *do you well conſider what you ſay?* She let fall theſe words in ſo ſevere an accent, that it ſtruck ſuch terror into me, as I loſt all my aſſurance; and (in ſtead of anſwering) fell to conſider how imprudently I had opened my breſt; but I ſaw well I had ſhewn too much Paſſion to keep the reſt ſtill diſguiſed; and in this uproar of thoughts, (toſt with love, grief, and deſpair) I let my ſelf fall at the Queens feet, embracing and kiſſing them a thouſand times over, without ſo much power as could utter one word; by this action clearly confirming the ſuſpicion my words had given her. Oh Gods! how ſenſibly ſhe was touched! how violent were her firſt apprehenſions to proceed from ſo ſweet a Soul: She took a long time to weigh the reſolution was fitteſt to be taken, and I (in the mean time) the advantage of her Silence and immobility to rally my ſcatter'd ſpirits. "Ma-
"dam, *ſaid I*, (keeping my hold at her feet with-
"out daring to lift my eies to her viſage) if my
"tongue hath betrayed my Soul, and (contrary
"to my intent) diſplayed a paſſion which my whole
"life ſhould have preſerved a Secret, ordain me all
"the pains that are due to it, and I vow by all the
"*Gods* to ſuffer them without a murmur; to you I
"will not Juſtifie a Paſſion, which otherwiſe might
"call

"call to its own purity to defend it. I will not tell "you 'tis impoſſible to look upon you, and not in- "cur the fault I have committed, nor that the ſi- "lence of divers years, have given ſome proofs of "my reſpect. No, I am Criminal if I have con- "tracted your anger, and am worthy of the moſt "cruel puniſhments, if I have been capable to diſ- "pleaſe you. I had gone further if the now reſol- ved Queen had not ſtayed my progreſs, and repul- ſing me with one hand, while ſhe carried the other to her face to hide ſome changes there: "*Tyrida-* "*tes, ſaid ſhe,* you are yet more culpable than you "believe, and if you had known me well, you "would never have granted your ſelf the licence to "give me the diſpleaſure I have now received. I "will not noiſe your folly, becauſe I know *Herod's* "Humour, which doubtleſs would deſtroy you for "it; and as I pardon him the bloudy injuries he hath ſo often done me, ſo I forgive the offence you have ſo lately committed.

At theſe words ſhe roſe from her Chair, and cal- ling *Sohemus* (who was diſcourſing with her Maids in the Anti-chamber) ſhe commanded him to con- duct me preſently back, and ſo reſolving to hear me no more, ſhe retir'd into her Mothers Cabinet. Oh Gods! in what an eſtate was I, when I ſaw my ſelf thus diſerted, in what a ſtrange faſhion I followed *Sohemus*, when he led me out of the Caſtle the ſame way we enter'd it? I had ſcarce the power to embrace him at our parting, or to give him thanks for the Courteſie he had done me. I found my men got to horſe, and return'd to *Hieruſalem* with a melancho- ly, darker than the nights blackeſt ſhades, and with a counte-

countenance which I think little differ'd from that of a Condemned man.

I would ſcarce hear the comforts *Arſanes* offer'd me, (to whom I had recounted my diſaſter) but paſſed the reſt of the night in the moſt cruel inquietudes that ever tore a Soul; I could not remember the incenſed looks of my Divine Princeſs, without calling in the ſame fear that ſeized me at the firſt effects of her anger; nor think of the diſpleaſure I had given her, without letting my ſelf ſink almoſt under the ſorrow I reſented; all the words ſhe ſpake came flocking to my memory: but it galled me to think ſhe ſhould put my offence in the ſame ballance with *Herod*'s villanies: Ah unjuſt *Mariamne ſaid I*, how unskilful you are in diſcerning Injuries? could you have judged aright, you would have found little cauſe to aſſociate the cruelties of *Herod*, with the overſights of *Tyridates*. *Herod* hath wreſted the Crown from your Family, *Herod* ſtill bluſhes with the blood of your neereſt kindred; *Herod* gives daily orders for your own death, and *Tyridates* gives you his heart, his Soul, & himſelf entire. Sure this offence is not of a nature ſo heinous, as thoſe you have receiv'd of that *Miſcreant*, and methinks you need not the ſame patience to endure them; but why ſaid I, (repenting my words) why do I juſtifie my crime? is it not trne that I am faulty, ſince my raſhneſs hath merited *Mariamnes* anger? I ought to conſider her as a Divinity ſublim'd above the reach of humane thoughts, I ſhould tremble before her vertue, and if it were impoſſible to ſee her without falling in love with ſo much beauty both of Soul and Body, yet I ſhould have ſuffered thoſe glorious pains without publiſhing

publishing, and not have improv'd my misfortune by my indiscreet and rash discovery.

In such thoughts as these I passed the Night, and divers other days that followed it, in which space I often saw *Salome*, *Pheroras*, with the chief of the *Judean* Court, who strove among themselves, who should treat me with most Caresses for the service I had done their Country: but neither their company, nor their kindness could ease the evils wch my love inflicted, nor sweeten the sorrows I took for the choler & captivity of *Mariamne:* But about the time there came news to *Jerusalem*, that *Herod* was triumphantly returned from *Augustus*; that by an artificial oration, full of an affected generosity, he had so gain'd upon the spirit of that great Emperor, as it procur'd him a specious entertainment, & got him little less in his Amity, than he had before in the affections of *Antony*. Those that had an interest in his good success, were more overjoy'd at the news, in which a few days after) they were confirm'd, when they saw him arrive with a proud train at his heels, & read in his erected looks the satisfaction he receiv'd in that voyage.

There was wade him a magnificent reception, and (I mingling my self with those that went to meet him) he received me with extraordinary caresses, called me the valiant Defender of *Judea*, and promised a grateful remembrance of the services I had rendred to his Crown. But alas! how little was I sensible of his Offers and Civilities? And though indeed I could not but confess he had put me in his debt, yet the love of *Mariamne*, and the resentment of her wrongs, stifled all his obligations. The same day he arrived, he restor'd her liberty, and burning with Love,

Love, could not forbear to viſit her in the ſame place which had been her Priſon, where he ſpent the night with her, and the next day brought her back with him to the City, with many open profeſſions of a moſt ardent affection.

I underſtand by *Sohemus*, that at that interview, he had made her a moſt paſſionate diſcourſe, and after he had excus'd the death of *Hircanus* with a neceſſity that conſtrain'd him ſo to prevent the deſign he had to ruine him, he deeply proteſted, that the Abridgement of her Freedome, was onely meant to ſecure her Perſon from the attemps of ſuch, whoſe diſaffection in his abſence might hazard her ſafety; and to diſarm the deſigns of ſome perſons that were likely to make uſe of hers and her Mothers preſence (whoſe turbulent ſpirit he was well aequainted with) to authorize ſedition, and ſtir up troubles in the State.

The wiſe *Queen* receiv'd this Diſcourſe with a becoming temper; and, if ſhe could not entirely hide her diſtaſts, ſhe diſſembled part of them, leſt they ſhould prove as fatal to *Sohemus*, as they had been to *Joſeph*. The Court was then more glorious than ever; the King highly pleaſed with the ſucceſs of his Affairs: and (having nothing elſe to ſubdue that might keep him from getting above the reach of fortune, but the ſpirit of *Mariamne*) he ſought all ſorts of occaſions to divertiſe her: but if the *Queen* (whoſe griefs were gone too deep to be ſweetned with the vain ſhadow of pleaſure) took little notice of it, I was not leſſe incapable than ſhe, of taſting any jollity; and my remembrance kept the deep graven Characters of my Love and her Anger ſo freſh in my Soul,

Soul, as all the ſplendor and pomp of *Herods* Court wanted power to charm them. I ſtill ſaw her every day, becauſe ſhe forbad it not; but I ſcarce durſt open my mouth in her preſence, ſcarce lift up my eies to her Face, inſtructing all my actions to inform how deeply the fear to diſpleaſe her was ingraven in my heart: yet neither her looks nor her actions expreſt any ſign of averſion: indeed ſhe had a Soul too beautiful, too ſweet an Inclination to loath a man, who had only offended with Affection, ſince ſhe had much ado to return Hatred where it was deſerv'd by ſuch bloody Injuries: but believing ſhe could not hear my Love plead farther, without offending vertue, ſhe avoided all occaſions of diſcourſe as much as poſſible; and though ſhe ſtill ſpake to me with much affability, yet ſhe never did ſo but in company, and ſo contriv'd it, that we never exchanged words without a witneſs: though this behaviour of hers could not give me an entire ſatisfaction; yet it left me no cauſe of Complaint; and the knowledge I had of her admirable Vertue, having extinguiſht with my hopes a part of thoſe flames her Beauty had kindled, I learn'd to think my Paſſion ſufficiently rewarded by the eſteem ſhe had of me: Indeed there was never any perſon lov'd with leſs intereſt; and with truth I may ſay, I loved *Mariamne* for her ſelf alone; nor in all the proceſs of my Paſſion did I ever conſider *Tyridates*.

In this manner I liv'd a whole year; and though my Eyes did all the Meſſages of my Love, yet ſhe might eaſily read in all my Actions, that it had loſt no ardour; and that my ſufferings were therefore more cruel, becauſe they ſtood in awe of Reſpect.

At

At laſt my perſeverance, link'd with diſcretion (which ſhe knew by a thouſand marks) touched her with compaſſion; I ſay Compaſſion: for love could never be admitted: And what ſhe did ſince in my Favour, did all proceed from a motion ſo purely generous, as the moſt perfect vertue was engaged to commend it; nor could it be cenſured by any without Injuſtice. Her heart, which was neither Stone nor Braſs, ſuffered it ſelf to be ſoftned with pitty; but it was never capable of an Impreſſion not conformed to the ſevere Rules of her Duty: ſhe could not ſee a Prince languiſhing ſo many years, a Prince dying for her, but dying in a faſhion ſo reſpectful and obliging, and dying without complaining of the cauſe of his Death, or of Death it ſelf, and not give ſome proofs that nature made her ſenſible: but ſhe would rather have ſuffer'd him to die; nay, dyed her ſelf, than let in the leaſt thought to her Soul of pittying him, to the prejudice of her Vertue: I was ſo happy in the conduct of my Paſſion, and had carried ſo much caution in all my Actions, that *Herod* (the moſt jealous and diſtruſtful of all men) had not yet the leaſt ſuſpicion of me; and this diſcretion was not under-valued by the Queen.

I was one day in her Company with the King, *Pheroras*, *Salome*, and ſome other of the chief Courtiers in the Palace-garden, where we had walked a long time, and where I had done my beſt to evade the purſuits of *Salome*, who had then been trying (having too much courage to give me her naked Paſſion) to make me ſpy it in her Actions, and underſtand it by a thouſand ambiguous Diſcourſes; when the King, who had walked all this time with the

the Queen alone, being oblig'd by ſome important Affairs to retire, he call'd me to him, and giving me the Queens hand, which till then himſelf had held: I leave you to Prince *Tyridates*, ſaith he, *and I cannot put that which I tender more dearly than my ſelf into better hands than his? Try, if you pleaſe, to divert her from her deep Melancholy.* To theſe words I returned no other anſwer but an action full of Reverence and reſpect: and, conſidering how my condition ſtood with the Queen, I durſt not adventure to take her hand, till ſhe tender'd it her ſelf, with a Countenance that did put on a World of ſweetneſs: And thus I helped her to walk, without daring either to open my mouth, or to look upon her. Her behaviour was a long time like mine: but at laſt ſhe broke ſilence, and took this opportunity to declare what her heart had for me. *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *if the King knew your intentions, he would not put me into your hands with ſo much confidence, & ſince they were known to me, I ought to have hindred it; I could eaſily have done ſo, if my Will had conſented; and probably I had too, if I had not believ'd I might permit your converſe, and acquaint you with my thoughts, without interreſſing what I owe to him or my ſelf. Know then* Tyridates, *that the firſt notice I had of your Malady gave me ſome reſentment againſt you, but the progreſs of it, compaſſion; I have truly pitied the Eſtate you are in, and cannot, without grief, ſee a Prince (to whom Heaven hath given ſuch excellent qualities) paſs his life in a condition ſo miſerable. But in fine,* Tyridates, *what are your pretences? and if you have judged me worthy of your eſteem, what can you hope for of me? Think you I can licenſe in your favour the leaſt Act that may ſatisfie*

ſie your Paſſion? I ſay the leaſt: for, did I believe you could harbour a thought to my diſhonour, I would look upon you as a Monſter, as a mortal Enemy: Do you think the little content I take with Herod, *and the remembrance of the wrongs he hath done me, can turn my affections upon another, becauſe leſs worthy of my averſion? is it upon this thought you build your hopes? if ſo,* Tyridates, *diſabuſe your ſelf; and believe, that if Heaven hath made me miſerable, by ſubmitting me to this cruel man, I will never conſent to merit my Misfortunes by my Actions; though my forlorn hap hath marryed me to him, it ſhall never match me to his Crimes: I would not be ſo ingrateful to the goodneſs of Heaven, that is ever ſending Comfort to my Miſeries; nor ſo unworthy of your eſtimation. For my ſake,* Tyridates, *conſider theſe Truths, ſince they are repreſented with as much Mildneſs, as much Affection as I can keep for you with Reaſons leave: call up the greatneſs of your courage, to give a brave aſſault upon your ſelf, and propoſe this ruinous Paſſion to your thoughts as an Enemy you ought to fear, as an Enemy that would deſtroy you: and probably me too, unleſs you vanquiſh it.* The Qu: ended with theſe words, which I heard with admiration: and during the diſcourſe, having rally'd part of the confidence fear had ſcatter'd, I made it ſerve me to anſwer in theſe terms.

"I am unworthy, Madam, of this Favour you "have given me: and ſince I have merited your diſ- "pleaſure, 'tis fit I ſhould periſh for the expiation, "rather than reſerve my ſelf for ſuch a pity as you "lately mentioned, nor ſhould my tongue ever ha- "zard a ſecond purchaſe of your indignation, if "that generous bounty which keeps company with "the reſt of your admirable Virtues did not allow

"me liberty to justifie my thoughts before you. I "will adventure then to tell you, That love (as I "apprehend it) can neither be odious nor conside-"rable to the person beloved, but by the effects it "produceth, since of it self it is obliging and advan-"tageous, even to Creatures least capable of appre-"hension: if my passion had hatched any Desire "within me contrary to your virtue, you might de-"test it as a Criminal, as an Enemy that would poi-"son the purity of your Soul: But if it shall never "inspire any other than such as shall instruct me to "revere those admirable Qualities the Gods have "given you, to interest my self in your fortune, & Sa-"crifice my self for your interests; where will you "find a just occasion to condemn it? Is it a Crime "for *Tyridates* to do the homage of a pure venerati-"on to the divine beauties & Perfections of *Mari-"amne*? Is it a Crime for *Tyridates* to give up all his "Thoughts, & dedicate his whole time to this Em-"ployment? And is it a Crime for *Tyridates* to long "for an occasion, with the price of his Blood & Life, "to buy Repose for *Mariamne*? Madam, if I have o-"ther Thoughts, other Desires than these, punish me "with all the rigor your first resentments inspir'd "you with; and let the Divine Powers joyn with "yours to compleat me the most miserable of all "men. But if you find in my affection all the inno-"cence you require; in the Gods name, Madam, give "me leave to carry it to my Tomb; it is a necessity "which will never endure to be dispens'd with, a fa-"vour which I conjure you by the remembrance of "all that you hold most dear, to grant me: And if the "place were clear'd of witnesses, that I might be per-

"mitted

"mitted to ask it at your feet; I would never riſe "from thence till I had obtained it.

Theſe words, and the vehemence wherewith I pronounced them, wrought upon the generous and tender ſpirit of the Queen, and ſtirred up ſuch thoughts as took her ſome time before ſhe could get them out into anſwer; at length ſhe diſpos'd her ſelf to it; and as ſhe was beginning, we found our ſelves at the end of an Ally, where turning to continue our walk, we ſpied *Salome* and the reſt of the company ſo near us, as the Queen ſaw ſhe ſhould not have time to diſcharge her heart, and ſeeing her company ſtaid to let us paſs, before we quitted the place ſhe thus reply'd: Tyridates, *if your thoughts be ſuch as you ſay, I can finde no juſt cauſe of offence: but were they yet more innocent, I muſt counſel you, and do with all my ſoul crave of you (if it be poſſible) to diſcard them from your Heart, ſince they cannot be but ruinous to your repoſe and mine.*

She ſaid no more, and whether it were that ſhe was willing to purſue this diſcourſe no further, or that ſhe ſuſpected the malicious ſpirit of *Salome* might probably raiſe a bad comment upon our privacy, ſhe joyn'd with the reſt of the company, and would ſeparate no more.

From this day I dated a happy change in my condition, and believed my eſtate much more advantageous than formerly. The Queen (though ſhe diſapproved my reſearch, and ſaw the continuance of it with diſpleaſure, yet) ſhe indur'd it with a moſt noble patience, that would neither ſuffer her to baniſh, nor hate a Prince who ador'd her with a Devotion ſo pure and unbyaſſed, as nothing in it could

be found fit to cenſure; and never hoping to advance farther in her favour, I learn'd to ſtay my content upon what I had. This began to reſtore my ſpirits, and recal my colour, and if my face ſtill ſhew'd ſome Diſcontent, it had a root in the Queens miſeries and not mine.

The condition of this great Princeſs was deplorable, and though the King loved her with an almoſt imagined paſſion, ſuch was her averſion to all the indearing paſſages of his Love, as She took them for ſo many effects of Heavens indignation; and though her vertuous reſolution held her to the ſevere rules of her duty, her great courage could not be pliable to ſuch careſſes as ſhe believ'd not due to the deſtroyer of her Family, and a man yet crimſon'd with the blood of her neereſt Kindred: theſe diſdains ſometimes raiſeth ſuch tempeſts in the King, as he was often ready to pour them upon her as the laſt effects of his fury: but then would Love ſtep in to check Anger, and, taking the reins from thoſe raging Tranſports which he had ſuffer'd to get uppermoſt, render'd him more ſoft and ſubmiſs than ever; and ſent him to ſeek that with Prayers and Tears, which he could not obtain with all his menaces.

We were one day in the Kings Chamber, whither he had invited the Queen: and they ſtanding together at a Window, after ſome diſcourſe which we heard not, he proffer'd to kiſs her: but the *Queen* (whether ſhe thought ſuch condeſcenſion injurious to Modeſty in ſo great a Company, or, in effect, followed the motions of a juſt Hatred) recoil'd ſome ſteps back, and turn'd away her head with diſdain enough

enough. The King was ſo galled with this Action, eſpecially appearing before ſo many Witneſſes, as all the power he could make was not capable to hide his Paſſion; and beholding the Queen with eyes ſparkling with rage, and a Countenance on which fury had ſpread it ſelf; *You are unworthy*, ſaid he, *both of the Honour was offer'd you, and all thoſe that went before it: Go, get you out of my Chamber, and if you do not remember the deſtiny of your Fathers, remember that I promiſe to make you know him for your King, whom you now ſcorn to acknowledge for your Husband.* The Queen return'd no other anſwer to theſe cruel words than a diſdainful look, which more provok'd him, and ſaluting the Company, without change of Countenance, quitted the Chamber to retire to her own. The Kings Choler (which had often produced horrid effects) made the whole Company tremble, only in me it miſſed that influence; for, all the prudence and diſcretion I could make, had much ado to hinder my diſcontent from breaking looſe, and it was the conſideration I had for the Queen, and not my ſelf that bridled it. Yet not in ſuch a manner, but when I ſaw the Queen retire, I haſted after, and offer'd my hand to lead her to her lodging: But, as her ſpirit was leſs diſtemper'd than mine, and had therefore more judgement at the Stern, to apprehend how much the Civility I proffer'd might diſpleaſe *Herod*, and deeply endanger me, ſhe refuſed it; and having no time to explain her thoughts, ſhe only made me a ſign with her Eye to retire. I came back again to the King with much regret, whom I had indeed diſpleaſed with this action, but it was otherwiſe taken from me than it would have

been from any one of his own Subjects; he thundred ſtill againſt the Queen in moſt bitter terms, but ſeeing (that without unmasking my inclinations) it was in vain to ſpeak in her defence, with much conſtraint, I ſilently heard all his injurious Language: a few dayes after he was appeaſed by the powerful aſcendant the Queen had upon his Spirit, but he quickly relapſed again, and their whole life was nought elſe but that continual Diſorder which uſually reſults from the Incompatibility of Vice and Vertue.

In the mean time *Salome* had given ſo many cleer proofs of her Affection, as I could ſcarce any longer perſonate an ignorance; and though ſhe had ſtill the power to forbid her ſelf an open Declaration, yet ſhe had ſaid enough, and her actions had too well ſeconded her Diſcourſe to permit me to doubt it; I had ſought all ways to eſcape this diſcovery; and when I was perfectly aſſured of the truth, yet I dihembled it as much as was poſſible. *Salome* well judged by her own actions and mine, that I knew well enough what pinched her, and this coldneſſe kindled in her ſuch a deſpight, as in any Spirit but hers, would have been capable to have quenched Affection.

We met one day at the houſe of *Pheroras*, whom I often viſited, and who at that time was indiſpoſed; after we had ſpent ſome time by the beds ſide, *Salome* that longed to exchange ſome particular diſcourſe, invited me to walk with her into an adjoyning Gallery, pretending to ſhew me ſome Pictures; I could not civilly avoid the ſnare, &, lending her my hand, I led her thither, where we entertained ſome time in per-

peruſing the Pictures, wherein were repreſented the moſt memorable Events of the Judaick-Hiſtory, there ſhe ſhewed me ſo many admirable things as might poſe the belief of all but thoſe of their own Religion. She pointed at ſome Captains, which in the midſt of their Battels, with their Prayers, ſtaid the courſe of the Sun, and gave a prodigious day to the Univerſe: of others that opened the flanks of the red-Sea for their Troops to paſs thorough, but ſhe chiefly inſiſted upon the actions of *David* (the greateſt of their Kings) and upon thoſe of his Son *Salomon*, which among them paſſed for a Miracle of Wiſdom; and relating in order the life of that latter, ſhe particularly ſtaid upon one Picture that repreſented a beautiful Queen that fell ſo in love with the fame of *Solomon*'s Vertues, as ſhe abandon'd her Realm, & travel'd a vaſt tract of land to viſit him.

Salome took occaſion to aſſault me with this Hiſtory, having compris'd it in a few words: *This Prince*, continued ſhe, *was the wiſeſt of all men, and yet diſdain'd not the affections of a Princeſs that lov'd him, but requited her with his, to the ſatisfaction of all her deſires.* At theſe words *Salome* (though in a little confuſion) beheld me with a fixed eie, and by that action obliged me to anſwer her. *It was but juſt*, ſaid I, *that a King ſo vertuous as you have ſpoken him, ſhould be flexible to ſo fair a Queen, that had forſaken her eſtate to expoſe her ſelf to the hazard and inconvenience of a long Voyage to ſee him; this enterpriſe was ſo conſiderable in the perſon of a great Princeſs, as* Solomon *could not have been juſt (as you have repreſented him) had he uſed her ingratefully. You have ſaid enough to convince your ſelf*, ſaid Salome, *& if theſe be your own thoughts, you ſhould*

do well to consider what you owe to Princesses, who ('tis true) have neither abandoned Realms, nor traversed Provinces to see you; but have abandoned for your sake a Liberty more dear than Empires, and trampled upon obstacles more difficult to surmount, than the incommodities of a Voyage.

This discourse, which I had alwaies feared, put me to trouble past all dissembling; and seeing my self obliged to reply: "I am too unfortunate, *said I*, to "believe that ought can appear in the Miseries of "my life, but subjects of Compassion; the affections "of Princesses will doubtless find objects more wor-"thy of themselves; & I am too far from imagining "that a Wretch exiled from his Country, persecu-"ted by his King, that hath no retreat upon earth, "but what he owes for to the King your Brothers "bounty, should triumph over those precious Liber-"ties, which are doubtless reserv'd for Persons more "happy, & for such as by the loss of their own, with "a long succession of faithful service, have deserv'd "them. Those that have bought them at a lower "rate, *said Salome*, are more obliged than such as "paid for them with Pains, Blood, & years of Service, "and without extreme ingratitude, they cannot "prefer those things that have been dearly sold, to "such as have been liberally given them. You are "of this number *Tyridates*; you evade the notice of "Obligations, that you may fly occasions of requi-"tal; you are better esteem'd in *Herod*'s Court than "you desire to be, & the Misfortunes of your life are "there less considered than the qualities of your "Person: You know this for truth, though you force "a cunning ignorance to disguise it: You are too clear-

" clear-ſighted, not to perceive it by a thouſand a-
" ctions; and as many Diſcourſes, which have but too
" plainly declar'd it. But diſdain cloſes your eies and
" ears; & none but ſuch a Soul as that you play the
" Tyrant with, but would turn edge at your neglect,
" yet ſhe hath perſevered many years in the ſame
" ardor, & with much ſatisfaction would ſo continue
" her whole life time, if you would let her hope that
" ſuch a conſtancy ſhould not go unrewarded.

While *Salome* pronounced theſe words, her eies let fall their looks upon the earth with all the ſigns of ſhame, which ſhe was not able to diſſemble: and indeed how ſhould ſhe, when my ſelf was ſo aſhamed in her behalf, as I had a harder task to hide it from her, than to find words to anſwer her: *Madam*, ſaid I, (after I had a while kept ſilence) *till now my Soul hath been ſo chain'd to the conſideration of my Miſeries, as it hath not been capable of other thoughts: and I have found ſo little appearance, nay, ſo little reaſon in what you have done me the honour to let me know, as it could never have enter'd my imagination: 'Tis this that muſt anſwer for the faults I committed; and not a diſdain, which never grew in my Nature; and which I ſhould but practiſe unhandſomely. The Gods have not given me thoſe advantagious qualities to look up at a Fortune ſo little thought of; and though it ſhould offer it ſelf indeed to my Arms, in this wretched condition, whereto my Miſeries have reduced me, I think I ſhould not have power to taſt it.* *Salome* (who could no longer doubt, but that her love was perfectly diſcovered) found my words, and the action wherewith I pronounc'd them, ſo diſobliging, that (if it had been poſſible) that very moment ſhe would

would have thrown it off: however she would no further advance a Parly, the beginning of which taught her to hope for little satisfaction in the sequel; and turning back to *Pheroras* his Chamber, in a fashion that shewed the marks of Spite: *Oh! Well* Tyridates, said she, *your perplexities shall no more be redoubled by a Discourse so disobliging: and since you are oppress with Affection, there shall be care taken to free you of that importunity.*

As she finished these words, we enter'd the Chamber of *Pheroras*,, which stop'd my answer; and she was so overcome with anger, as all the time we staid together, she would neither vouchsafe to speak or look upon me. Since that day I began to understand her disposition, of which I had already a very evil opinion: and at my next conferrence with the Qu: I had not power to conceal *Salome*'s Folly, willing to prepossess her Spirit by a true relation, lest the malicious Creature should render me some evil Office with her. This relation provoked the Queens Vertue to express more contempt and aversion for *Salome* than ever: which, after she had witnessed by some words she let fall against her: "Tyridates, "*said she smiling*, are you so cruel then to Ladies "that love you? & a little after (puttting on a more "serious look,) if you open these eies to reason, "which passion has shut up, you will soon perceive, "that God doth punish your unjust Affection with "another, which your self disapproves; and if *Sa-*"*lome* (being Married) cannot hatch such desires & "not be wicked, sure I that am in the same estate, "and having a King to my Husband, cannot coun-"tenance yours without incurring the same sin you con-

"condemn in *Salome.* Ah! Madam, *ſaid I*, what a "vaſt difference is there betwixt ſuffering an Affe- "ction pure and innocent, as mine, and perſecuting "with a vicious Paſſion, a perſon that loaths it! And "if ever my adoration ſhall oblige you to let fall a- "ny particular favour upon me, how well may *Sa- "lome* ſerve to excuſe it? and then how little rea- "ſon you have to conſider a man which hath more "right to the title of Cruel-Enemy than that of "Husband? I have often told you, *reply'd the Queen*, "That you ought not to ground any hope upon "that conſideration: nay, though I were releaſed "of all which is due to *Herod*, yet I ſhall never for- "get what I owe to my ſelf. With ſuch anſwers as theſe, the Queen ſtill gently confuted me; and in theſe pleaſing liberties of Diſcourſe were ſtor'd my beſt advantages: While this life laſted, I was but too happy; for my hopes had ſuch weak encouragement to aſpire at better fortune from ſuch a Vertue as *Mariamne*'s, as I did my beſt to bound my content in what I had.

The neceſſity I had of the aid of *Sohemus* made me open my heart unto him: Beſides by ſome Preſents I had gain'd *Philo* the Queens Eunuch, and *Cleophe*, whom, of all her Maids, the moſt truſted: theſe perſons (though the Queen knew it not) befriended me with their beſt induſtry, and I had no hard task to get ſome confidence among them, becauſe I knew the whole Family deteſted the King: Yet the Queen was ignorant of my influence upon her People; which had ſhe known, ſhe would never have ſuffer'd. She avoided all occaſions (as much as poſſible) of being alone with me: and when ſhe could not ſhun

it,

it, ſhe kept me in ſuch awe to diſpleaſe, as I had ſcarce the daring to open my mouth: yet ſometimes I broke theſe chains, and calling that commiſeration to my ſuccour which ſhe ever had ready for my miſeries; me-thought I taſted moſt delicious comforts in that very liberty of ſpeaking; but when I preſumed, upon a large priviledge, to take a kiſſe from her hand, ſhe would take ſuch an anger into her looks, as carried me to the extremities of grief and repentance.

In the mean time, if the circumſpection which I carryed in all my actions deceived the eys of *Herod* and his Court; *Salome* (as the moſt intereſſed, and therefore the moſt cleer-ſighted of all others) finding little cauſe to attribute this contempt of mine to any thing but anticipation, ſet ſo much care & cunning a work, to obſerve my looks, and ſpy out all my actions, as at laſt ſhe began to gather part of the Truth; but ſhe had not then time to enlarge her diſcovery, becauſe I ſoon after parted from *Jeruſalem*, and was oblig'd for a time to leave the Queen upon an occaſion which I ſhall let you underſtand.

HY-

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:

OR,

Love's Maſter-piece.

PART I. LIB. II.

ARGUMENT.

Phraates *upon the old quarrel, invadeth* Judea *with* 30000 Parthians, *under the command of his Lieutenant* Barſapharnes; *they ravage and devaſt the Country about* Samaria. Tyridates *is ſent Generall by* Herod, *with an Army to oppoſe them; He ſends a brave defiance to* Barſapharnes, *which he ſtoutly accepts.* Barſapharnes *is ſlain in the Fight, and his Army totally routed.* Tyridates *returns to* Jeruſalem, *and is welcom'd by a general applauſe.* Salome *plots his and* Mariamne's *ruine, by kindling jealouſie in* Herods *breaſt, which enrages him to a reſolution of deſtroying* Tyridates. Mariamne *gives him notice of it by a Letter.* Arſanes *ſpils the Poyſon as he was lifting it up to his mouth.* Tyridates, *with his Servants, attempting an eſcape by flight, finde the Streets all blocked up with Soldiers; they endeavour to cut a paſſage with their Swords, but oppreſs'd with a multitude, are forced to take Sanctuary in the Temple. The conteſtation between* Herod *and the Prieſts about him.* Socius, *a Roman Senator, interpoſes, and threatens* Herod *to a conſent that*

Tyridates

Tyridates *might go ſafely out of his Territories; He conducts him out of* Jeruſalem. Tyridates *returns the ſame night in diſguiſe; by* Sohemus *aid is admitted to the Queen, takes a paſſionate leave of her, and quits* Judea; *goes to* Rome, *and is honourably treated by* Auguſtus: *His Melancholy drives him from thence: He is caſt upon the Shoar of* Alexandria, *and ſo finiſhes his Story.* Eteocles (*commanded by* Candace, *to acquaint him with her Fortunes*) *begins with thoſe of* Cleopatra; *her Deſcent, Beauty, and rare qualities; her Brother* Ptoleme's *vicious inclinations; by the wicked advice of his Counſellors he deſigns her ruine; ſhe takes up Arms in her own defence, is over-powr'd and beſieg'd by him in* Peluſium. Pompey *flies to him for refuge after his* Pharſalian *overthrow, and is baſely murdered by his Command.* Cæſar *brings his victorious Army into* Ægypt. Cleopatra *petitions his Protection againſt her Brother; her condition kindles Pity, and her Perſon Affection in* Cæſars *Heart; He reconciles them.* Ptolomie's *treacherous intentions to murder* Cæſar; *being diſcovered, he flies to open Arms. The bloody Sea-fight betwixt them, wherein he is ſlain.* Cæſar *Crowns* Cleopatra *Queen of* Ægypt, *and privately marries her.*

THE barbarous *Phraates* ſeeing he could neither prevail with *Herod*, to give me up into his hands, nor put me to death, which he had often ſolicited, and being otherwiſe his mortal Enemy, ſent 30000 *Parthians* upon his Frontiers, under the Command of *Bar-*

Barſapharnes, one of his Lieutenants, and the very ſame that ſome years before had taken *Hircanus* and *Phaſelus* Priſoners. *Barſapharnes* did all the miſchief in *Judæa* that Hoſtility could exerciſe, and made all that ſtood in his way, without diſtinction, feel his impartial Sword. Yet his march was not kept ſo ſecret, but (before he enter'd *Judea*, *Herod* (that like a moſt prudent and vigilant Prince always kept ſtore of Spies in pay) had a timely notice of it, which made him rally his Forces with ſuch diligence, that before the *Parthians* had made any conſiderable progreſs, he was grown ſtrong enough to oppoſe them: He would gladly have marched in Perſon, but miſtruſt (the ordinary companion of Tyranny) made him fear ſome palpitations in the heart of his Eſtate, if abſented himſelf: and therefore reſolv'd to ſend one of his Lieutenants. I had too much intereſt in this War, not to ſeek the imployment; and all the regret I ſuffer'd to leave *Mariamne*, was ſwallow'd with the greedy deſire of glory and vengeance, which drew me at the feet of *Herod*, to ask the conduct of his Army: He was very well ſatisfied with what I had already done in his Service; and weighing the propriety I had both in the Motive & Succeſs of that War, he concluded he could not put his Forces into better hands than mine; and therefore freely beſtow'd the command upon me.

So ſoon as my equipage was ready, I diſpoſed myſelf to part from that place where I left the better part of my Soul. The Queen (who could not hate me, though my Paſſion ſtill perplex't her) was well pleaſed to hear the King had given me this imployment, and told me in moſt obliging terms, She had

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an opinion that I would bring home a fair encreaſe of Honour: But when at the Even of my departure I entreated ſhe would grant me a particular audience, & permit me to take leave of her in her Chamber, without any other witneſſes but thoſe we ſuſpected not; ſhe was deaf to my Prayer, and after ſhe had begun with ſome ſharp words, to ſhew me how much the requeſt diſpleaſed her: *No* Tyridates (purſued ſhe with a milder look) *this conference is not neceſſary; I know already all you would ſay; nor are you ignorant of what I have to anſwer you; caſhier theſe unjuſt deſires, if it be poſſible; and believe it, if a high eſteem of your Vertues, and a thouſand wiſhes for your Happineſs may requite your affections, you ſhall never have cauſe to call me ungrateful*

Though theſe words were perfectly innocent, yet the Queen fear'd they betray'd too much Favour, and could not let them go without a bluſh, wherein I read ſo much raviſhing ſweetneſs, and fancied ſuch advantages for my ſelf, that I found nothing in my condition that might patronize Conſplaint. I did all that was poſſible to obtain leave to write to her: At firſt ſhe return'd me a mild refuſal, but in fine, ſhe abſolutely forbad me any further Importunity: I ſubmitted to her without repining; & being conſtrain'd to take leave of her in the preſence of the King and the chief Courtiers, I rendred the ſame reſpects to *Salome*, who was then in the preſence, by this means avoiding a troubleſom diſcourſe, in which a particular farewel might probably have engaged me. She well underſtood my intention, and adding this to her former quarrel, ſhe could not keep her ſpite from breaking into her looks: but when I bow'd

bow'd to ſalute her after the *Jewiſh* mode, ſhe lifted up her head, and thus whiſper'd as low as was poſſible, Signior *Tyridates, your carriage is fair, but ſomewhat dangerous.* I had no time to reply to this, and indeed it had put me into ſo much diſorder, that I ſhould hardly have found out fit words for an anſwer, and this ſhe underſtood ſo plainly by my looks, as it powerfully ſerved to confirm her ſuſpition.

Thus I parted from *Hieruſalem*, and putting my ſelf in the Head of the Army, which attended my coming, we marched towards *Samaria*, where *Barſapharnes* had made ſome progreſs, and already burnt ſome Villages, with ſome little Cities, that were not able to make reſiſtance. Madam, I ſuppoſe you willing to learn the events of this War in a few words, I ſhall endeavour therefore to contract a Narration that may ſound too harſh for your tender Ears, and only tell you that I advanced by great Marches towards *Barſapharnes*, and being arriv'd within two daies March of the place where his Army was encamped, I ſent to offer him Battel, and to let him know that *Tyridates* himſelf had brought his Head into the Field; and if he could get the good will of Victory, he ſhould reap that deſired fruit of his enterpriſe, with the entire ſatisfaction of his Maſter.

Barſapharnes (who was eſpouſed to the cruel diſpoſition of his King) gladly accepted the Battel, and (truſting in the *Parthian* valour) quitted his quarters to advance towards ours. Upon the ſecond day, the Armies came in view, and both being ranged with as much care as we were capable to car-

ry, there began a moſt cruel and bloody Battel: the *Parthians* were doubtleſs much better Soldiers than the *Jews*, and their numbers full as great as ours; But the Gods favour'd the Juſtice of my cauſe, and we ſo happily made good our choice of ſome local advantages, as after an obſtinate diſpute, which coſt us 5 or 6000 lives, Victory came and lighted upon our Banners. The hatred which the *Jews* bare to the *Parthians*, made it more bloody than I deſired; and though the unnatural *Phraates* had deeply provoked me, yet in the purſuit I us'd all the power I had to ſpare the *Parthian* bloud, and to draw thoſe out of the Victor's hands that had not yet felt their fury. A *Jew* preſented me the Head of *Barſapharnes*, and though the view at the ſame time gave me horrour and compaſſion, yet I thought it fit to ſend it to the King of *Parthia*, in ſtead of that which he demanded, and to let him know by that preſent in what manner I was likely to defend mine againſt his inhuman purſuits. The Priſoners I ſent freely home again, by this gentle uſag, obliging them to deteſt the cruelty of their King; and after we had repair'd the damages the *Parthians* had made upon the Frontier, and put the Fortreſſes there in a better condition of reſiſtance, I triumphantly return'd to *Hieruſalem*, where I was receiv'd by the people with great acclamation, by *Herod* with extraordinary Careſſes, and my fair Queen bade me welcome, with an aſpect that aſſur'd me, the importunity ſhe received from my paſſion, could not wipe out her intereſt in my ſucceſs.

But Oh! the pride of my Content! when I learn'd from her fair mouth, that ſhe had admitted fear

fear for the hazard of my life, what could I do, ſtay, what acknowledgement might my thoughts be capable to fathom, that might ſuit with the effects of ſuch a bounty? This put me in poſſeſſion of the moſt glorious eſtate that my reaſon would let me wiſh for; and though the Divine *Mariamne* was neither able, nor willing to bow her Soul to any ſentiments which ſhe judged unjuſt and criminal, yet ſhe let me have as much eſtimation and affection as Innocence could part with. All thoſe (to whom either good fortune, or a long perſeverance had given an entire poſſeſſion of what they lov'd) could not boaſt ſo dear a ſatisfaction as mine; nor could I fancy ſo much glory and happineſs in having the rareſt beauties of the World at my feet, as I found in kiſſing the robe of *Mariamne*; I ſay her robe; for I never kiſſed her hand, but by ſurprizal, and when I took that Licence, it coſt me the pains of many days to expiate the boldneſs.

The different effects of my paſſion, produced as many varieties in her; ſometimes ſhe laughed at the extravagances which the violence of it forced from me, but the Cruelty of my ſufferings ſtill made her conclude with Pity. Indeed ſhe would take up an earneſt anger, when any word chanced to ſcape my mouth, that ſhe thought ſavour'd of Impiety; for the ſeverity of her Religion, which acknowledged but one Deity, would not permit me to attribute any thing Divine unto her: but when I did, ſhe would uſe all the Authority ſhe had to command me ſilence.

I received her words as I would do Oracles; for ſhe never ſpake any thing but what deſerv'd an entire

attention, and an eternal memory. "Tyridates *said* "*she, one day to me*, how commendable it would be "in you, and how much you might oblige me for "my ſake and your own, to recover your ſelf of this "diſtemper, which muſt be fatal to one of us, and "poſſible may betray us both to deſtruction; I ſuf- "fer'd the beginning of it with an Indulgence "which cannot be excus'd, and 'tis that hath ren- "der'd me guilty both of your misfortunes & your "faults: Employ the ſame courage wherewith you "vanquiſh'd *Judæa*'s Enemies, to combat this Do- "meſtick Foe. I know you have vertue enough for "the deſign if you would uſe it, try but to oppoſe "it with all the forces of your reaſon, and you will "carry an undoubted victory, in which both you "and I ſhall find our perfect repoſe and ſatisfaction. "I have yet by the grace of my God led my life in "innocence, and taken no licence from the provo- "cations of *Herod* to commit any act unworthy of "my birth; do not deſire, *Tyridates*, to blemiſh that "in me which you prize higheſt, becauſe 'tis unde- "fil'd; to drop a blot upon my fame, which can ne- "ver be waſhed off again; if you have yet blinded "the eies of *Herod*, do not dim your own with a "hope of the ſame ſucceſs for the future. *Salome* "hath an intereſt that will ſet ſpies upon all your "actions, and ſoon diſcover enough to ruine you, "and if that cruel Woman doth neither ſpare the "cleareſt innocence, nor the neareſt alliance, 'tis but "juſt you ſhould fear her as a Stranger, and a man "who in her opinion is already culpable.

The fair *Queen* uttered theſe words with a grace wholly Divine: but alas! they found little inclination

tion in me to be ſo wrought upon, for what influence could ſhe hope upon a ſpirit that had reſerv'd no power to diſpoſe of it ſelf, that could reſent nothing in thoſe ſweet words but what redoubl'd the paſſion they diſſwaded, and render'd it incapable of that rigorous complaiſance ſhe demanded. I ſhewed her this weakneſs of mine in as paſſionate and ſubmiſſive expreſſions as my love could utter, proteſted how impoſſible it was to obey her, and forgot nothing that I thought might ſtir her goodneſſe: I ſay her goodneſs, for upon that only I built all my fortune.

But I had roved too much in a Calm, too long belyed my unfortunate birth, and the Science of thoſe Aſtrologers that condemned me to ſo many misfortunes; till then I had ſo warily kept my paſſion under hatches, as the King (though of a moſt diffident nature) had not yet perceived it: but *Salome* that ſurvey'd my actions with more deſign than all the reſt, who of her ſelf was one of the ſubtileſt Women in the World, at firſt ſuſpected, and in the end by divers marks diſcovered the truth of it. Of this ſhe gave me ſome intelligence by the words ſhe let fall at my departure for the Army; and though they ſenſibly touched and taught me to carry more care in my behaviour for the future to leſſen her ſuſpition, yet all thoſe endeavours prov'd unfruitful, & the Artifice I employ'd to diſguiſe my affection (which in all likelihood would have gotten credit in any ſoul but *Salome*'s) in her produced an effection quite contrary, & confirm'd her in that miſchievous belief ſhe had already entertain'd: when this was once eſtabliſhed in her head, Spight came and joyned ſo

violently with it, that in a ſhort time I think Hatred flam'd higher in her heart than ever Love had done: the Queen ſhe always mortally hated, as well out of envy of her admirable qualities, which had inſpir'd all others with Love and veneration, as ſome diſdain ſhe apprehended in that great Princeſs, who indeed could not ſo debaſe her ſpirit to ſmile on ſuch as ſhe deem'd unworthy of affability: Beſides her power was too great with the King, and *Salome* that aim'd to be uttermoſt in his favour, was ſtung with diſcontent at the *Queens* authority.

With theſe conſiderations ſhe mingled her Jealouſie, which ſtirr'd up ſuch impetuous ſtorms in her breſt, as made it capable of the fouleſt Treaſons and blackeſt Crimes; and, if ſhe hardly endured her diſreſpect and authority, ſhe could not look upon her as a Rival without reſolving her ruine, and with her to deſtroy that, which a few dayes before her affection had ſet at ſo high a value.

This change may appear ſtrange unto you; but it was ſo true, that ſhe no ſooner believ'd me amorous of *Mariamne*, but that Love, with which ſhe had before perplexed me, was converted into ſuch a Hatred, as render'd her apt to entertain moſt violent reſolutions, and ſet her preſently a hatching a deſign to involve me in the miſchiefs ſhe prepar'd for that innocent Princeſs; ſhe was ſo well acquainted with the King her Brothers ſpirit, as ſhe knew it to be of the ſame temper with her own, and therefore doubted not but to make the leaſt impreſſions ſhe ſhould give him, powerful enough to deſtroy us. By this way, as the moſt aſſured and the leaſt dangerous, ſhe reſolv'd our ruine, and began to labour

bour it with all the ſubtilty that her malice could invent: ſhe firſt began to obſerve the long ſtay I made in *Judea*, notwithſtanding that I might elſewhere find Sanctuaries of more aſſurance, and that the Emperor *Auguſtus* (an enemy to the King of *Parthia*) had invited me to *Rome*, and offer'd me a peaceable retreat there with all ſorts of ſuccours againſt *Phraates*: ſhe ſhew'd him how it diſagreed with reaſon, that I ſhould diſdain ſuch advantagious offers to be ſupported by the Maſters of the Earth, if I had not ſome powerful tye in *Judea*. Then without unmasking her deſign, ſhe made him curiouſly to mark my actions, deſired him often to obſerve my face when I entered the Queens Chamber, to take notice of my Sighs, my paſſionate looks, with divers paſſages, in which a violent Love cannot bely it ſelf to the eies of intereſſed perſons that will carefully ſurvey them. Theſe things in a ſhort time wrought upon *Herod*'s ſpirit, and (as none was more tenderly ſenſible and impatient in that reſpect than he) I ſhould ſoon have felt his fury if he had not been reſtrain'd by divers conſiderations.

Beſides the hatred which he bare to *Phraates*, and the ſervices I had render'd to his Crown, he conſider'd me as one protected by *Auguſtus*, who had oft writ to him in my favour, and expreſs'd a particular care of me: this dexterous and politick King diſſembled his firſt reſentments, only he made known to *Salome* a part of his ſuſpicion, and when that malicious waſp perceiv'd ſhe had made way for her intention, and half train'd the King to her deſign, ſhe neglected no time to ſtrike the blow as ſhe had premiditated.

Sir, ſaid ſhe one day to him, I am conſtrain'd to declare that which (till now) the care I cheriſhed for the quiet of your Family made me conceal; but the peace of your mind being yet more dear to me, hath overcome all thoſe conſiderations, that made me diſſemble my thoughts. Seek no further for the cauſe of *Mariamne's* diſdain, her averſion doth not ſpring from a reſentment for the Death of her kindred; for were ſhe not prevented by another paſſion, the proofs of your love muſt needs have ſoftned her: That Rock ſo inſenſible to your Careſſes, is not ſo unrelenting to others, for that *Parthian* that holds his ſafety of your Charity, does doubtleſs love her with better luck than you; I have diſcover'd their intelligence by divers marks, and whatever care they took til now to diſguiſe it, their paſſion hath ſo blinded them, that they have loſt all power to diſſemble it, and I fear at laſt the whole Court will perceive it with ſcandal, I ſtrugled hard before I could reſolve with my ſelf to reveal this to you, and I ſhould have been willing at the price of my bloud to have ſhun'd the occaſion of it without betraying you; but at laſt Sir, my zeal for your Intereſts, and my indignation at the Queen's ingratitude, have vanquiſhed thoſe reaſons that would injoin me ſilence.

While *Salome* ſpake, the King accompanied her Diſcourſe with many ſighs, and ſwallowed at deep draughts the poiſon ſhe had prepar'd him; this firſt information wanted little of tranſporting him to ſome fatal action: But, as he had ſhewn much power upon himſelf in divers encounters, he then Maſter'd theſe firſt motions, and grew deſirous

ſirous to diſcover further, before he enterpriz'd things that might bring him ſuch diſpleaſing conſequences. For this reaſon, ſuppreſſing his apprehenſions as much as poſſible: Sister, ſaid he to *Salome*, I am obliged to you for the advice you have given me, and doubt not but it parts from the affection you bare me, I have already had ſuſpitions conform'd to your belief; but they were not ſo ſtrongly grounded to ſeiſe wholly upon my Judgement; beſides, I have underſtood the Queen's vertues by ſo many proofs, as I found it hard to believe that her averſion to me could urge her, to the violation of her duty: Yet now I begin to lean to your opinions, and with you to judge it almoſt impoſſible that a thouſand ardent proofs of my affection ſhould not efface the Queens reſentments, nor ſo much as ſoften her rocky heart, if ſhe had not given it to another. I love her but too well, continu'd he with a ſigh, too too well I love that ingratefull woman, and though ſhe unworthily abuſes my love, yet I cannot chooſe but love her. He ſtop'd at theſe words, walked up and down the Chamber with an action that expreſt his tranſport and irreſolution, wherein *Salome* might read, that her plot had not ill ſucceeded.

Ah! *Tyridates* cry'd he, after ſome ſilence, doſt thou thus requite the protection and refuge I have given thee? doſt thou not fear to find that in my juſt anger which thou haſt avoided by my aſſiſtance? had I deſerv'd to have felt thy indignation, couldſt thou not have galled me in a part leſs ſenſible? And canſt thou believe that a cruel Brother is more formidable than a jealous Husband, than a paſ-

paſſionate lover? he mingled theſe words with freſh Sighs, and again took ſome turns in the room; then turning to *Salome*; "Siſter, *ſaid he*, before we "enterpriſe any thing upon the advice you have gi-"ven, 'tis fit we inſtruct our ſelves farther, for the "quality of *Tyridates*, back'd with the care that "*Auguſtus* takes of his ſafety, preſcribes me much "caution; if you pleaſe continue to improve your "diſcovery of the truth, and on my ſide I ſhall take "ſuch care, as it ſhall prove a very hard task for "them ſtill to abuſe me.

This was the Diſcourſe between the King and *Salome*, all which a while after I learn'd from *Sohemus*, who had been told it by an Officer of the Kings, his intimate Friend, that over-heard it in the Anti-chamber.

From that day theſe two malicious ſpirits employed all their care to obſerve my behaviour, & indeed I confeſs, that (what ever circumſpection I endeavour'd to carry,) many paſſages ſlip'd from me capable to undiſguiſe my paſſion to perſons ſo powerfully concern'd; my Looks, Sighs, and change of Countenance often betrayed me, for before I underſtood the Kings ſuſpition, I behav'd my ſelf with leſs prudence than I ſhould have uſed, had I diſtruſted it; the Queen was yet more narrowly ſifted, and as that great Princeſs obſerved ſomething in me (if I may ſpeak it with modeſty) that gave me a better title of her eſteem than any of the *Jews*, and poſſibly feeling her ſelf obliged to my perſevering reſpectuous paſſion, ſhe compell'd her ſelf to ſhew ſuch apprehenſions of it, as reaſon told her were full of innocence, & treated me in publick with a countenance

nance capable to confirm the King in thoſe cruel impreſſions *Salome* had given him.

This Jealous Prince that ſaw not but with the troubled Eyes of his Suſpition, beheld all our actions, as if every one had the Countenance of a Criminal; the effects of the Queens goodneſs and civility were interpreted for ſo many marks of her affection, and thus he was ready every moment to abandon himſelf to ſuch a rage, as almoſt poſed all the prudence he could make to tame it. I often marked theſe changes both in his looks and his humour: and, though in the whole courſe of his life he had appear'd the moſt dexterous diſſembler of all men, yet his raging jealouſie had ſo weakned the power, which uſually held the reins of his paſſions, as he could not ſo well contain himſelf, but I diſcover'd much coldneſs and change in the Diſcourſe and entertainment he made me; indeed I ſhould have apprehended all theſe things with ſuch a Spirit as his, and doubtleſs had done ſo, if that powerful love of *Mariamne* had not ſtifled that in my Soul, which nature places there for our proper ſafety, and forc'd a neglect of all that care I ſhould have carried about me for the preſervation of my life: The Queen perceiv'd this (which ſhe always ſuſpected) as ſoon as I; and though her conſcience witneſſed to her ſelf the innocence of her carriage, yet ſhe was deſirous to avoid the danger ſhe apprehended, by treating me with a more reſerv'd behaviour, if poſſible, than ſhe had done formerly. I ſtudied to a more ſpecious diſſimulation, but it was too late, the Tempeſt was already riſen, and at laſt made it ſelf known by moſt dangerous flaſhes.

One

One day, the remembrance of which I muſt preſerve as the moſt remarkable of my life, the very ſame whereon the *Jews* celebrate that which they call the Feaſt of *Tabernacles*, being deſirous through curioſity (though of different Religion) to aſſiſt at their Ceremonies, I accompany'd the King to that famous *Temple*, which from the Name of its Founder, they call the *Temple* of *Solomon*, and which for Riches and admirable ſtructure may paſs with more juſtice than that of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, or that of *Jupiter* the *Olimpian*, for one of the Worlds wonders; at firſt the Ceremonies borrowed my attention, for methought they were very ſpecious: but in fine, no longer able to keep them off, I tranſported all my thoughts to *Mariamne*, and with thoſe tyed my eies to her face, with ſo attentive a regard, as though *Arſanes*, who ſtood behind me, often endeavour'd to call me to my ſelf, and made me mark in what manner the King obſerv'd me, I had much ado to retire them for a few moments, while the Sacrifice laſted, nor was I ignorant of the fault I committed, but I believe the *Gods* ſtruck my Reaſon blind to puniſh my offence of aſſiſting at the *Sacrifices* of a *Religion* which was enemy to theirs: what ever the cauſe was, that was the day wherein the King abandon'd himſelf to his Jealouſie, though poſſible he had not yet determin'd upon the reſolution he was to take. Coming back from the Temple, he went to viſit the Queens lodging, full of furious thoughts, his face carried the Copy of his troubled Soul, and his eies ſparkled Meſſages of Death: Yet they were no ſooner encountred by the *Queens*, but all their ſtorms clear'd up, and thoſe Tempeſts which Rage had

had rais'd againſt her, by that marvellous aſcendent ſhe had upon his Spirit, did homage to the charms of her beauty, and grew calm in a moment; of one terrible as a Lion, in a few minutes he became mild and tractable; and inſtead of uttering the threats he had prepar'd, his diſarmed Anger gave place to Kindneſs, which render'd his ſpirit pliable to Careſſes and Flatteries.

He made the *Queen* a diſcourſe full of Affection, which ſhe receiv'd with her uſual Modeſty: but then offering to take ſome liberties with her, which he might have lawfully believ'd his due, if (by ſo many cruelties inflicted upon her and hers) he had not violated the Rights, and loſt all thoſe advantages of which marriage had poſſeſt him, that couragious Princeſs who could never tamely hide her reſentment in a diſguiſe, diſdainfully repulſt him.

Herod, that was not ignorant of the true cauſe of this, though he ſuſpected others, would not take a denyal from her firſt coldneſs; but perceiving ſhe reſiſted with an invincible reſolution, and being no way able to obtain theſe favours from her which his deſires were greedy of, he recall'd that Choler that had ſo lately ſhook him, and beholding her with Eyes that ſparkled fury; *Ingrateful woman*, ſaid he, *do not longer think to abuſe me by thy ſpecious pretences; but know I am not ignorant that it is the love of* Tyridates, *and not the memory of* Hircanus, *or* Ariſtobulus *that renders thee inflexible to thy Husbands kindneſs.*

Though the *Queen* had ever fear'd theſe things from *Herods* humour, yet ſhe could not be leſs than

ſur-

ſurpriz'd at this language, and appear'd as if ſhe had been ſtruck with a Thunderbolt; her Tongue remain'd mute, her Viſage chang'd Colour, and from the profound aſtoniſhment which *Herod* there obſerv'd, he received cruel confirmations of his Jealous thoughts. This apprehenſion redoubled his fury, and now not doubting but the Queens powerful ſurprizal roſe from the reproaches of her Conſcience, and the ſhame or fear ſhe might have to ſee Paſſion diſcover'd, he gave himſelf up to the moſt furious tranſports that rage could inſpire, and had much ado to keep it from committing outrage upon her perſon; but he upbraided her with the moſt injurious words that Choler could invent; *How now Traitreſs,* ſaid he, *muſt I then be rob'd by a Barbarian's witchcraft, of what is onely due to my ſelf? And thou, that wouldſt fain paſs for a demure* Zelot, *does it ſuit with the Law of God, or the repute of the World, that thou findeſt more ſweetneſs in the ſhameful embraces of an Infidel, than the Legitimate affections of a Husband? Ah! diſloyal Woman, unworthy of a Love, which has preſerv'd thee in a rank from whence thou haſt deſerv'd to fall with thy Family, a Love that hath expos'd me too, to the Contempt of my People; is it by theſe infamous paſſions thou makeſt good thy claim to the* Macchabean *blood, of which thou haſt ſo often boaſted? Thinkeſt thou thoſe illuſtrious* Aſmoneans, *with whoſe glory thou haſt ſtill reproached me, (ſhould they return to the World) could approve of the ignominious preference thou makeſt of an exiled* Parthian *to a King, whom the lateſt of thy Anceſtors gave thee for a Husband, or rather who honour'd thee with the Title of his Spouſe, when he might have uſed thee as his ſubject?*

He

He accompanied theſe words with a torrent of others more cruel and injurious; during which the fair Queen, having had time to reſtore her ſelf from her firſt aſtoniſhment, began to regard with all the aſſurance that innocence could give her; and, neither able to render her ſpirit flexible to his Flatteries, nor her own juſtification, of which ſhe believ'd him unworthy, after he had given ſome truce to his invectives: "Finiſh, *ſaid ſhe*, thou cruel man, "finiſh thy rage, and believe that after the exerciſe "of ſo much brutiſh cruelty upon mine, thou mai'ſt "give it leave to let fall its laſt effects upon my ſelf, "there only remains the laſt part of it to be acted "upon me; for having had (by the murther of my "neareſt friends, by a miſerable Captivity, and the "bloudy orders thou gaveſt for my own) my repoſe "ſo often tortur'd, there reſts no more but to aſſault "my honour, which by the favour of Heaven I have "till now defended from thy horrid perſecutions: "do tear that reputation, which hath maintain'd "it ſelf pure and ſpotleſs in my misfortunes, and "ſtill perſecute the *Aſmonean* memory by the ſhame "thou prepareſt for the laſt of its Illuſtrious bloud, "which thou haſt ſpilt ſo brutiſhly; hope not I will "aſſert my innocence, no, that account muſt only "be render'd to him that knows it, and by his goodneſs will defend it againſt the calumny of my "Enemies: believe all of the unfortunate *Mariamne*, wherewith her envious detractors have "inſpir'd thee: Thy cruelties have given me but too "much cauſe to diſpence with the juſtification "which I owe to him, whom Heaven in its anger "gave me for a Husband: but do not involve ſuch perſons

"persons in my misery, as have no part in the crime "thou imposest; and if thy rage demands a victim "to appease it, seek no other than her whom thou "hast taught to desire Death by rendring her Life "calamitous.

These last words of the Queen transported *Herod* to the fartheſt degrees of fury: and now, more than believing the care she took of my justification, while she disdain'd her own, could spring from no other root but that of Love, he concluded the proof clear enough to convince her; and not able so far to over-rule this belief, to dissemble his intention; Yes, perfidious Creature, cry'd he, I will credit all that my eies and ears, and not the envious detractors have told me; I will credit all that which will convince thee of the most shameful and the blackest of all Treasons; and in fine, believe that of thee, which thou wouldest I should do, and disdainest to disavow: The care thou takest of that ingrateful wretch, which has so basely betrayed me, to the prejudice of thy own safety, shall suffice for his and thy Condemnation: the ruine of that thou holdest so dear shall begin the punishment of thy disloyalty, and the choyse of victims due to my just anger shall not be at thy dispoſal; for before thou learnest what I resolve upon thy self, prepare to know what I shall execute upon the person of thy Adulterer.

At these words he flung out of the Chamber, with a Countenance so furious, as those that met him in the passage could not behold him without trembling; Alas, how erroneous was the opinion he had of my fortune? how remote was I from that Sovereign degree

degree of happineſs, and how worthy my condition had been of envy, had his ſuſpitions been true.

In the mean time I was at my Lodging; wholly ignorant of what had paſſed at the Palace, and employed the reſt of that day upon my ordinary diverſions. The hour of Supper being come, I was ſerv'd after the uſual manner, and ſitting at the Table with ſome friends of the Court, which were come to viſit me, we had done part of our repaſt; when, calling for Drink, one of the Kings Cup-bearers that was accuſtom'd to ſerve me, preſented the Cup with a troubled look, and a diſcompoſed Countenance: I obſerved this change in his Viſage, but made no reflection upon it, only contented my ſelf to ask him if he was not well; and in the mean time taking the Cup from his hands, I was carrying it to my mouth, when *Arſanes* enter'd the Chamber, and haſtily running up to me, juſt as I touch'd the Cup with my lips, he ruſh'd againſt my arm ſo rudely, as he made me let fall the Cup, and ſpill the Liquor, part on the Table, and part upon my Cloaths: this action of *Arſanes* was ſo little reſpectful, that (knowing his diſpoſition,) I concluded he had not done it without ſome powerful motive: but he ſtaid not till I ſhould ask the reaſon, and (deſirous to hide his intent from thoſe were with me) Sir, ſaid he, I beſeech you to pardon the offence which my raſh haſt made me commit, and be pleaſed to vouchſafe me the liberty of your ear for one moment. This ſaid, he drew me by the Arm, with an action ſo earneſt, as I perceived he had ſome advice of importance to communicate: I roſe from the Table, making a bad excuſe to thoſe that ſupp'd with me, and

followed *Arſanes* into my Cabinet, which he firſt entred. We were no ſooner there, but, Sir, ſaid he, nothing but a ſpeedy flight can ſave your life, the Gods in good time conducted me hither to ſpill the poyſon was prepar'd you; but if we ſtay longer here, it will not be poſſible, with the ſame facility, to put by thoſe other dangers that menace you; read this Note, which juſt now I received of the Queens chief *Eunuch*, it is written with her own hand; and if the Gods conſent that we eſcape, 'tis to her alone you owe your ſafety: I was amaz'd at the words and actions of *Arſanes*, and without reply to his Diſcourſe I took the Letter, where I found theſe words written with the hand of my Divine Queen.

Mariamne *to Prince* Tyridates.

THE peril to which I expoſe my ſelf in writing to you, cannot hinder an advice which I owe to your vertue, and the proofs of your affection. Tyridates, *if it be poſſible ſave your ſelf, and ſtay no longer in a place, where Poyſon and Sword are employ'd to give you Death.*

I read over the Billet twice or thrice, kiſs'd thoſe amiable Characters which that adorable hand had traced, and after the peruſal, I was much to ſeek, whether the cruelty of *Herod*, that ſought to deſtroy me, after he had given me ſhelter, or the goodneſs of *Mariamne*, who took ſuch noble pains to preſerve my life with the peril of her own, touch'd me deepeſt; I knew not to which of theſe reſentments my

my Soul was to give preheminence, but I know well the death that was threatned could not put on ſo rude a ſhape, as that departure to which I ſaw my ſelf condemn'd by the hand of *Mariamne.*

The grief I felt was too prodigious to be wrap'd in words, I ſtood a long time ſilent and immoveable, which *Arſanes* (who had ballanced the eſtate of my affairs) diſapproving, after he had often urged me to reſolve; *What would you I ſhould do,* ſaid I? *what reſolution can you wiſh me to take in ſo cruel a propoſition? think you this life, which through your care I have miſerably drag'd from Court to Court, is ſo dear to divorce me from* Mariamne? *do you believe this ſeparation more eaſie than that of my Soul from my Body? Shall I abandon her for ever, whom I can ſcarce leave for a moment without dying? And to avoid one ſingle death, ſhall I carry a thouſand in my breſt through all thoſe places where my pittileſs Fortune ſhall lead me? Ah! Let us dye firſt,* Continued I, *walking a great pace without liſtening to the reaſons* Arſanes *preſſed for departure, let us dye a ready death, ſince a ſlow one is much more ſenſible, leave the Body cold and pale in that place which the Soul cannot abandon; and ſince we muſt dye one way, let us ſeek to dye in the eyes of* Mariamne; *and if that glory be refus'd, at leaſt give up that ſpirit which neither was, nor ever ſhall be, but to her, as near her as is poſſible.*

I pronounc'd theſe words with an action full of tranſport; and while thus my irreſolution ſhook me with ſuch terrible inquietudes, *Arſanes* loſt all his loyal pains about me, but after he had alledged divers perſwaſive reaſons, to which I could not ſo much as lend attention: *Sir,* ſaid he at laſt, *I doubt*

not but you diſpoſe your ſelf to this parting with much re ret; but if the care of your own life cannot oblige you, conſider the command you received from the Queen: you will finde it ſo expreſs, that if you have any reſpect left for her, it is impoſſible to diſobey it. The Queens Command, replyed I, *proceeds from nought but the compaſſionate care ſhe takes of my life: did ſhe know that to dye were a thouſand times more pleaſant than to quit her for ever, ſhe would doubtleſſe permit me to ſtay here ſtill. Arſanes* was about to reply, though he could never have perſwaded me, when my Governour enter'd the Cloſet, and told me in a few words, that *Sohemus* deſir'd to ſpeak with me, that favour'd by the nights darkneſs, he had ſlipt into the Garden where he attended me, not daring to approach farther without running a danger too manifeſt, and giving the King ſuch ſuſpitions as might bereave him of the means to ſerve me.

I ran without replying to the place where *Sohemus* waited without a Torch, or any Company but *Arſanes* and my Governour, and ſo ſoon as I came at him, Well my dear friend, ſaid I, embracing him, then we muſt either dye or ſeparate, and by the Cruelty of *Herod* and Fate, either Life or *Mariamne* muſt be quitted. Yes Sir, replyed *Sohemus*, and if you uſe not diligence, 'tis poſſible you will have both ſnatched from you. That may eaſily be done, ſaid I, and I ſhall feel leſſe pain & repugnance that way, than violently to chain my Body where my Soul refuſes to keep it company. Then I repeated almoſt the ſame things I talk'd to *Arſanes*, to which when he had lent an attention as ſerious as the trou-

bles

bles that involv'd us had left him; Sir, ſaid he, if you love the Queen, you ought not to conſult farther, nor enlarge your explications upon her commands, which cannot be but fatal to one or other; if you neglect your own life, you ought to conſider hers, and to believe, that while you are in *Judea*, ſhe can never be in ſafety; 'tis not only againſt you, that the Kings anger does lighten, 'tis rather her on whom this ſtorm doth threaten, and you have no other way to keep it off her head, than by removing the cauſe of the Kings cruel Jealouſie.

Then in order he briefly recounted what he had learn'd of the Conference between the King and Queen from the chief *Eunuch*, who had over-heard it, and thus by urging the Queens ſafety and repoſe, he rang'd all that was repugnant in me under his obedience. Yet I could not diſpoſe my ſelf to forſake the Queen for ever, but I reſolved for ſome time to flye the rage of *Herod*, and in the mean time to go in ſearch of ſome occaſions that might either reſtore my condition, by the knowledge he might gain of the Queens innocence, or if it were poſſible, procure to ſee her without her knowledge this was the hope that got my conſent to part, but I would rather have taken a thouſand deaths, than given it to take an eternal leave of *Mariamne*.

While I diſcours'd with *Sohemus*, thanked him for his good Offices, and promis'd a perpetual Amity, with ſuch a ſhare in my Fortunes, as his own deſires ſhould carve, (if ever the Gods thought fit to change them) & drew promiſes from him to perſevere in his faithful aſſiſtance, *Arſanes* and my Governour got ready our Arms and Horſes, and having caus'd them

to be led without noiſe by three or four *Parthian* Servitors to the Garden Gate (that had ſerv'd me from my Infancy, and follow'd me in all my voyages) and having carefully pack'd up my Jewels and Money, with what elſe was neceſſary, I rewarded *Sohemus* with ſome Gems of great value, and leaving others in his hand to give to *Cleophe* and the *Eunuch* that had been my Confidents, I bid him adiew with tears in my Eies, and arming my ſelf, in a ſhort time, I got to Horſe with *Arſanes*, my Governour, and my faithful *Parthians*, without taking any *Jew* along with me, or ſo much as letting them know of my departure.

I went out at the ſame Gate *Sohemus* enter'd, wch open'd into an unfrequented ſtreet; while I iſſued out at the backſide of my Lodging, the Front of it was aſſaulted by thoſe that *Herod* had ſent either to take or kill me; and, as they had order to environ my Lodging, I had not trod many ſteps in the ſtreets before I ſaw both ends of it ſeiz'd upon by a great number of Soldiers, that ſhut up the paſſage on all ſides. I perceiv'd I ſhould finde it a hard task to ſave my ſelf, yet I reſolv'd to ſell either my life or liberty as dear as poſſible, and turning to thoſe that follow'd me: Are you reſolv'd, ſaid I, to defend your ſelves like valiant men, and either to owe your ſafety to your own bravery, or periſh with your Prince, if the Gods have ſo ordain'd it? they proteſted with one voice that they would dye at my feet; and, being aſſured of their reſolution, I ſpur'd in upon thoſe with my Sword in my hand, that defended the paſſage; and was follow'd ſo Couragiouſly by mine, that my Enemies began to judge it not

not ſo eaſie a task to take me as they imagin'd.

I paſſed upon the necks of thoſe that firſt oppoſed me; and, cutting out our way with our Swords, we beſtir'd our ſelves ſo vigorouſly at the firſt encounter, as (after we had thrown many of our Enemies dead at our feet, and ſcatter'd the fierceſt of the reſt) the paſſage through the Street remain'd free, and we advanc'd into another more large, through which we gallop'd towards the Gate that was neareſt. And now we had begun to entertain ſome hope of eſcape, when paſſing through a place adjoyning to the Temple, we ſpy'd ſo many Troops of armed men from all Corners approaching to us, as we judged it very difficult to force them.

The light which the Torches caſt, ſhewed me *Alexas* the Husband of *Salome* in the head of the formoſt, and, hearing him loudly animate his men either to take or kill me, I ran up unto him with my advanced Sword in my hand, which I let fall upon his head ſo forcibly, that had not the blow been warded by a Soldier, that put his Sword before it, his life had payed for ſome of his Wives malice; nevertheleſs the blow was not ſo ſlight, but it threw him with a deep wound at the feet of his Souldiers; the *Jews* raiſed a loud clamour at the fall of *Alexas*, and in the mean time we charg'd in ſo ſucceſsfully, as we tumbled many of them dead at our horſes feet: Indeed we did perform actions there worthy of ſome remembrance, and 'tis probable the *Jews* had never ſeen ſuch a handfull of men in their City diſpute their lives ſo courageouſly; but in fine, our Enemies ſtrength increaſed to ſuch a meaſure, and ours grew ſo feeble, as we ſoon perceived, with-

out ſome miraculous aſſiſtance, the wayes to ſafety were all block'd up. My Governour *Politis*, who till then had accompanied and ſerved me in all my diſgraces with a marvellous affection (bravely fighting by my ſide) was forced, by a multitude of wounds to breath his laſt; his death was ſucceeded by one of my faithful *Parthians*, and ſure I had not long ſtaid behind him, if *Arſanes*, who is endowed with a dexterous Wit, & that temper'd with a marvellous Prudence, bethought himſelf in the very midſt of danger, of a way to ſave us; and approaching to me, as near as poſſible, Sir, ſaid he, I beſeech you follow me, I have diſcovered a ſecure Retreat: And at theſe words, inſtead of ſpurring towards the Gate, as we did before, where the thickeſt throng of Enemies and difficulty withſtood us, he cauſed me to face about towards the Temple Gate, which was behind us, and on that ſide (having but few enemies to combat) we ſoon cleer'd the paſſage, and were no ſooner arrived there, but we readily quitted our Horſes, and threw our ſelves into the Temple, which was then open, becauſe of the Feaſt of Tabernacles, the Celebration of which laſts three whole days,

That Temple had alwayes been a Sanctuary for Criminals: But at that Feaſt (the moſt conſiderable of any the *Jews* Religion celebrates) it was ſo aſſured a refuge, as the *Jews* would rather have ſuffered the entire ruine of their Nation, than permitted any to be forced from the Temple, that had there taken Sanctuary, what ever Crime they were convicted of; this cool'd the heat of their purſuites, and when they ſaw us entred, they ſtop'd at the Gate,

Gate, and ſtood with Arms a-croſſe, without the leaſt offer to follow us: Indeed ſome there were of the moſt mutinous among them, and the moſt intereſſed in the hurt of *Alexas*, and the death of their Companions, that cryed out to the Prieſts to put us out; That I was the Kings Enemy; That it was his Order and expreſs Command they purſued us: But the Prieſts, inſtead of liſtening to their clamour, received us with much humanity, and proteſted they would rather periſh than ſuffer the Temples Priviledges to be violated. The dignity of Prieſt-hood among the *JEWS*, was very eminent: That of High-Prieſt, had heretofore been only exerciſed by Kings themſelves; after the Kings *Hircanus* and *Ariſtobulus* the Grandfather and Brother of *Mariamne* had diſcharged it, and then it was in the hands of one, the neareſt allyed to the Crown. And thus we ſaw our ſelves in that ſacred Fortreſſe, and our Enemies onely content to environ it, without daring to advance one ſtep to force an entrance; but as ſoon as day ſhewed it ſelf, the King having learn'd the truth, after he had ſent divers Meſſages to the Prieſts in vain, he came himſelf, wholly tranſported with fury, in ſuch a Tempeſt, as gave belief to thoſe were next him, it would hurry him to the moſt violent extremities.

The Prieſts, inform'd of his Arrival, came to the Gate to meet him, but ſo ſoon as they ſaw him, in the Name of their GOD they forbad him to put a Foot into the Temple, if he brought any other intention than to render that reſpect which was as due from him, as the meaneſt

Jew,

Jew, to that holy Place, and the Divinity within it.

Herod, though deeply in rage, and possibly not over-zealous in the service of his God, as he was very politick, fear'd that being already hated, and but weakly assur'd of the *Jews* fidelity (should he venture to violate their Customs, and infringe their Priviledges) it might provoke some revolt; besides news was brought him, that in divers parts of the City, the *Pharisees*, that were the greatest Zelots in their Religion, and the most considerable among the People, began to murmur. He considered that there was then cause to fear every thing, the Feast having filled the City not only with its own Inhabitants, but with the greatest part of all *Judæa*, which the Solemnity had summoned thither: These considerations staid *Herod* at the Gate, but the trouble of his Soul expresst it self at the Eies, and in the disjoynted words his Rage let fall: yet time having reconciled him to some Reason, he represented to some Priests, that the *Asylum* of the Temple was not to protect us; that we were Infidels, and of a contrary Religion; that they ought the rather to put us out, lest our presence should prophane the places holiness; but the Priest replyed, That Gods *Asylum* was equally for all men; That if our opinions did not tread the right Path, we might there finde it through the conduct of his Grace; That probably having made us incur the Kings displeasure, he had therefore called us thither.

Herod answered, that I had violated the chief rights of Hospitality, that were as ancient as Temples themselves; that no Nation ought to contain a refuge

refuge of the man that had directly abus'd the proper perſon of the King, and mortally wounded his Brother in Law; but all the arguments he could urge were not ſtrong enough to batter the Prieſts reſolution; neither his Menaces nor promiſes could diſpoſe them, either to remit me into his hands, or ſuffer him to enter the Temple, without thundring againſt him with all their authority wherewith their Office had inveſted them, which enjoyn'd the conſervation of their Priviledges.

The Gods can witneſs, that I did not love my Life ſo well, to beſtow all the care they made me take upon its preſervation: but I condeſcended much to the intreaties of *Arſanes* and my Servants, and indeed to the Prieſts themſelves, who would not permit me to leave the Temple, though I had deſir'd it.

What ever reſentment I had entertain'd againſt *Herod*, as the perſecutor of my Life and *Mariamne*'s repoſe: yet I could not quit the thonght of his firſt Reception, and the ſhelter that he had ſo many years given me againſt my Brothers Barbariſm: this remembrance made me deſire to ſee and ſpeak to him, to teſtifie that I was neither ingrateful to his former kindneſſe, nor had never injur'd him in the leaſt particular he could imagine: upon this ſcore forcing this reſiſtance of *Arſanes* diſſwaſion, I approach'd within eight or ten paces of the gate where he conteſted with the Prieſts; and, ſo ſoon as I could be ſeen or heard; *King of the Jewes* cry'd I, *I am neither thy Subject nor inferior: and the Gods, who have given me Birth from the Nobleſt Family in the World, have not left me to acknowledge any Superior*

viour Power but theirs; for this reaſon I have little cauſe to juſtifie my ſelf to thee that would'ſt have taken my Life both by Sword and Poyſon, and haſt purſued me againſt all Divine and humane right, even to the Temples of thy God: but the ſatisfaction that I owe to my own Conſcience, and to the memory of that entertainment wherewith thou haſt formerly treated me, does oblige me to declare my Innocence. I proteſt unto thee Herod, *both before thy God and mine, that I have no way deſerved to offend thee: in thoſe employments thou gaveſt me for thy Service, thou haſt found it (and poſſible to thy own advantage) that I neither ſpar'd my Blood nor my Life for the intereſt of thy ſtate; and for that which concerns thy Perſon, I repeat my proteſtation that I never did thee any injury. If that which ſeems amiable in thy Eye hath appeared worthy of veneration and reſpect, thoſe ſentiments, to which thou canſt onely attribute my Crime, cannot make thy complaint againſt me legitimate; and I wiſh this very Temple, which now ſerves to ſhrowd me from thy Malice, may cruſh me with it's own ruines, if on the moſt culpable of all my thoughts, there was ever any mixture of what might be capable to wrong thee. Nor do I aſſert this truth with deſign to diſarm thy fury, or avoid the death thou threatneſt: I cannot fear baſely; nay, could I now be ſhown an occaſion to periſh nobly, thou ſhouldſt quickly ſee how low I prize my life; but I perceive, that either thy own blind tranſport, or the rage of mine and thy Enemies have made thee involve in my impoſed crimes, the pureſt and the moſt entire innocence that ever yet was injur'd. Deſtroy him if thou wilt whoſe thoughts may have diſpleas'd thee, though they were alwayes innocent enough to endure the ſtripping: but*

do

do not let fall thy rage upon her that never underſtood them. What I have repreſented may plant quiet as well in thy Family as thy breaſt: And if thou wilt promiſe me at the foot of thy Altars, and before the Miniſters of thy God, to make me the only mark of thy fury, I will abandon this Aſylum that defends my Head from thy rage, and without further delay render it up into thy Hands.

I had further enlarg'd my life, if the enraged *Herod* would have given me a longer hearing without interruption: He had endur'd the beginning of my Diſcourſe with ſome patience, or at leaſt had ſuffer'd me to ſpeak, becauſe the exceſs of choler, that poſſeſs'd him, had ty'd up his own Tongue. But when he ſaw with what paſſion I endeavoured to juſtifie *Mariamne*, and then remembring that her goodneſs had taken the ſame care for me, he let himſelf fall into a cruel re-doublement of his Jealouſie, and not able to diſſemble the rage that remembrance inſpir'd: *Barbarous Traytor*, cry'd he, *unworthy of the protection I have given thee againſt thoſe that knew thee better than my ſelf, and would juſtly have cut thee from the World, through the experience of thy diſloyal inclination: doſt thou hope to finde that at the foot of our Altars againſt my juſt reſentments, which none but my Arm could have given thee againſt the purſutes of thy own Brother? Thinkeſt thou Heaven, that abhors thy ingratitude, can arm it ſelf in thy defence againſt a KING that hath but too well defended and received thee, not onely into his Dominions, but with a hoſpitable liberality into his Houſe; a favour thou haſt unworthily abuſed? Ah! no, falſe man, do not hope Divine preſervation for ſuch*

Crimes

Crimes as can neither be excus'd before God and man; nor think thy artificial words can pacifie an Anger arm'd but with too much Justice. Thou shalt perish for the expiation of thy own Ingratitude; nor shall thy Counsel direct me what punishment to inflict on the complices of thy Treachery.

He would have said more, and possibly in the end violated all right of priviledge to get me into his power, if *Sosius* (followed with a great Guard of *Romans* & *Jews*) had not arriv'd at the Temple Gate: This man was a Roman Senator, that some dayes since came to *Jerusalem* to treat with *Herod* about certain Affairs in behalf of the Emperour *Augustus*: And the same *Sosius* that with a Roman Army had formerly aided him in his War against *Antigonus*, and contributed more than himself to the defeat and taking of that poor Prince.

Herod highly respected this man, as well for his personal, as his representative condition, being the mperors Ambassador. *Sosius* had formerly known, and fancying something in me worthy of his amity, gladly consented to be my friend; and at that time understanding the danger I was in, he came to finde *Herod*, with intent to employ all the imperial authority for my preservation: and so successfully he labour'd it, that *Herod*, as hot as his rage had made him, was constrain'd to tame it at the name of *Augustus*, of whose power and greatness he was a timerous Idolater.

Sosius urg'd that he ought to permit me to retire to the Emperour, who had oft invited me to *Rome*, and professed an interest in my preservation; that his proceedings were but too violent against a Prince

Prince of my extraction, that it was fit to conſider what might follow, his quarrel being grounded upon nought but weak ſuſpition; beſides that, he had learnt the wound of *Alexas* was not dangerous, which I had given him in ſuch a reſiſtance as was allow'd to all men: Beſides theſe, he repreſented divers other conſiderations, to which in the end he joyn'd the Emperours Authority, proteſting he ſhould render an exact account of that Action, and to this menace, *Herod* (that was a ſlave to the Roman fortune and greatneſs, and without that prop, knew it importable to ſupport his own) rather render'd than to any other conſideration. At laſt therefore he conſented I ſhould go ſafely out of the Temple, with all that was mine, on condition I ſhould make no ſtay in the City, but quit it the ſame day, and in ſix more depart the limits of his Realm; pawning his word to *Soſius* (who received it in the Emperours name) that neither in the City, nor upon the way there ſhould be any trap laid for me.

This was our Capitulation, and having paid my thanks to *Soſius* and the Prieſts for their kindneſſe, as well as my grief to abandon *Mariamne* would ſuffer me, I quitted the Temple, and ſoon after the City, under the Conduct of *Soſius* and his Romans that accompanied me without the Gates; it was likewiſe permitted to the reſt of my Train, to repair to the place of my firſt nights lodging, which was at a Town diſtant about 100 furlongs from *Hieruſalem.* Thus I eſcaped *Herod*'s fury, but not the perſecutions of my unfortunate Love; the ills I had avoided were found ſcarce worth conſidering, when compar'd with

with those this cruel parting procur'd me; and, though my resolution was thus imperfect, thus far I had gone, rather to suffer a thousand deaths, than renounce *Mariamne* for ever, for fear of one.

We were no sooner arriv'd at the place where we were to lodge, but taking *Arsanes* aside; My dear *Arsanes* said I, you see I have condescended to your reasons that urg'd my parting from the Temple, and the City, to avoid *Herod*; and possible the consideration of you, was none of the feebleſt arguments to win my consent to preserve a life which I can never love, in this condition it is now reduced to; but if you believ'd there was any of those reasons so puissant to make me welcome a despair of ever seeing *Mariamne* more, disabuse your self; 'tis as impossible to live without her, as without respiring; and spare your dissenting reasons, for they are all incapable to reverse the resolution I have taken to see her this very Night if possible; when the Night has spread her shades upon Earth, I intend to return disguised to *Hierusalem*, and to go to the house of my Friend and confident *Sohemus*; I have some hopes, that by his and *Phylon* the Eunuchs assistance, I may gain a sight of the Queen; the design is now more easie to effect than ever; for besides the service that the Night and my disguise are like to do me, in such an infinite number of Strangers that are now in the City, because of the Feast, I shall run no hazard of discovery: Besides, *Herod* will never imagine, that after so late an escape of such a peril, I would venture afresh to repeat the Precipice. The Queen I will see, if Heaven prove so kind that she permits me the opportunity, and if her intentions prove opposite,

poſite, I ſhall receive the command from her own mouth which her Letter did not clearly explain. You will find it in vain to oppoſe this Deſign, therefore ſpare the fruitleſs pains to divert it, and if my life be dear to you (as you have often proteſted) remember you ought to aſſiſt me in all ſuch things as are ordained to make it ſuffer.

Arſanes ſtood aſtoniſht at my reſolution, but found it impoſſible to faſten any reaſon upon it; and the night had no ſooner made his dark approach, but clad in one of my ſervants habits, with one attendant I return'd to the Citie, deſiring *Arſanes* to ſtay with the reſt, the better to hide my departure, & expect the Orders I ſhould ſend him as the event adviſ'd.

I re-entred the City, and found no difficulty to conceal my ſelf in ſuch a confluence of People, that fill'd it in all parts, & getting within twenty paces of *Sohemus* his Houſe, I ſent my man thither, who happily encountred him entring his own Gate, being newly returned from the Palace. *Sohemus* was amazed to ſee me, not thinking it poſſible I ſhould re-attempt the danger I lately eſcap'd with ſo much ado. *Ah! my Lord,* ſaid he, *is it poſſible that I ſee you again in a place where to day you ran ſo great a hazard of your life? Be not aſtoniſh'd, dear* Sohemus, ſaid I, *I have a paſſion can produce ſtranger effects, they that have courage enough to lift an Eye to* Mariamne, *cannot want it to deſpiſe danger. I am return'd* Sohemus *to challenge that of your friendſhip which you promis'd, and that which I ever expected from you; I come to the Queen, by your means, if it be poſſible, and if your Aſſiſtance can Create me ſo happy, that benefit ſhall compleat your purchaſe of the Heart of a Prince, that you have powerfully gained.*

Sobemus heard my entreaty, with much desire to oblige me, but found so little facility in the attempt, as he staid a long time before he could shape an Answer, at last when he had thought enough, "My "Lord, *said he*, You desire effects of my obedience "so difficult and dangerous, as I know not in what "fashion I shall find it possible to serve you; since "yesterday the Queen hath been more strictly "watched than formerly; and though the King has "not yet discharg'd the thunderbolts, which we "fear'd would fall from his violent choler, yet he still "keeps her in terms of distrusting his fury: never-"theless, she is not so rigorously observed, but (if "her content be not wanting) you may see her; but, "as I believe, she will not approve your attention, "so I fear she will not contribute those things to "the interview, as are in her power to effect; how-"ever, for your sake, I will run the hazard, and it "shall be no fault of mine if you be not satisfied.

At these words I often imbraced *Sobemus*, and weighing the truth of what he had said, I long consulted with him upon the order we were to observe; all the ways were block'd up with difficulty and peril, at last we fix'd upon one that we judg'd the least dangerous; and *Sobemus*, not willing to stay me longer in the street, led me through a private door, and up a little pair of Stairs, not unknown unto me, to the Eunuch *Phylon*'s Chamber: The Eunuch was then with the Queen; but his Chamber door was open'd to *Sobemus* by a Servitor that waited there; *Sobemus* went that way to the Queens Lodgings, while I expected his return in the Gallery, without a light.

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My fear to afflict your Patience, makes me forbear the repetition of *Sohemus* and *Phylon*'s Diſpute with the Queen to diſpoſe her to ſee me: the anger ſhe expreſt againſt them and me, and the pains they took to obtain the grace I demanded, I refer to your apprehenſion; for your reaſon cannot be a ſtranger to what might be alledg'd on both ſides; and ſhall content my ſelf to tell you; that after a long conteſtation, at laſt the Queen conſented to ſee me in *Cleophee*'s Chamber, where by her ſhe was only attended, while *Sohemus* and *Phylon* were ſet Sentinells at both advenues to prevent a ſudden ſurprizal. You will poſſibly find, Madam, ſomething worthy of cenſure in this condeſcent of *Mariamne*, and judge with rigour that ſhe ought not to have bow'd to my Paſſion with ſo much indulgence, after ſhe had given in the whole courſe of her life ſuch haughty proofs of a marvellous Virtue: but when you ſhall know what ſhe intended, you will doubtleſs conclude this Action did not ſpot her whiteneſs. *Sohemus* return'd to the place where he left me, to conduct me to *Cleophee*'s Chamber, where I entred trembling, and the Queen immediately after me, I had ſcarce the aſſurance to lift my Eyes to her viſage, ſo weak I grew at the appehenſion of an angry look, which my fears told me I had provok'd by importuning a favour that my merits could no way challenge; indeed me thought I ſaw ſome choler ſit upon her brow, but while I threw my ſelf at her feet, and imbrac'd her knees, without the utterance of a ſingle word: "Is it poſſible, *ſaid ſhe*, that you could "have ſo little conſideration of the repoſe of my "Life and Reputation, to hazard both ſo viſibly; and

" after having led my life, till now, with ſuch cau-
" tion, you ſhould force me to ſee you by night in a
" diſguiſe, without any other neceſſity than to ſooth
" your unjuſt Paſſion? Have you done well to exact
" this from *Mariamne*, when you had ſo lately reduc'd
" her to the greateſt extreamities that ever Princeſs
" of her condition and propenſion did encounter
" with? nay, can your ſelf approve that (which in your
" favour I now do) againſt all the Rules of Prudence
" and Reaſon? But do not *Tyridates, purſu'd ſhe, (ſitting
" her down and forcing me to riſe)* do not haſtily con-
" demn this Action; ſee the end, before you paſs a
" diſadvantagious Judgement: if I had not conde-
" ſcended to ſee you, as I had many reaſons to diſ-
" ſwade it, I had miſs'd the occaſion of preventing
" ſuch attempts for the future; which I will now
" do, by putting an Order in force for my own re-
" poſe, and yours too, if it be poſſible.

At theſe words ſhe ſtop'd; and, while her Diſcourſe laſted, having recover'd a little aſſurance, I took the advantage of her ſilence, and lifting up my eyes to her face, which till then I had not dar'd to behold, but by ſtolne glances: " Madam, I confeſs, *ſaid I*, " that I am yet more culpable than your words have " made me; and though my intents have been inno-
" cent, the ills you have ſuffered through my occaſi-
" on, do render me the moſt criminal amongſt all
" men: I am therefore come, Madam, to proteſt at
" your feet, that all my Blood, that a thouſand ſuch
" Lives as mine, can never requite the leaſt of your
" diſpleaſures; & to conjure you by all that is capable
" to perſwade, that I may have leave to ſpend this
" poor Life to purchaſe the repoſe of yours, imploy

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"the courage of *Tyridates* to break the Chains of
"your Calamities. I know I have committed a freſh
"offence in ſeeking means to Petition your Good-
"neſs for this laſt favour, which I neither have, nor
"ſhall ever merit: but it is not juſt, nor can my Paſ-
"ſion excuſe it, that, after, having been the cauſe of
"ſo many of your Misfortunes, I ſhould ſecurely re-
"tire from the purſuites of *Herod*, and abandoning
"you to his cruelties, leave you, by ſhameful flight, in
"his ſavage hands, to ſeek a refuge at *Rome*, while you
"ſtay here expos'd to his fury: This only conſidera-
"tion, Madam, hath had power to ſhut my eyes upon
"that danger, againſt which you have expos'd ſuch
"a miracle of goodneſs: and in fine I have learn'd to
"believe, that if any man may unfetter you from
"your Miſeries, you ought to hope it from none but
"*Tyridates*, as a glory only due to him. I am now no
"longer retain'd by hoſpitality, nor aw'd with the
"memory of my firſt obligation; *Herods* Sword and
"Poyſon have cancel'd thoſe, either of which would
"have infalliblydeſtroy'd me, had not your adventu-
"rous pity prevented the blow. To you only, my di-
"vine Queen, this life ſuch as it is, is indebted for its
"being, and you would have carried it away without
"offering the Sacrifice where it is due; it was yours by
"Gifts, yours by preſervation, and can you think it
"reaſonable, that I ſhould wander with it among the
"Romans, inſtead of coming to ſubmit it to my So-
"vereign? Ah! no, *continued I caſting my ſelf again at her*
"*feet*, do not reject that which would reject its own
"being but for you, & that which you cannot juſtly
"diſavow, donot grudge it the hazard of *Herods* rig-
"our, by dooming my Soul to thoſe gloomy woes, a

"thouſand times more black than the night, in "which he would have clos'd my eyes for ever: or "if the preſence of this wretch does importune or "diſcompoſe your quiet, give leave that death may "free you of him, from which you have but in vain "preſerv'd him in *Judæa*, ſince he muſt infallibly re-"ceive it elſewhere from the rigour of this ſeparation.

I had ſaid more in the tranſport to which I had abandon'd my ſelf, if the Queen, who ſuffer'd with repugnance full of deadly fear, had not ſet bounds to the ſpacious diſcourſe I meditated; and after ſhe had interrupted me with a command to riſe, *Ceaſe* Tyridates, ſaid ſhe, *to make theſe offers which I cannot ſo much as bear without offending Virtue, and remember I have told you a thouſand times, that the Crime of* Herod *cannot authorize mine; if I owe nothing to him, as to the quality of a Husband, yet the debt to my God and my ſelf can never be ſatisfied. I will quit the world when it pleaſes Heaven to releaſe me, without the Crimes of theſe Meſſeries; or if it have decreed them a longer date, I muſt ſtill have patience to endure them: 'tis this I oppoſe, in few words, to the deſires you expreſs to wipe away my diſpleaſure; I am neither permitted by Law Divine or Humane to ſerve my ſelf of your aſſiſtance: for that which regards your departure, know* Tyridates, *it is an indiſpenſible neceſſity, that you ſuddenly reſolve it, that I am now half conſtrain'd to an action unbecoming my quality and duty, and can no more conſent to ſee you with ſo much danger of life and reputation; and in fine, muſt intreat you never to ſee me more. Be not aſtoniſhed at theſe words, you have courage enough to be prepared for them, and poſſible affection enough too for me to weigh all the reaſons that oblige me to this Intreaty. I will not ſpeak of my life,*

which

which can never be ſafe while you are in Judæa; *for it was never happy enough to be worth the prizing: if my honour be dear to you; if you can ballance the prejudice of your own repoſe, and remember the ſuſpicions of* Herod, *the malice of* Salome, *and the knowledge my ſelf hath of the faults you have committed, you muſt conclude that the ſtay of* Tyridates *muſt be incompatible with the reputation of* Mariamne.

She ſtop'd at theſe words, while I ſtood ſtiff and motionleſs to hear the rigorous ſentence of my death: and after I had ſometime beheld her with an Action that would have let in pity, if too ſtrong a reſolution had not deni'd it entrance: "Then Madam *ſaid I*, "you condemn the unfortunate *Tyridates* to an e- "ternal baniſhment, and you believe you are more "gentle than *Herod* in commanding him never to "ſee you more: Ah! if you have that thought, for the "Gods ſake loſe it, & do not believe that any Duty "can with reaſon oblige you to that, which you "would not do but for want of affection.

"The affection I have born you, *reply'd the Queen* "*with an unmoved aſpect*, is not probably ſuch as you "have pretended to, nor could it juſtly oblige me to "that I have already done to pleaſe you: content "your ſelf that I have not been ſparing in the ac- "knowledgment of your deſerts, nor the eſteem of "your reaſon, that therein I have paſs'd the preciſe "limits my eſtate preſcrib'd me, &(ſince a perpetual "ſeparation permits me to avouch it,) I have not "been ſo inſenſible, but if Heaven & my Parents had "left me in a condition to make my own choice, & "*Tyridates* imbrac'd the true Religion, I had pre- "fer'd him above the reſt of Mankind.

The Queen uſed ſome violence to bring forth theſe words, though they all wore the badge of Innocence, when my Soul drew all the conſolation it had then capacity to hope for. *Ah! Madam,* ſaid I, *how glorious is my deſtiny, and how little cauſe of complaint hath this Declaration left me? But Gods! yet glorious as I am, I muſt be baniſhed for ever: Oh hard Sentence, that alone can ballance the glory you have given me! rigorous doom of my death, which I cannot, and yet I ought to undergo without a murmur, ſince my Queen pronounced it! No Madam, it is not juſt you ſhould diſturb your quiet, not juſt I ſhould put your life in danger, not juſt to ſpot your candid reputation, but it is yet leſſe juſt to abandon you to* Herods *mercy, that I ſhould flye to a Haven, while you ride it out in the Tempeſt; why ſhould I carry this unfortunate and vagabond life among the Romans, while you remain ſubmitted to the Frantick fits of that ſavage man? Muſt I for ever ſhut my eyes upon thoſe Lights, my Soul can only acknowledge glorious, while thoſe of* Herod *and his Jews are cheer'd with the Divine Beams, to which I muſt bid an eternall farewell? at leaſt ſet ſome limits to my Exile, or give me time to prepare for it, and while that laſts, let* Sohemus *be once more permitted to bring me to your preſence; I ſhould do what is poſſible to bow my S O U L to an unrepining obedience; but to bid you now adiew, now to rend my ſelf from you for ever, is more than my heart can reſolve, without leaping a moſt deſperate precipice.*

I utter'd ſome other expreſſions full of tranſport which the Queen heard with an admirable patience, but not with ſo much aſſurance; for, whether

ther it was the remembrance of her condition (which I had awakened) or the pity ſhe took of my misfortunes, her fair eyes let fall ſome tears: But I ſaw ſhe was troubled that I had perceived it; and now, deſirous to put an end to this dangerous diſcourſe, ſhe roſe from the Chair ſhe ſate on, and approaching to me with an Action that ſpoke her reſolute: *Tyridates*, ſaid ſhe, *though you appear ſenſible of the diſpleaſure you take to quit me, I think your courage capable to ſurmount greater difficulties: If I have any power upon your ſpirit, I deſire to put it all in my intreaty, that for my ſake you will ſupport it patiently; 'tis the laſt proof I beg of your Affection, but deſir'd with ſo much ardour, as you cannot refuſe it without deſtroying all that you have gain'd within me, releaſe your fears for me: Though you leave me in* Herods *hands, all ſuccour hath not forſaken me as you imagine; I have ſtill a Defender in Heaven, who is not too weak to protect me from the Cruelty of a Husband: in him I ſhall ever find my refuge and my comfort; and doubtleſs ſo ſhould you too, were you enlightned with his Divine beams: adiew* Tyridates, *take my laſt adiew, if ſometimes you remember me, at leaſt forget my weakneſs, and the faults you have made me commit.*

At theſe words (ſeeing me fallen at her feet in a condition that left me no reaſon to reply) ſhe bow'd down, and taking my head between her hands kiſſed me on the forehead: and this was the greateſt and moſt ſignal favour I ever received of *Mariamne*; which ſo ſoon as ſhe had beſtow'd upon me, ſhe retir'd to her Chamber, and ſhutting the door after her, diſappear'd from my eies for ever.

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The heart of *Tyridates* was so over-charg'd when he came at this sad piece of story, that he found it impossible to go on before he had given passage to some sighs, that stop'd the pursute of his discourse. The fair Queen was so sensibly touch'd at this story, as she suffer'd compassion to steal some liquid pearls from her eyes: but when he was return'd to himself, I know not Madam, said he, what to say more, for the rest of my life is as unworthy of your attention, as my pains to recount it: you may imagine, if you please, the Woes that rent my heart when I saw my self forc'd to endure my Life, and support my Miseries by the command of *Mariamne*; I vow by all the Gods, that neither Fear nor Cowardize had a hand in the Religious observance of my Queens injunctions: but such an obedience as must ever be twisted in my thred of Life, dispos'd me (by the assistance of *Soemus*) to depart the Pallace and City, whence I returned to my followers, took my way to *Rome*, and presented my self to *Augustus*.

I know Madam you will easily remit the relation of that tedious Voyage, and the wearisome residence I made with the Emperor, for it contains nothing capable to divert you. And indeed the remembrance has so freshly set my griefs a bleeding, as I find my self unable to be more particular; be pleased then only to know, that I have ever since lived in darkness; that neither the Caresses of the Emperor, who (always nobly treated me) the pomp of *Rome*, nor all the pleasures that were daily proffer'd in that great Mistris of the Universe, could ever give my griefs a moments ease, when after I had there worn out a year without an hour of repose,

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the fear my Melancholy might render me inſupportable to the Emperor and his Court, made me abandon it, without deſigning any other retreat or intention, but to breath the anxieties that denyed me quiet; when after I had long wandred upon Earth and Water, I was caſt upon this Coaſt, where I have ſince made my miſerable reſidence: a condition, though mean, yet better ſuiting with my humour than that I enjoy'd in the Courts of Kings.

It only now remains to tell you, that about a Month ſince I remembred *Mariamne*'s command extended no farther than my baniſhment, that ſhe had not forbad me to inform my ſelf of her Condition, which made me ſend my faithful *Arſanes* into *Judea* to learn it.

This Voyage he undertook out of hope to live there unknown, till poſſible he might find the Qu: in ſo relenting a condition to repeal my exile. I attended his return in this ſolitary Manſion, which for ſome Preſents I obtain'd of an *Alexandrian* for the time I ſhall ſtay upon this Coaſt; and I confeſs I taſted more ſweetneſs in this ſolitude, than I could have hop'd from the continual perplexities of my Soul; beſides I cannot call it leſſe than a comfort to my grief, that I have had the happineſs to render ſome ſervice, and to give this poor retreat to ſo great a Princeſs.

Thus *Tyridates* clos'd his ſtory, and the Queen, who had lent him a ſerious attention, made both her action and diſcourſe expreſs how much ſhe was intereſſed in his Fortune.

Your relation, ſaid ſhe, after ſome other words, *hath ſenſibly touched me, as the Misfortunes of a great and*

and Virtuous Prince, whom Heaven hath perſecuted: but if I commend your reſpective affections, I muſt not forget to praiſe Mariamne's *Vertue, that in ſo juſt and great occaſions to hate her Husband, ſo couragiouſly reſiſted the batteries of your affection, and the motions of that inclination, which, if I judge aright, ſhe had toward you: indeed ſhe was oblig'd to the rules of her Duty; but it is not eaſie to acquit the debt that often exacts ſuch weighty payments, and defend her ſelf from the excellent qualities of ſuch a Prince as* Tyridates.

Tyridates retorted this obliging diſcourſe in very ſubmiſſive language; and the Complement would have laſted longer, if the Queens Supper had not interrupted it, which made *Tyridates* reſpectively withdraw, becauſe ſhe ſupp'd in her Bed (and deeming her wearineſs requir'd what was left unſpent of the night for repoſe) he bade her good night: but before he left the Chamber; *It is not juſt*, ſaid ſhe, *you ſhould longer be kept ignorant of her name and fortune, whoſe life was ſo lately your Gift; and that ſince ſeconded by a noble entertainment,* Eteocles (continued ſhe, pointing at the man that was preſerved with her) *ſhall begin the relation, and when you have learn'd thoſe adventures that preceded mine, whereof no man is better inſtructed than himſelf, you ſhall know the particular accidents of my life from my own mouth.* *Tyridates* civilly return'd his thanks for this promis'd favour; and quitting the Chamber, return'd with *Eteocles* to his own, whom he compell'd to ſup with him, though upon knowledge of his quality he would modeſtly have refuſed the honour. After Supper he caus'd him to be conducted to his Chamber, and himſelf

himſelf went to Bed, where he paſſed that Night in his ordinary inquietudes.

So ſoon as he waked the next morn he ſaw *Eteocles* in his Chamber, that came to bid him good morrow, whom the Prince courteouſly received, made him come nearer, and remembring that from his mouth he was to expect the beginning of thoſe Adventures he long'd to underſtand; invited him to a ſeat by his Bed-ſide; and having forced him to ſit down, *You ſee*, ſaid he, *a very inquiſitive Man, loath to diſpence with the charge the Queen hath given you, and I can neither finde time nor place more commodiouſly favourable than this, to require ſatisfaction; for it will not be a civill hour to viſit the Queen, till two or three be expir'd. Sir*, ſaid *Eteocles*, *I believe what ſhe ſuffer'd yeſterday will aſk this mornings repoſe to unweary her, a time I cannot better employ than in rendring proofs of my obedience to both your commands*, and after the preparation of a ſhort ſilence, he thus began his Diſcourſe.

The Hiſtorie of *Julius Cæſar*, and Queen *Cleopatra*.

BEfore I can enter the Relation of that great Queens adventures, whom I have now the honour to ſerve, I muſt of neceſſity go back to the life of another Queen, illuſtrious for greatneſs, beauty, and the accidents of her life above all others that ever preceded her: you may eaſily judge it is the Qu: *Cleopatra* I intend to ſpeak of, whoſe Name

is

is not onely known in this Country that was under her Dominion, but has ſtretched it ſelf to the remote corners of the World, and will doubtleſs be a task for the Memory of Fame till the laſt Ages.

Of the accidents that befell her with *Anthony*, none are ignorant; I ſhall onely therefore lightly touch them: but becauſe her Enemies have endeavoured to black her reputation with what happen'd in her greener years with the great *Julius Cæſar*, I am oblig'd in conſcience (as he of all men with whom the truth is beſt acquainted) to defend her memory from that Calumny, and give you a faithful account of thoſe paſſages compriz'd in as few words as poſſible.

The Queen *Cleopatra* was Daughter (as ſure you have heard) to King *Ptolomee*, ſirnamed *Auletes*, and deſcended with King *Ptolomee* her Brother, from that glorious ſtock of Kings, that ſince the great *Ptolomee*, friend and ſucceſſor of *Alexander*, hath continually ſway'd the *Ægyptian* Scepter. This Princeſs was born with all the graces that the Gods could beſtow upon a mortall Perſon; the beauty of her Body could not be match'd upon Earth, nor had that of Spirit leſſe advantages: and the greatneſs of her Courage infinitely rays'd it ſelf above her Sex; I would ſay more, if Renown had not ſaved me a labour, and thoſe gifts of Heaven been too fatal to let me dwell delightfully upon the Story.

But the Prince *Ptolomee* her Brother, was not ſo by inclination; but being naturally prone and propenſe to vice, he ſuffered his flatterers by pernicious Counſels,

ſels, to corrupt and deface all that impreſſion of good that his high birth had left upon his Spirit; which in fine, tumbled him headlong in his laſt misfortune. He receiv'd the Crown very young, by the death of the King his Father; and the unbridled liberty which he found in that abſolute power, ſunk him in all his vices. The *Egyptian* people diſcontentedly conſidering theſe ſad beginings of his Reign, and ſighing to ſee themſelves ſubjected to a Prince ſo unworthy to command, began to turn their eyes upon the Princeſs *Cleopatra*; and perceiving how much ſhe differ'd from her Brother, in Spirit, Majeſty, and all things elſe that might render a perſon worthy of a Scepter, they repin'd that her Sex was an obſtacle to their wiſhes; and every meeting would freely confeſs to one another, how much more they thought ſhe deſerv'd their allegiance than *Ptolomee*, or rather *Pothinus*, *Theodorus*, *Ganimed*, with the reſt of the rabble of vile flatterers, which he took up from the duſt to lift to the higheſt dignities; or rather to give them the Sovereign Authority.

This unworthy crew having once perceived that *Cleopatra*'s Credit was like to extinguiſh theirs in every *Egyptian* breſt, began to render her ſuſpected to her Brother, and eaſily perſwaded that poor ſpirit, that it was fit ſhe ſhould periſh; the ungracious Prince ſuddenly reſolved to give the blow: but (having notice of his evil intention) ſhe retir'd from the Court, and ſought a refuge among thoſe *Ægyptians* which ſhe believed did beſt affect her: nor did they abuſe her confidence, for a great part of the Realm arm'd it ſelf in the quarrel, divers Cities de-

declar'd for her, and, if her party was not the moſt puiſſant, at laſt it was compos'd of the honeſter ſort of *Ægyptians*, that a long time kept her ſafe behind their Bucklers againſt all the forces the King could make.

At laſt, after the Inequality of number had given *Ptolomee* ſome advantage, he beſieg'd the Princeſs his Siſter in the City of *Peluſium*; whither ſhe was retir'd.

At that Siege he was buſied, when the infortunate *Pompey*, (a dreadful example of Fortunes inconſtancy,) that great man that had triumphed over three parts of the World, and by an infinite number of victories had juſted for precedency with the renown of *Alexander*; flying from the Battel of *Pharſalia*, came to throw himſelf into his Arms, there to ſeek an *Aſylum* againſt the purſute of his victorious enemy. Indeed all ſort of honour and aſſiſtance were due from *Ptolomee* to the dignity of that grand Captain, and doubtleſs any Soul but his, would have receiv'd him (that a few daies before was the greateſt of all men,) with a ſubmiſſe reſpect to his precedent condition: but that diſloyal man, (only prizing his preſent fortune, and not his vertue) hearkning to the pernicious Councels of *Pothinus*, *Theodorus*, and *Ganimed*, that preſented how advantagious an amity the death of *Pompey* might gain him with his Enemy, butchered that unfortunate Prince upon the ſhoar of *Peluſium*, in the ſight of his Wife *Cornelia*, who hardly eſcaped (by the Succours of her own men) from the ſame deſtiny.

The belief I have that fame has made you acquainted

quainted with this pitiful Hiſtory, the importance of which ſpread it over the Earth, makes me contract it in a ſmall volume. A few daies after, *Ptolomee* underſtanding that *Cæſar* was come into *Ægypt*, and hearing he diſapprov'd the Cruel War he made againſt his Siſter, rais'd his Siedge from *Peluſium*, and bent his Courſe towards *Alexandria*, where he ſtaid his coming up.

Cleopatra no ſooner ſaw her City unguirt, and her ſelf at liberty, but by the Counſel of her faithfulleſt Servants, and eſpecially of my Father *Apollodorus*, who had ever much credit with her, ſhe reſolv'd to go throw her ſelf at the feet of *Cæſar*, and demand his protection before he arriv'd at *Alexandria*. This deſign was preſently executed, and ſhe and her train wafted over with a winged diligence to the Iſle of *Farion*, where *Cæſar* had made ſome ſmall abode. I was of that number that attended her, and becauſe of the faithful ſervice which my Father ever render'd her, none had freer acceſs nor greater credit about her than my ſelf. The great *Cæſar* being advertis'd of her arrival, came to meet her with much civility; and becauſe I was preſent at that interview, 'tis fit I recount ſome of the particulars.

Cleopatra, the better to advance her deſign, had that day call'd both art and glory to wait upon her natural beauty, that it might ſparkle at the beſt advantage; and though in her habit ſhe had affected a modeſty, conform'd to her preſent eſtate, and therefore concluded mourning more becoming than Pomp, in an action wherein ſhe was to appear a Suppliant; yet both her mourning and her modeſty were

ſet off with what was more great, and pompous, than the dazling lux of Gold and Jewels could boaſt: Her Eyes darted beams, a thouſand times more glorious than the richeſt Diamond could ſparkle, and the Majeſty of her Port and Viſage did more loftily expreſs her quality, than could be done by a magnifique and a numerous train of Servitors,

If her view put *Cæſar* and his followers to their wonder, I confeſs too the viſage of that brave man, the greateſt, not only of his own, but all the Ages that preceded it, ſtamp'd a reſpect in all our Souls, that made us regard him, as if he had been a God. That prodigious reputation he had gain'd in an hundred battels, again the moſt valiant people of the World, and his laſt victory upon the Romans themſelves, which he came from ſubduing with a far leſs number than theirs, gave us an aſtoniſhment full of veneration. Indeed his face did not belie the dignity and Grandeur of his Actions: And though there was ſomething miſſing there that muſt needs go away with his vigorous youth; yet there appear'd all the marks of a perfect Greatneſs: His Looks ſo imperious, and yet ſo full of ſweetneſs, that it was not eaſie to take him for leſs than the Maſter of the Univerſe. *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra* before they ſpake, ſpent ſome time in gazing at one another, making their looks and ſilence expreſs their mutual admiration; but at laſt *Cleopatra* (conſidering ſhe was in his preſence that had her repoſe and fortunes in his hands, or rather was the Maſter of her deſtiny) bow'd her haughty diſpoſition, and forcing a more than ordinary humility, from the dexterity of her ſpirit, threw her ſelf at the feet of *Cæſar*, and reſiſting his earneſt

neſt and vehement entreaties to riſe; *You ſee great Emperor*, ſaid ſhe, *you ſee at your feet, the Daughter of the* Ptolomees, *that is here to demand that of you againſt a cruel Brother, which from his Arm ſhee might expect againſt other Enemies. Oppreſſed Innocence and Imbecility implore your aſſiſtance, and do proffer a brave employment to your generous bounty, that cannot ſhew it ſelf in a more becoming garb, than in protecting a Princeſſe, perſecuted by unnaturall Cruelty, in her Fortune, Repoſe, and Life, in the ſame eſtate my Anceſtors commanded, part of which is my Legitimate Inheritance; I have now no other retreat, but your favour, and if that be denied me, I muſt render up my ſelf to a Brothers cruelty, in whom neither my Blood, Sex, nor Youth can ever ingender pity. Let me not embrace your victorious knees in vain, before which, all that is great on Earth, muſt learn obedience, and confeſſe thee as great and as much* Cæſar *in generoſitie, as in that triumphant bravery, that has made thee Maſter of* Rome, *and with her of all the World beſide.*

The fair Princeſs had doubtleſs ſaid more, if *Cæſar* (no longer able to hear, or ſuffer her upon her knees, though accuſtom'd to ſee Kings whole daies in the ſame poſture) had not employed (after the tryal of intreaty) the force of Arms to raiſe her; and having placed her in an eſtate better conform'd to what her Beauty might claim; *Fear not, Cleopatra* ſaid He, *the* Roman *Arms ſhall defend thee from thy Brothers threatnings; and if he contemns our prayer, we will not leave* Ægypt, *till we have provided for thy repoſe and fortune.*

He pronounc'd theſe words with a *Roman* gravity,

and a Majeſty that equall'd his Condition; but a while after, ſeconding his parly with the Princeſs, his temper was ſo ſoftned at the charms he there encounter'd, as he loſt all his gravity; and in his following diſcourſes put a ſubmiſſive behaviour in the place.

After he had re-aſſur'd her fears by repeating his promiſe not to abandon her, he told her he would conduct her to *Alexandria*, preſent her to her Brother, and put her in poſſeſſion of her partage in the Realm. *Cleopatra*'s experience of her Brothers ill nature gave her ſome difficulty to reſolve it, but at laſt ſhe was conſtrain'd to obey the abſolute will of *Cæſar*, who preſently diſpatch'd one of his chief Commanders, to let *Ptolomee* know, that he could not ſee him as his Friend, nor as an Ally to the People of *Rome*, if he refus'd to receive *Cleopatra*, whom he intended to preſent him, with all aſſurance of reconciliation. *Ptolomee* entertain'd this imperious order with a moſt ſenſible deſpight, and had much ado to hinder the eſcape of ſome paſſionate folly, but he ſtood in too much awe of the *Roman* puiſſance to profeſs his indignation, which made him reſolve to diſſemble, till time ſhould offer him an occaſion to ſhew it at the beſt advantage. He therefore unwillingly forc'd himſelf to ſubmit to the impos'd command, and in the mean time to render *Cæſar* more favourable, he ſent him by the wicked *Theodorus* the head of mighty *Pompey*: but his expectation prov'd ſo erroneous, as that generous Conqueror, inſtead of bidding the Preſent welcom, refus'd to ſee it, and commanded the wretch that brought it, to be chaſed from his preſence, after he had expreſſed how much he

he deteſted his Maſters treachery, in terms full of Contempt and Choler; nevertheleſs he enter'd *Alexandria*, where *Ptolomee* received him with great reſpect, and many feigned demonſtrations of good will. *Cleopatra*, upon this ſcore, was likewiſe entertain'd with kind embraces, *Ptolomee* proteſting before *Cæſar*, that he was ready to reſign up her partage and for the future reſolv'd to treat her like a Brother. *Cleopatra* forgot all the cauſe ſhe had to complain, & thus accorded, divers days were conſumed in triumphant and magnificent Feſtivals.

But the Soul of mighty *Cæſar* (wholly invincible as it was) could not defend it ſelf from the Charms of *Cleopatra*; that glorious Conqueror, that made the World his Trophee, was now become Captive to a Womans Eyes, and took more wounds in his treaties, with her looks, and diſcourſe, than he got in all the dangers of ſo many combats.

This cannot ſeem ſtrange to thoſe that knew this great Queen; for when ſhe was pleas'd to ſet her incitements at liberty, it was hard for a man to try their ſtrength, and come off untaken; before he diſcovered his paſſion to the Princeſs, he endeavour'd to give intelligence by his looks and geſtures; and when he thought he had prepar'd them audience, he truſted his tongue to tell her, what ſhe had made him feel.

Cleopatra was one of the moſt ambitious perſons on Earth, and that paſſion then beginning to gain an aſcendent upon her Spirit, made her regard the ſubmiſſions of that *Herod* not unwillingly: ſhe had conceived an opinion of her ſelf, high enough to

believe that few hearts were so well fortified to hold out against her Batteries; and, observing *Cæsars* behaviour, she doubted not but he was struck before his discourse assur'd her; the first time he strip'd his thoughts to her, was in the Palace Gallery, where he walked a long time discoursing of her affairs, and the order his intention had contriv'd to put them in.

The Princess return'd her acknowledgement for his Courtesies, in expressions full of Civility, and upon these terms they were, when finding that no unfit Occasion to unveil his thoughts, after the preparative of some amorous looks that fore-ran the discovery; "I should never have believ'd, *said he*, "you would thus have requited the service I render "you; were you just, you would not ruine my re- "pose, while I endeavour to restore yours; be not "amaz'd at this discourse, *pursued he*, in a more seri- "ous accent, in procuring your liberty, I have let "my own fall at your feet, and humble d my self "from the principal authority in the Empire, that I "might give it you in *Ægypt*; I had rous'd the same "Courage to defend my self from you that pre- "serv'd me from the Foes that were of Fortunes "stirring up, had I not foreseen it would prove "too weak to withstand your assault, and found "more glory in the defeat, than disputing the victo- "ry. Fair *Cleopatra*, I am your Prisoner, but with "this satisfaction, that I yield my self to the fair- "est Victor upon Earth, to such a one from whom I "may implore mercy, without shame or baseness; "use your Victory as vertue shall advise you, and "remember that you cannot still be generous, and "abuse it.

These

Theſe were *Cæſars* firſt expreſſions, and to this Declaration the Princeſs liſten'd without diſpleaſure; for ſhe could not deſire more glorious proofs of her own merit, than in the conqueſt of ſo great a man; and after ſhe had ſtudied a while for a becoming anſwer, ſhe reply'd in theſe terms.

"*My Lord*, I never cheriſh'd ſo good an opinion "of that little beauty the Gods have lent me, or "thoſe other qualities, that may make me a pretence "to the eſteem of common perſons, to believe them "able to ſubdue him who has taught the whole "World obedience; 'tis not eaſie to imagin that "the vanquiſher of mankind ſhould hook himſelf "upon ſo weak a bait, at laſt too feeble to hold "ſuch a Soul as his: the Gods have form'd him "of a nature ſo approaching to theirs, that vain "were the ambition of mortal beauties to aim at "ſuch a Conqueſt; nor were it juſt, that (after "having ty'd your victorious chains upon the Uni-"verſe) you ſhould loſe your own liberty to a Prin-"ceſs, that owes you for hers, with all that repoſe "you have ſo nobly reſtored her. Nevertheleſs, "*My Lord*, I receive this diſcourſe (full of noble-"neſs) with a reſpect due to great *Cæſar*, and "my particular Benefactor: and if his Spirit "has made choiſe of this kind of divertiſement, "to unweary it ſelf from his grand imploy-"ments, I am contented to afford him matter "for it; on condition he takes notice, that I "ſuffer all from him, as my Protector and my "Maſter.

Cleopatra finiſhed theſe words, turning her Eyes upon the face of *Cæſar*, with a ſmile capable to per-

ſwade him that her words, and thoughts were not of the ſame piece; and with an action ſo ſweet, and yet ſo Majeſtique, as if the graces themſelves had compos'd it; her Eyes brandiſhing ſuch an extraordinary brightneſs, as they ſhot new flames into great *Cæſars* Soul, who by his freſh wound, became ſo tranſported, as he had much ado to hinder his amorous feaver from breaking out into the hotteſt proofs. However, though with much conſtraint, he retain'd it; and regarding the Princeſs, with Eyes in which paſſion was not ill repreſented,

I ſhould be angry with you, ſaid he, *if I did not know that your tongue wrong'd your heart, when it miſpriz'd thoſe bright powers that conquer'd me, for they are able to perform greater feats; the advantages which my Arms, with the aid of Fortune, have given me over men, are all too weak to guard me from you, I will give my life (if you diſdain it not) for the confirmation of this truth, and with it ſubmit at your feet all the vows, and thoughts, not of your Protector, and your Maſter, but of him that conſecrates the reſt of his daies to the divine* Cleopatra, *with an entire obedience and ſubmiſſion.*

'Tis like he had ſaid more, if he had not ſpy'd King *Ptolomee,* whoſe approach to ſalute him, hinder'd the purſute of that diſcourſe. But the next day he again renew'd it, and as well by words as actions gave *Cleopatra* ſuch clear proofs of his paſſion, as ſhe found not the leaſt ſcruple to frame a doubt of; This knowledge ſhe manag'd with much prudence and reſervation, not willing to give cauſe of complaint to a Man, from whom ſhe expected all, and on whom her fortune and tranquility abſolutely depended, yet ſhe govern'd her ſelf in ſuch ſort as he could

could never take the leaſt advantage upon her, nor find cauſe to blame her for too much rigour or facility. But ſhe would pleaſingly flatter her ſelf with the glory of overcoming him, whom the World had not power enough to reſiſt. The knowledge ſhe took of her own high birth, and admirable qualities, gave her a belief ſhe might pretend to all things; and ſhe foſter'd no meaner thoughts than ſuch as aim'd at the Empire of the Earth.

Beſides the glory that ſhin'd in the greatneſs of his actions, *Cæſars* perſon was very capable of inviting affection; and though he was not young enough to keep all thoſe charms upon his face undimn'd, that are Loves Torches, yet he was not ſo ſhort of thoſe graces, to want much of his primitive vigour; for his Countenance diſplay'd ſuch brave and erected looks, as it imprinted reſpect in every Soul that ſaw it: *Cleopatra*, who had eyes as well as others to regard it, finding her ſelf deeply oblig'd to his noble offices and affection, inſenſibly fell to tye on her own chains, and had already begun to ingage her ſelf, when the affairs of *Ægypt* received that memorable reſolution, of which you have doubtleſs heard, and from that belief, I ſhall abridge the recital as much as poſſible.

While *Cæſar* intirely gave himſelf to his love, and indeavoured with all the proofs of it to gain *Cleopatra's*, the wicked *Ptolomee*, and his perfidious Counſellors, nurs'd deſigns very different. They had found in *Cæſar*, as they apprehended, little acknowledgement for the ſervice they had render'd him in the death of great *Pompey*; and indeed that high rais'd Spirit (that could neither approve villany, nor eſteem

eſteem thoſe that committed it) had contemptuouſly treated all thoſe that had dip'd a hand in that black treaſon; beſides *Ptolomee* ſaw with deſpite the love he bare to his Siſter, and not without cauſe, fear'd that he would favour and ſupport her againſt him, in the partage they were to make: theſe conſiderations joyn'd with the Counſels which *Pothinus*, *Achillas*, *Theodorus* and the reſt of their prefidious Companions were ever fomenting, made him at laſt reſolve to uſe *Cæſar* as he had done *Pompey*, and find a way to his ends by the death of him and *Cleopatra*. *Cæſar* had lodg'd none but his moſt conſiderable perſons in *Alexandria*, and to ſatisfie the *Citizens* had left the body of his forces at the *Iſle* of *Farion*, which was ſo near the City, that it might eaſily be ſeen from his Chamber window. *Ptolomee* believed this occaſion might favour the execution of his plot, and ſecretly cauſing his Army (which was yet undisbanded) to advance, he made it approach to *Alexandria*, and aſſured himſelf of all thoſe in the City whom he knew at his devotion: His deſign was ill contriv'd, worſe conducted, and worſt of all executed. And it is to be thought, the Gods that abhor Crimes, forbad Succeſs to ſo loathed a Treachery, and ſo blinded the Contrivers of his miſchievous intention.

Cæſar was in *Cleopatra*'s Chamber, when one came to advertiſe him that the whole City was in Arms, That *Pothinus*, and *Achillas* one of *Pompey*'s Murderers, were Marching towards the Palace in the Head of a great Troop, with deſign to kill him at a Feaſt he had made that day. *Cæſar* did not diſpiſe this advice, but having rallyed ſuch of his with an admi-

admirable diligence, as had time to range themſelves about him, he quitted the Palace, and march'd againſt the Conſpirators, with an aſſurance worthy of himſelf. But before he left *Cleopatra's* Chamber, *Madam*, ſaid he, *It is not I that ſeek the ruine of your Brother, but Heaven, who (unwilling ſo wicked a man ſhould longer Reign) does this day preſent you the Crown of Ægypt. I go now to fight for you and my ſelf, and I promiſe with the Victory our common Vengeance.*

Cleopatra had no time to reply, becauſe he inſtantly departed; but her Eyes kept him company as far as poſſible: and knowing he went to combat for their common Intereſt, ſhe aided him with Vows to Heaven for his Succeſs.

The Traitors perceiving they were diſcover'd, reſolv'd to fight it out Couragiouſly, and in effect diſputed it very hotly, yet the Juſtice of his cauſe with his own admirable valour, gave *Cæſar* the Victory; *Pothinus* was killed upon the place with the greateſt part of his Forces, and *Achillas* with ſuch as could follow, fled out of the City to *Ptolomee*, whom the report of that ill ſucceſs had made retire with his Army.

Cæſar might ſafely have ſtaid in *Alexandria*, and enforced himſelf by *Cleopatra's* faction, which was none of the weakeſt; but he rather choſe to retire with his Troops to give *Ptolomee* battel, & (hearing the *Alexandrians* of the contrary part, endeavour'd to cut off his Retreat by ſurprizing his Veſſels) he ran thither with that handful of men that followed him, doing ſuch deeds againſt them, as in any other but *Cæſar* would have been accounted Miracles. Yet he

he there ran a greater danger, than he had done before in all his former Battels; For, no longer able to make head againſt the great number of his Enemies, which grew every moment ſtronger, by the coming up of freſh Reſerves, he threw himſelf from the Cliff into one of his Boats to gain the Iſle, but being diſcovered, he was environ'd by his enemies, and preſſed upon with ſuch deſperate fury, as after he had received divers blows and arrows upon his Arms, he was conſtrain'd to throw himſelf into the water, and ſwim that ſpace between him and the Iſland, not without exceſſive pain and peril. At laſt he recover'd his Forces, gave order for the Battel, ſhipped them, and rowed towards *Ptolomee*'s Army, who conducted by his evil deſtiny, advanced with full Sails to meet him. The battel prov'd very dubious and bloody, but I ſhall forbear the particulars, becauſe I believe I have already repeated things, of which no perſon can be ignorant; It ſhall ſuffice to tell you, that *Cæſar* was always *Cæſar*, that the *Egyptians* were defeated with a mighty loſſe, and their King, by a juſt chaſtiſement of Heaven, being fallen into the Sea, was drown'd by the weight of his Arms, and not taken up till the next day, where he was found arm'd in a gilded Curaſs, half buried in the ſand. After this victory, *Cæſar* advanced toward the City, and at the Gates found the fair *Cleopatra* with a part of the Citizens, that begged pardon for the others, who (through obedience to their Princes Authority) had taken up arms againſt him; the Princeſs obtain'd all her deſires, and he entred the City and Palace with her, in a faſhion wholly pompous and triumphant.

Never

Never was there ſeen ſo ſudden an excution, nor ſo many troubles appeas'd in ſo ſhort a time. *Ptolomee*'s evill Counſellors were all either periſhed with him, or had ſought their ſafety by flight. The reſt of the *Ægyptians* willingly ſubmitted to *Cæſar*, who told *Cleopatra*, that for her ſake he was ſorry for her Brothers death; but he knew ſo well how to repreſent the ſmall cauſe ſhe had to afflict her ſelf for his loſs, as (after ſhe had given ſome tears to his memory, which ſuch an excellent nature as hers could not refuſe him) ſhe accepted the comforts he profered. The Funeral Honours ſhe celebrated with much ſolemnity, and the following day *Cæſar* having conven'd the *Ægyptian* Nobility, in their preſence put her in poſſeſſion of the Realm, and with an univerſal applauſe, Crowned her with his own hands; all the *Ægyptians* by whom *Cleopatra*'s Government was much more deſired than *Ptolomee*'s, receiv'd her for their Queen, with exceſſive contentment, and render'd publick thanks to *Cæſar* for his magnanimity and munificence.

But the troubles that agitated the ſoul of *Cæſar*, were not quieted with thoſe of *Ægypt*; and in giving peace to that People, he had not done ſo to his own ſpirit; the eies of the fair Queen ſtill made war upon him, & prevailed, as if the gift of the Crown of *Ægypt* had augmented her dominion in his heart. Of this he daily gave her freſh aſſurances; and *Cleopatra*, who by this laſt obligation, felt her ſelf engag'd to receive them with a deeper acknowledgment than formerly, liv'd with him in a faſhion, as much obliging as ſhe could without offending vertue.

One day he was with her by her beds ſide, when after

after divers other Diſcourſes, the length of which would weary your attention, taking her fair hands and joyning lips unto them, "I dye fair *Queen* "*(ſaid he with an action wholly paſſionate)* I dye if "your pity does not draw me from my tomb, and "I vow by thoſe fair eyes, which I adore with reſpe-"ctive veneration, that 'tis impoſſible my life ſhould "longer continue, if your mercy does not ſtrengthen "the thread of it. I ſhould be much afflicted, *ſaid "the Queen*, to ſee it in any danger, the gratitude "I owe to great *Cæſar*, and the particular eſteem "I have of his perſon, will never ſuffer me to refuſe "means, within the bounds of poſſibility, to com-"fort him.

"'Tis in your power, replyed he, not onely to "comfort, but create me the happieſt of all men, in "making your ſelf the reward for what I have given "you; no other price can gratifie the preſent I have "made you, I mean not of a Crown (upon which I "never ſet an eſteem) but of a heart and a ſoul which "can never be but to you, and of a heart and a ſoul "which I have made yours with a reſignation ſo en-"tire, as I have reſerv'd no power to my ſelf of a "further diſpoſal.

"This glorious Preſent, replyed the Queen, can "never be requited with the price you demand, a "thouſand ſuch lives as *Cleopatra*'s can never weigh "with the heart and ſoul of *Cæſar*: yet Sir, I "would beſtow my ſelf upon you, as you demand, "(purſued ſhe, letting fall her eyes with a kinde of "ſhame) if honour could ſhew me the way to do "it; I am born a Princeſs, Daughter to a long "ſucceſſion of Kings, by your bounty I am now a

"Queen

"Queen, and which is yet more glorious, by his pro-
"per confeſſion, I have triumphed over the Soul of
"mighty *Cæſar*; Sir, theſe advantages having plac'd
"me in one of the formoſt ranks of women, do ob-
"lige me to preſerve my ſelf there in a reputation
"pure and ſpotleſs; and ſhould I render my ſelf
"unworthy of my birth, my preſent dignity, and the
"affection of great *Cæſar*? ſhould I yield up my ſelf
"unto him, in any other way, than what his ver-
"tue can approve of?

She ſtop'd at theſe words, ſuppoſing ſhe had ſaid enough to be underſtood, and that *Cæſar* could well enough conſtrue her intentions; yet being by the maximes of State, and the tyes he had to the Common wealth, forbidden to make the more ample Declaration, he ſtood, as if ſurpriz'd at *Cleopatra*'s words: nor was he yet reſolv'd to eſpouſe her, fearing that *Rome* would diſapprove the alliance, & it might prove prejudicial to his deſign, to make himſelf Maſter of it, as he did in a ſhort time after: but perceiving himſelf oblig'd by *Cleopatra*'s word to declare his intention, he remain'd ſilent a while, not knowing in what manner to evade the proteſtations he had made her; but at laſt he recover'd his ſpeech, and lifting his eyes from the earth, where they had been fixed. *You do merit*, ſaid he, *a condition yet more glorious, than what would render the favours I demand, lawful; the world cannot afford a Spouſe to* Cæſar, *more worthy of that quality than the Queen* Cleopatra, *and I do vow by truth it ſelf, that were I free in that election, I ſhould ſoon make it known, with what paſſion I deſire that advantage: but I am now ſo tyed by Intereſt to the Republique, that I cannot ap-*

prehend

prehend it expedient, to make my conjugal choyce without its appropriation: nevertheleſs, I ſhall endeavour to expreſs, how much I deſire to be entirely yours; and paſſing by theſe conſiderations, in few daies, (if it be poſſible) make known the truth of my Affection.

At theſe words *Cæſar* retired, without giving the Queen time to reply: but after that, ſhe liv'd with him in a faſhion more reſerved than ſhe had done formerly, and would no longer licence thoſe petty liberties which before ſhe had permitted him. He obſerved this change with much diſpleaſure; but ſo ſoon as he complained of it to her, *My Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *you are too juſt to deſire thoſe things of me which I cannot conſent to, without my own ruine; and ſince I muſt pretend to a quality that may authoriſe them, give me rather leave to return the Crown you have given me, and reſign the repoſe and the life it ſelf which I hold of you, than licence ſuch crimes, as neither your greatneſs, nor all the obligations I have to it can ever excuſe*: This Diſcourſe again ſtruck *Cæſar* dumb, but after ſhe had oft repeated her reſolution, it wrought ſuch an effect upon his ſpirit, as made him reſolve what he executed a few daies after.

One day, after he had ſent to deſire a particular audience of the *Queen*, he entered her chamber, only followed by *Lucius Metellus*, and *Caius Albinus*, two of his friends, in whom he repos'd the greateſt confidence, he found the Queen prepared to receive him in the manner he demanded, only accompanyed with her two dear Maids, *Charmionne* and *Iras*, my Father and my ſelf: *Cæſar* that knew us, and in what manner we were ty'd to the Queens Intreſts,

was

was well pleas'd to have no other witneſs of his intended action; and, after he had payed his ordinary Civilities to the Queen. "Madam, *ſaid he*, I "have been too long reſtrained by ſuch reaſons, as "forbad me to render what was due to my own "Love, and your Vertue; I am now reſolved to "treat upon thoſe humane Maximes, that play "the Tyrants with me, and preſent my ſelf to "you, in that Honourable, and Lawful way, that "my ardent Paſſion did ever truly intend: but be-"cauſe this Marriage, which I deſire to conſummate "with you, cannot be Promulg'd, without deſtroy-"ing my deſign, to ſet the Crown of the Univerſe "upon your head, let me intreat your conſent that "it may now be known to no other perſons, than "thoſe I ſee about you, and theſe two friends, whom "I have brought to witneſs this action, in the Gods "and their preſence (if you conſent) I will pre-"ſently eſpouſe you, and if it may but remain a ſe-"cret amongſt us, till I enter *Rome*, and there eſta-"bliſh my power, as my deſignes have framed it, it "ſhall then be publiſhed with all the Pomp and "Magnificence your wiſhes can invent.

To theſe words *Cæſar* added many other affectionate expreſſions, to render the Queens ſpirit flexible to his intreaties, and help her over all the difficulties ſhe found in that propoſition. Shee took a long time to ballance the reſolution ſhe was to take, and in fine, betook her ſelf to the Counſel of her Maids, my Father, and (if I may dare to ſay ſo) my ſelf, but above all our perſwaſions, the belief prevailed ſhe had of *Cæſar*, as a man that could not conſent to violate his promiſe given to a

Princeſs of her condition, in the preſence of ſix witneſſes, enough to convince him of infidelity before men and Gods, which he ſolemnly invok'd in that action: at laſt, whether vanquiſhed with Reaſon, or undermin'd by her own weakneſs, ſhe yielded her ſelf: When *Cæſar* putting his hand in hers, after he had called all the Gods to the myſtery, he proteſted that he received her as his Spouſe, and ſolemnly ſwore, that he would never own nor acknowledge any other; theſe proteſtations ſhe ſealed with a kiſs in our preſence, and, to contract the relation, the company judging their preſence no longer neceſſary, retired, and left *Cæſar* alone with the Queen, to take poſſeſſion of thoſe admirable beauties (envy'd of all Princes of *Aſia*) which were then with an unbridled liberty abandoned to his deſires.

Oh Gods! Cry'd *Tyridates*, with a profound Sigh, Gods Sovereign Arbiters of our deſtinies, and what has the unfortunate *Tyridates* done to you, that you ſhould force him thus to trail on his life, without either happineſs or hope, when you diſpenced ſo much felicity to the reſt of mankind? theſe few words he paſſionately uttered, with his Eyes lifted to Heaven, when *Eteocles* thus purſu'd her Story.

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:

OR,

Love's Maſter-piece.

PART I. LIB. III.

ARGUMENT.

The Rebellion of King Pharnaces *calls* Cæſar *out of* Ægypt, *and invites him to an eaſie Victory. He leaves* Cleopatra *with Child. The Birth of* Ceſario. *The early dawning of his rare qualities, both of minde and body.* Cæſars *Victory in* Syria *againſt* Cato, Scipio, *&c. He wins the Battel of* Munda *againſt* Pompey's *Sons, which compleats his Conqueſts. Comes to* Rome, *and is made Perpetuall Dictator. His ingratitude to* Cleopatra. *He adopts* Octavius, *and is kill'd in the Senat-houſe. The Triumvirs revenge his Murther, by the death of all the Conſpirators.* Cleopatra's *care in* Cæſario's *Education.* Anthony *in his Parthian Expedition ſummons her to appear before him. He is taken in the ſnare of her Beauty. Repudiates* Octavia, *and Marries her. This rais'd a quarrel betwixt him and* Auguſtus, *which is decided in the Battel of* Actium. Anthony *is overthrown, and flies with* Cleopatra

into Ægypt. *The Conquerour purſues and beſieges them in* Alexandria. Cæſario *is ſent for ſafety to* Hydaſpes *King of* Æthiopia. *Is betrayed in the way by* Rhodon, *and preſerved by the loyal policy of* Eteocles. Hydaſpes *receives and treats him as his own Son.* Cæſario *falls in Love with* Candace *the Kings Daughter.* Anthony, *through a miſtake kills himſelf.* Cleopatra *dies by the bite of an* Aſpick. *The Character of* Britomarus, *and his haughty pretences. The gallant Combat between him and* Cæſario. *They are parted.* Cæſario *protects him. Moderates the Kings anger to a baniſhment. The brave ſpeech of* Britomatus *to* Cæſario *at their parting.*

SInce that fatal day, which I know not whether I may call happy, or unfortunate, the great *Cæſar* and the Queen *Cleopatra* entirely dedicated themſelves to their unreſtrained Delights; and though the Marriage continued ſtill a ſecret among us, and while the day laſted, they obſerv'd the ſame Ceremonies before company they had formerly us'd, yet the nights by the means of *Iras*, *Charmionne*, and my Father (in whom the Queen repos'd a clear confidence) ſtill reviv'd their contentments: never did Love appear more amiable than in theſe two Perſons. *Cleopatra* liv'd not but in *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* was *Cleopatra*'s Idolater, and they forgot nothing that might prove their Paſſion the ſtrongeſt, and yet the moſt ſincere, that ever invaded Lovers; the whole Court, Nay, all *Ægypt* took part

part in their contentments, though they knew them not; and I think *Rome* her ſelf ſcarce ever ſhew'd ſo much Pomp, as then our *Alexandria* was daily dreſt in.

The whole World knows *Cleopatra* was the moſt magnificent Queen that ever lived, not only in the pride of entertainment, in the ſplendor of her Feſtivals, and the gifts ſhe beſtowed on *Anthony*, but in the whole courſe of her life kept up her royal Grandeur at that lofty pitch of glory, where ſhe ſhould ſtill have flown; and then perceiving her ſelf the Sovereign of his will, that was like to be the Sovereign of all men, ſhe forgot nothing that might help her to hold thoſe advantages; and *Cæſar* not leſſe ſatisfied with his fortune, judging her moſt worthy of his affection, was never weary of admiring the rare qualities of her Body and Mind, which daily ſerved to make his Love flame higher.

But at laſt fortune interrupted the courſe of their mutual felicities, and *Cæſar* (that was not born to waſte his life upon a Womans lap, for whom all great actions were reſerv'd, & to whom the worlds Empire was deſtin'd) was conſtrained to quit *Ægypt*, and with his Army to paſs into *Syria*, where he had learn'd that *Pharnaces* King of *Pontus*, Son of *Mythridates*, and inheritor of the hatred which he bore to the *Roman* name, though not of his vertues, was up in Arms, and had ſpoiled a part of *Armenia*. I ſhall forbear to repeat the adieu's of theſe two Lovers, for I do but touch upon their life as I paſſe by it, & only take it in my way to another Story, to which it ſerves me for a conduct. Should I enlarge my ſelf upon the loves of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*, truth

would engage me to defend the memory of that great Queen, who doubtleſs has been fouly blotted by the ignorance of thoſe that knew not of her Marriage: but in that which befel her ſince, with the deplorable *Anthony*, I ſhall make but a ſhort ſtay; their unfortunate Loves, and lamentable end being known to all perſons in the world that are capable of underſtanding.

Cleopatra's tears were too weak to retain *Cæſar* in *Alexandria*, but he comforted her with the ſolemn repetition of his promiſe before us, to call her to *Rome*, ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould be eſtabliſhed in the dignity (which his ambition aym'd at) of Perpetual Dictator, and then to declare their Marriage to all the world: at that time the Princeſs began to perceive her ſelf with Child, and gladly believ'd that the aſſurance ſhe gave to *Cæſar* of it, before his departure, would yet more deeply engage him to remember his vows, and the dear pawn he left behind him.

Thus *Cæſar* march'd into *Syria*, leaving *Cleopatra* in *Alexandria*, where ſhe governed her People with ſuch moderation and prudence, as ſhe taught all men to admire thoſe politique, and moral vertues in her Sex, that were rarely found even in men of uncommon parts; ſhe ſupported the abſence of her dear *Cæſar* with much anguiſh, but ſhe received frequent comforts with the news of his continued Victories: not long after his departure ſhe learn'd that *Pharnaces* was defeated by him in a ſignal battel, and the War, which in all appearance was like to laſt many years, thus terminated in half a day; a little after ſhe received intelligence that in *Affrica* he

he had vanquiſhed *Cato*, *Scipio*, and the King *Juba*, with a prodigy of fortune and diligence; and, having gained that victory, with the Slaughter of 50000 of his Enemies, and the loſs of but 50 of his own Souldiers, he was returned to *Rome*, where he had made three triumphal entries: the fame of theſe great deeds, pleaſingly flattered the Soul of *Cleopatra*, and ſhe diſmiſſed all her anxieties with a confidence that ſuch a man could not be capable of infidelity.

In the mean time no longer able to hide the ſwelling fruit of her Womb, and unwilling to contract the ill Opinion of her Subjects, ſhe was conſtrained openly to declare the truth of their Marriage, and in ſtead of the ſhame and confuſion her fear ſuſpected from that diſcovery, ſhee found her *Ægyptians* poſſeſſed with new Joy in the expectation of ſuch a King from her loines, as might prove a perfect copy of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*.

The Queen was brought to Bed in *Alexandria* (almoſt at the ſame time that *Cæſar* made his entry into *Rome*) of a Son not only worthy of his Father and Mother, but of all that the moſt fruitful hope could conceive; never did the light ſalute a thing ſo beautiful, the Aſtrologers never knew a birth ſo advantagious; for this royal Infant immediately became the admiration and delight of all that ſaw it; but becauſe his child-hood was but the ſpring to that luſtre, which hath ſince appeared in him with riper advantages, I will not ſtay upon the beginnings of his life, becauſe they are of leſs importance. By a general conſent he was called *Cæſario*, & we all hop'd, that though there was little difference

between his and his Fathers name, there would be yet leſs in their qualities, and the greatneſs of their action: the Queen took a marvellous care of his education, and made the whole world to be ſearched, for the moſt expert, and knowing Maſters in all Sciences and Exerciſes, wherein he was to bee inſtructed when his Age permitted him, and (though I did but weakly merit that Honour, and a better choyce might have been made among the *Ægyptians*) ſhe was pleaſed to make me his Governour; for my Father was too old for that employment, and only deſired it for my ſelf.

In the mean time the Queen, what ever conſolation ſhee taſted in the injoyment of her Son, was galled with bitter grief, ſeeing there appeared no fruits of *Cæſars* promiſe. Not long after ſhe underſtood he had given the laſt blow to that war, by the defeat of *Pompey*'s Sons; that in *Rome* he hap uſurped the Sovereign Authority, and forced a Maſter upon the proud City, the imperious Miſtris of ſo many Kings, and ſo large a part of the univerſe.

Then her hopes began to ſwell with expectation of his promiſe, and *Cæſar* by frequent Letters indeavoured to confirm them, excuſing his abſence from her delights with very ſpecious reaſons, which for a time appeaſed her: but when ſhe ſaw a whole year was waſted, and yet no haſt made to accompliſh his vow, ſhe began to loſe her patience, and complain of his infidelity; yea, before ſhe thought fit to make her reſentments ſpeak lowder, ſhe ſent my Father *Apollodorus* to *Cæſar*, as well becauſe he was the

the faithfulleſt of her Servants, as that in his preſence *Cæſar* eſpouſed her, and might therefore better than any other reproach the violation of his word: this voyage of my Fathers proved ineffectual, yet when *Cæſar* ſaw him, he hug'd him in his Arms, entertained him nobly, gave him rich preſents, and often mentioned the Queen with dear reſentments of affection: but could afford him no other reaſons for his delay, than what he had written to *Cleopatra*; he proteſted that ſo ſoon as he had felt himſelf fit ſure upon his imperial throne, he would accompliſh his promiſe; but in that condition while his Monarchy was yet Infant, feeble, and ſtaggering, he found it not ſafe to enterprize any thing againſt the conſent of the people, and Senate, whom he had alreadie exaſperated with impoſing his yoak.

Cleopatra was contented for a time to flatter her ſelf with the likelihood of theſe excuſes: but in fine, after her patience had learn'd another leſſon as tedious as the firſt, ſhe broke into reproaches againſt him, gave her ſelf up to the ſway of a juſt paſſion, and probably was hatching thoughts to make it known in ſome deadly blow, when news came that Heaven had revenged her, and that her faithleſs *Cæſar* was murdered in the Senate-houſe, with twenty three wounds, by thoſe that he thought his deareſt friends.

This report fell like a Clap of thunder upon her ſpirit, and all her choler could not diſſwade her from receiving it at firſt, as the greateſt blow that Heaven and Fortune could contribute to her overthrow: She ſolemniz'd this loſs with a deluge of tears, with ſuch

ſuch actions as could beſt expreſs moſt paſſion, and would poſſible have abandoned her ſelf to grief, if the laſt marks of *Cæſar*'s ingratitude, had not brought her comfort: for ſhe learned that a little before his death, he had adopted his Nephew *Octavius* (who is now the great *Auguſtus Cæſar*) for his Son, declared him his Heir, and oblig'd him to take his name and dignity, without making the leaſt mention of his Son *Cæſario* or *Cleopatra*. This laſt aſſurance the Queen received, of her Husbands ingrateful diſeſteem, kindled a diſpite that dry'd up all her tears, and ſhew'd her cauſe to rejoyce in the ſame death ſhe ſo lately bewayled; however ſhe ceaſed to bemoan his loſs in publique, though ſhe rendered to *Cæſars* memory the Funeral honours, which ſhe believed due as to her lawful Husband; but her reſentments againſt the Father, deſcended not to the Son: for, ſhe nouriſhed the little *Cæſario* with as dear indulgence as if his Father had ſtill been faithful; and remembring that (perjured as he was) he had been the greateſt of all men; in his face ſhe beheld the Image of his mighty Sire, as another dawning of her comfort. To him her reſolutions intended the Crown of *Ægypt*; and (though the *Egyptians* perceiving the *Ptolomean* race was almoſt extinct) did oft petition her to make choyce of another Husband, ſhe alwaies denyed their treaties, and at laſt ſo won upon them by her mild and prudent Goverment, as they were content to approve her deſign of paſſing the reſt of her life in Widowhood.

Alas! How happy had the poor Queen been, had ſhe held her reſolution; ſhe had avoided thoſe fa-

famous misfortunes that made ſo much noyſe in the world; and her miſeries with the lamentable Cataſtrophe of her life, had not forc'd tears from her rudeſt Enemies.

Sir, I ſuppoſe you know that a few years after *Julius Cæſars* death, the unfortunate *Antony*, having ſhar'd the Empire of the World with young *Cæſar*, ſince called *Auguſtus*, and with him reveng'd the murder of their Predeceſſor, by the defeat of the Conſpirators, and by that bloody *Triumvirat* which produc'd ſuch fatal effects in *Rome*; Paſſing through *Cilicia* to make War upon the *Parthians*, he ſummoned *Cleopatra* to appear before him; and becauſe the Queen was too weak to reſiſt the puiſſance of that great Maſter of half the World, by the advice of her Councel, ſhe went to find him in that ſtately Galley, whereof the Stern was all of pure Gold, the Sails of Purple, the Oars of Silver, and all the reſt dreſt in that proud Equipage that has ſince found the World ſo much Diſcourſe: you have heard of her meeting with *Anthony*, and the Feaſts they made ſo full of Pomp and Profuſions: but as *Anthony* was firſt vanquiſhed with *Cleopatra*'s magnificence, ſo he gazed not long before he was ſubdu'd with her beauty, to which he became a ſlave, not with a ſervitude parallel to his Predeceſſor, but ſuch an one as only expir'd with his life; and would have endur'd a thouſand Ages, had the Gods lengthened their days to ſo remote a period.

Anthony was ſomething inferiour to *Cæſar*, and therefore *Cleopatra* in beſtowing her ſelf upon him, might ſeem to deſcend a little from the height of her pretences: But, ſince ſhe was reſolved to give

Cæſar

Cæsar a Successor, she could not choose a greater than *Anthony* amongst men, whose glory was not yet blasted by the fortune of *Augustus*; his birth was of the most illustrious, his person recommended by a number of fair qualities, and brave actions, and his rank no lesse considerable than the chief upon earth. *Cleopatra* render'd her self to these considerations, and to the loyal affection of *Anthony*, who, for her sake, deserting the amity of young *Cæsar*, & his Sister *Octavia*, whom he had married at *Rome*, gave up all his interest in the Common-wealth, and his own fortunes that were fastned to it, to give himself entirely to her, and confining his Ambition within her Embraces, espous'd her in *Alexandria*.

I know the *Romans*, irreconcileable enemies to *Cleopatra*'s memory, have endeavour'd to disprove that Mariage as they did the former, and persecuted that deplorable Queen in her reputation, after they had sent her to her Tomb by their cruelty: but my eies were witnesses of what might serve to upbraid their inhumanity, and justifie her memory against those cruel ones that would still disturb her repose in her very Sepulchre.

Anthony ty'd the Conjugal knot in publick, but with an inauspicious augury, which their misfortunes did since prove too prophetick. They are so well known, that I believe you are not ignorant of the least particular; I shall therefore include them in a few words, and swiftly follow the thread of my discourse, till I arrive at what chiefly ingages this relation. Within the first year of their Marriage, the Queen disclosed a double birth, a Son and a Daughter; the

Son

Son was call'd *Alexander*, the Daughter *Cleopatra*, and if I had not named *Cæſario*, I would have ſaid that humane eye never ſaw any thing ſo fair as theſe Twins: indeed I think their beauty was fatal to their Houſe, and a cauſe of calling down the Divine Vengeance upon *Anthony*, for ſo oft provoking the Gods, by ſhewing theſe Children at publick ſpectacles, with the uſurped names of *Apollo* & *Diana*, cauſing them to be dreſſed in the ſame faſhion thoſe Deities were uſually repreſented in, and commanding the ſame honours ſhould be render'd them as were ordinarily paid to thoſe Divinities.

I ſaw them not ſince they were 8 or 9 years of age; but at that time they were the wonder of all that beheld them, and it was thought the beauty of young *Cleopatra* would not only equal the Qu: her Mother, but out-ſhine all that ever were accounted fair.

"Thoſe that conceived ſuch hopes of the Princeſs "*Cleopatra*, (*ſaid* Tyridates, *interrupting* Eteocles) "had much reaſon on their ſide; my ſelf ſaw her at "*Rome*, while I made my reſidence in the Empe- "rors Court, and agreed with the general opinion, "that Nature never ſhap'd a face ſo triumphantly "beautiful: ſhe now lives at Court with the Empreſs "*Livia*, who tenders her with as dear an eſteem, as "if ſhe were her proper daughter; the fame of her "perfections have already nois'd them in a large "part of the world; and were I not loath to inter- "rupt your narration, I would ſpeak more amply "of them. Young *Ptolomee*, her Brother, was then "at *Rome*, in an high eſteem for handſomneſs; but "the elder *Alexander*, whom you mention'd, was a "while ſince loſt at Sea, without any news of his "eſcape. Sir,

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Sir, said Eteocles, *your relation doth sensibly touch me, for while I have life I must own so passionate an interest in all that pertains either in blood or alliance to our dead Queen, as I cannot hear them spoken of without extraordinary motion; may the Gods frame them a fortune different from their Parents, and do me the grace to let me see those dear reliques of that illustrious Family, recover their splendour.* But to continue my Story, a year after *Alexander* and *Cleopatra* was born, that *Ptolomee* you saw at *Rome*, little inferiour to the other two, carrying in his Visage the fair marks of his glorious birth. Never was there seen a Court so pompous as *Anthony*'s and *Cleopatra*'s; most of the Kings upon Earth came thither to pay their homage; and many of them sent their Children, that they might have the honor to be educated with our young Princes; indeed they were brought up with such care, as was due to them only; and though *Cæsario* was not Son to *Anthony*, yet his respect to him was proportion'd to that great veneration he preserv'd for his Fathers memory: he caus'd the mariage of *Julius Cæsar* with *Cleopatra* to be publickly proclaimed in all his Dominions, declar'd *Cæsario* the Legitimate Son, and indubitable heir to his Father, render'd him honors sutable to that dignity; & whether it were to indear his Mother, or to appear kinde to *Cæsars* memory, he caus'd him to be styled the King of Kings, as he had already *Cleopatra* the Queen of Kings, and disdaining she should only bear a barren Title, he gave her the Realms of *Ægypt*, *Cyprus*, *Soria*, and the lower *Suria*. To young *Alexander*, *Armenia*, all *Media* and *Parthia* when it shall be conquered. To

young

young *Cleopatra*, *Lybia* and *Cilicia*, and to little *Ptolomee*, *Syria* and *Phœnicia*. Of theſe ſeveral preſents he ſent the decree to be confirmed at *Rome*, which nevertheleſs was ſuppreſſed by the Conſuls, *Domitius* and *Soſius*, the very ſame you mentioned in your diſcourſe.

In the mean time, you know what wars were waged while they lived together, both in your own Country, and in *Syria* againſt *Antiochus*; The good ſucceſs he had againſt *Parthia* by his Lieutenants, and the ill luck that befel him when he caried the War thither in perſon; his reſentments againſt *Artabaſus* King of *Armenia*, whom with his Children he led Captive to *Alexandria* where a while after he loſt his head by *Cleopatra*'s command, as your recital expreſt it. You are not ignorant of the many voyages he made to *Rome*, where he alwaies reſiſted the Senate that would oblige him to forſake *Cleopatra*, and at laſt fell foul with *Auguſtus* by that ſcornful repudiation he made of his Siſter *Octavia*.

In fine, the war being openly declared between theſe two Maſters of the world, their grand factions almoſt intirely divided it, according to the ſway of ſeveral affections; two greater powers than theſe never met in oppoſition, and the world never regarded an event with ſo much intereſt, as that which was to decide its Empire.

My Lord, you have underſtood the beginnings of this War; with the divers encounters wherein Fortune ſometimes liſted her ſelf in one, ſometimes in the other party, till the battel of *Actiam*, where, after ſhe had long ballanc'd her good will, ſhe declar'd

cler'd for *Cæsar*. The miserable *Antony* was betray'd both by Love and Fortune, and what ever courage the Queen disclos'd in the spring-tide of her life, was all reign'd to the horror of that one battel, where she assisted in person; whence flying with 60 Sayls in her company, she drew along the amorous *Antony*, who rather chose to abandon with the victory the Empire of the world, than to lose his *Cleopatra*. You must needs have heard how after that signal defeat they were forsaken by all their Troops; and sure Fame has told you of the pitiful effects that error produced among them; how upon a false report of *Cleopatra*'s death, spread by her self, with design to cure *Antony* of an unjust suspition he had conceived of her; that desperate Prince slew himself with his own hand, and breathed his last between the arms of his dear *Cleopatra* in the Tomb wherein she had shut up her self; you have heard it related how *Cæsar* (having rendred himself Master of *Alexandria*) came to visit her, brought her comfort, and intreated her to hope for all the civil usage his power could afford; all which the great-hearted Princess couragiously disdained, and not induring to survive her dear *Antony*, nor to see her self in danger to be led to *Rome* in triumph, she called Death to her rescue, which she gave her self by an *Aspick*'s invenom'd tooth, for want of other weapons: and how *Cæsar*, after he had pacified *Egypt*, and left *Cornelius Gallus* Governour at *Alexandria*, returned to *Rome*, whither he led *Alexandria*, *Ptolomee*, and *Cleopatra*, the Children of *Antony* and our Queen. Thus compriz'd in a few words I have given you the lamentable destiny of these infortunate

tunate Prince, but you are yet to underſtand that of *Cæſario*, and I aſſure my ſelf you believed with the greateſt part of the world, that *Auguſtus* had caus'd him to be put to death, as fame did openly divulge it.

"'Tis true, *ſaid Tyridates*, and I had my belief from "the general confidence at *Rome* that it was ſo, where "I have often heard that *Cæſar* having taken *Alex-*"*andria*, and adviſing with his friends what he ſhould "do with *Cæſario*, the Phyloſopher *Arrius*, who was "in great credit with him, whiſper'd ſome words in "his ear, that aluding to a verſe in *Homer* might "thus be interpreted.

Plurality of Cæſars is not ſafe.

"And from that hint *Auguſtus* (fearing that he might "one day diſpute the ſucceſſion of his Fathers Em-"pire) put him to death; ſuch *reply'd Eteocles*, was the "general opinion, and we are happy that it got ſo "much credit among the Princes Enemies; who poſ-"ſible without that prevention, would have made "their purſute and perſecution reach to the place "that protected him: But to you I ſhall unmaſque "the truth, whatever danger the diſcovery may "threaten, knowing well I do not hazard my Prince "in declaring the truth of his life to another Prince, "that equals his vertues; and it was but to come the "right way to his adventures, that with a few words "I touch'd a part of the Queen his Mothers.

The Hyſtory of Cæſario *and the Queen* Candace.

AFter the loſs of the Battel of *Actium*, and the diſloyal falling away of the greateſt part of their forces, the unfortunate *Antony* & his Queen ſhut themſelves up in *Alexandria*, an there attended the approaches of their victorious Foe, with the reſt of their forces reſolving to defend it to the laſt man, and the lateſt moment of their lives; their courage was not revolted with their fortune; for they might yet have protected their fate, and again debated the worlds command, if the prevention of that diſaſtrous miſtake had not contrived their ruine: Nevertheleſs the Queen, not able to refute her juſt fears of a ſudden wrack, began to caſt an eye upon her deplorable Family, that in ſo ſhort a time were tumbled from the ſublimeſt pitch of Fortune, to the foot of Calamity. Oh Gods! what words (that were fitteſt to ſhew the marks of a ſignal grief) did ſhe not give to thoſe ſad conſiderations? there was much reaſon in her fears that the Victor would make his hatred reach to the Children of his Enemy, & ſo choak all the ſeeds of war, that might grow up to give another ſhock to the tranquility of his dominion, by rooting out the whole *Antonian* race; and theſe ſuſpitions made her oft ſolicit that the Children might be put in ſome place of Safety, and either ſent to the King of *Æthiopia*, a great and puiſſant Prince, their friend and allye, who had neither felt nor fear'd the *Roman* arms, or to *Herod* a faith-

faithful friend to *Antony*; or at leaſt to ſome others, whom the change of fortune had not perſwaded to diſavow their amity.

But *Antony*, who tenderly indulged his Children, could not reſolve to ſee them ſo pluck'd from him, or ſend them to ſeek their ſafety from the faith of a ſtranger: he preſented to the Queen, that the Gods were yet able to ſend them ſuccours (contrary to the opinion of men) might miraculouſly repair the ruines they had made; and, ſhould ſuch a change arive in their favour, they ſhould repent the expoſing them to a flight, whoſe ſucceſs was incertain: that if Heaven had reſolved to compleat their deſtruction, they might expect a better fate for their infants from the clemency of their Enemy, than the loyalty of any barbarous Prince, whoſe friendſhip the Child of their fortune no doubt would follow it to the Conquerors party.

Cleopatra perceiving his reſolution not to be mov'd, and her ſelf not able to wreſt the diſpoſal of the Children from him, fell to conſider of his preſervation, whom he had no part in; and judging with much prudence, that though *Auguſtus* might pardon the progeny of *Antony*, yet he would not do ſo to the Son of *Julius Cæſar*, who (profeſſing himſelf the offſpring of a lawful Mariage) while he liv'd, would at leaſt be armed with Juſtice, to bid fair for his Fathers ſucceſſion, which the other poſſeſſed by no other right than that of adoption, the lawful power of his diſpoſal ſolely remaining in her ſelf (for *Antony* pretended not to it) ſhe conluded that it was not ſafe to truſt him to the mercy of that enemy, and could find no other way but ſuch a flight to ſecure him.

Ceſario was five or ſix years elder than the reſt, nd then newly arrived at the fifteenth year, but at that age was become the moſt accompliſhed of Princes; his beauty never found an equal among thoſe of his own Sex, in the vivacity of his eyes, and all the features of his viſage was ſeen any ayr ſo Majeſtique as could belong to none but *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*: his ſtature was extraordinary for his age, his force prodigious, his agility and nimbleneſs in all his exerciſes attracted the admiration of his beholders, his ſprightly dexterous wit expreſt ſuch an inchaunting ſweetneſs, and his inclinations were alwaies ſo level'd at great actions, that in his tenderest years, I never knew him nurſe a thought that was not wing'd for a common flight: he was inflamed with an emulation at his fathers glory, and it kindled the ſame deſires in him that before he had done in the ſoul of young *Alexander*: but in the relation of his life, which was made him, and which I oft repreſented to his eyes as a model for his imitation, he never ſet a lower eſteem upon his Clemency, Liberality, and Moderation, than his valour and prudent conduct; and all the gloſſes he made upon it, were ſo many delightful demonſtrations to me of his ardent love to vertue. In an age ſo tender and feeble to ſupport a Cuiraſs, a hundred times has he offered to precipitate himſelf into military dangers; and had not an abſolute authority retain'd him, he would have followed *Antony* to his Battels with an ardour, which he found very difficult to moderate: Such a one, or rather a thouſand times better than what my exppreſſion has made him, was *Cæſario*, when the Queen his Mother (preferring his ſecurity

to

to her own delight in injoying his lovely preſence) reſolved to loſe it for ever, and being confirm'd in that purpoſe, and prepared to execute it, I was commanded to attend him from his Chamber to her preſence.

She could not behold him with a deſign never to ſee him more, (at leaſt if the Gods reſtor'd not their fortunes) without reſigning that conſtancy, wherewith ſhe tempered all her actions, to abundance of tender tears; which ſo ſoftned the young Princes ſoul and mine, as it ſet our Eyes for a while to the ſame task.

At laſt ſhe made an aſſault upon her grief, and ſtrugling to recover an aſſured look, after ſhe had wip'd away her tears: *My Son*, ſaid ſhe, *though your years be few, your apprehenſions do much ore-top thoſe of an equal age; and I know you are already capable to make reflections upon our preſent and paſt fortunes; you are derived from a Father that was the greateſt of men, and a Mother that may boaſt to have held ſome rank among women, and will leave a report of her life behind her that is not ordinary in her Sex. I ſee nothing in you, (the Gods be thanked) that belyes your birth, or forbids me to hope that you will not make the Soul of mighty Cæſar (now plac'd among the Gods) to bluſh at your begetting: if fortune frowns upon your budding age, and bereaves you (with thoſe from whom you had your being) of the advantages, which in part you ſhould hold of her, learn in time to ſlight her, and ſtrain your vertue to captive her ſmiles, and force her back again. You wear a Sword, after your Fathers example, that may one day recover the Crowns you have loſt; and if the Gods decree (as*

there is much appearance) *that we fall in this war, and period our Empire with our daies, you ſhall ſtay behind us to win that back again by the glory of your actions, which we loſt by the laſt of ours. Revive the memory of* Cæſar *and* Cleopatra, *and perhaps revenge the fate of* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *upon thoſe enemies that deſtroy'd us. Theſe are the hopes, my Son, that move me to ſtudy thy ſafety, when I neglect my own; my affection to thee makes me commit a cruel violence upon my tendereſt inclination; 'tis fit we part, young* Cæſar, *that thou mayeſt go beyond the reach of thy Enemies arms, and go in queſt of a better deſtiny, than that thou muſt expect at the knees of a pitileſs Conqueror; and indeed it is unfit that the Legitimate Son of great* Cæſar *ſhould tamely beg a life of his adoptive, which he cannot take of him without a bluſh, and which he muſt never look to obtain from him, who, in bearing the name and power of* Cæſar, *does neither inherit his Clemency nor any of his other vertues. To preſerve thee I diſpoyl my heart of its deareſt Sentiments, but* (*whatever violence I ſuffer*) *I ſhall alwaies think it a more gentle calamity, to part with thee for ever, than to ſee thee cold in thy urn before I enter mine, to behold thee a Suppliant at the feet of our cruel enemy, or dragged in triumph behind his Chariot, to that City, which my Father firſt ranged under his obedience.*

The Queen ſtop'd at theſe words, to dry ſome diſobedient tears, which rebelled againſt her reſolution; and, removing her eyes from the face of her Son to faſten them upon mine; *Eteocles*, ſaid ſhe, *this is the laſt time that I remit into your hands, the things which I account moſt precious: I truſted you with*

with his education, as I do now with the conſervation of his life, and with it all my own hopes; let your fidelity expreſs you by the proofs I ask to be the worthy Son of Aopllodorus, *who dyed as he lived in my ſervice, after he had got the repute of the moſt loyal ſervant that ever breathed; take the Prince my Son and your Pupil, whom I releaſe to your care and conduct, and with your moſt winged diligence conduct him out of* Alexandria, *and the unfortunate* Egypt, *into* Ethiopia: *the King of that puiſſant Realm is our friend and allye, and the only neighbour we have that dares think himſelf ſtrong enough to defend his own againſt their invaſions, and therefore ſtands not in awe of the* Roman *arms, of him in my name demand a refuge for their young Prince, whom I do not only truſt him with, but beſtow upon him; tell him, our alliance does not only oblige him, nor the lawes of generoſity, that preach the protection of the miſerable and oppreſſed, but the intereſt that is common to all that wield Scepters, to oppoſe himſelf againſt the violence of the* Romans, *thoſe cruel enemies of mankinde that would ſtretch their Tyranny over all the Kings on Earth. I know he will receive you, and allow my Son all the ſhelter you can ask. This night you ſhall ſet forward, for I deſire your voyage may be ſecretly carryed, leſt our enemies take notice of it, and ſo indeavour to ſtrike at the life of this poor Prince; You ſhall have* Rhodon *and* Alexander *for companions in your flight, with a few Officers moſt neceſſary for ſo ſmall a number; leſt a greater train might diſcover the deſign, and betray my Son to ſuch dangers, as my timorous apprehenſion is apt to frame. I ſhall furniſh you with Money and Jewels enough to keep*

off neceſſity, while you ſtay from us in ſo remote a reſidence. If we make peace with Octavius, *or, by the favour of Divine ayde recover ſtrength to rear our drooping Fortunes, I will call you back again, and with all the haſt that affection can make, draw you from an excile, which I cannot ſupport without a bleeding grief.*

The Queen expreſt her ſelf in theſe terms, when the young Prince, throwing himſelf at her feet, proteſted he would rather dye than abandon her, that in ſtead of leaving her expoſed to the menaces of ſo much peril, he had courage enough to run her Fortune and *Antonie's*.

The Queen drawing new arguments from the diſcourſe, and action of this brave ſpirit, and excellent Nature, felt a painful increaſe of her affection: and, turning her eyes from his face, where they did but gather freſh cauſes of grief: Great *Cæſar*, ſaid ſhe, if thou beeſt not rank'd among the Gods, ſince he carries ſo many worthy marks of thy life, proteſt the Son that thou haſt left me. And then turning to her Son, at firſt ſhe gently ſtrugled with his reſolution, but perceiving that way would not do, ſhe ſternly imploy'd all her authority, and after ſhe had abſolutely forbidden his further oppoſition of her will, ſhe commanded me carry him away by force, if he refus'd to follow,

Young *Cæſario* bearing ſuch a reſpect to the Queen, as knew not how to diſpence with obedience, ſubmitted to this laſt command: and only in tears expreſt his grief to forſake her. I ſhall not further inlarge upon the Queens and our regrets, to which, and to our preparations for departure, we dedicated

dicated the reſt of that day: the Queen ſent by *Iras*, *Charmionne* (her two faithful Maids that dyed with her with ſuch conſtant fidelity, as will be the wonder of all ages) a Cabinet full of Gold and ſome rich Jewells, which ſhe truſted to my hands; and ſo ſoon as the night approach'd, after ſhe had uttered her laſt adieu to us, bath'd in a river of Tears, ſhe bruis'd the Prince in her armes; and when ſhe had left her laſt kiſs upon his cheeks, *Go*, ſaid ſhe, *young Prince, where thy deſtiny calls thee, the Gods will undertake thy protection, in the mean time forget not thy Fathers greatneſs, and let none of fortunes rude blows over tame thee to actions unworthy of thy birth.*

After theſe words, the laſt I heard from her, untying her ſelf from her Sons embraces, ſhe caus'd us to mount on horſe-back in her preſence, and without further delay to quit the melancholy *Alexandria*.

My Lord, the beginning of *Cæſario*'s adventures, carrying much reſemblance to yours; like your ſelf, he was forc'd to fly his Country, in an age little differing from that wherein you quitted *Parthia*. He went out of *Alexandria* with not above a dozen Horſes in his train; and he that a while before with ſo much pomp had been proclam'd the King of Kings in divers Nations, was forc'd to abandon his native Country, and in that petty equipage to go ſeek a Covert for his life in a foreign Land.

This ſudden and ſtrange revolution of Fortune, may ſerve for a memorable example to thoſe that truſt to her favours and ſuffer themſelves to be blinded with treacherous Proſperity. The magnificence of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* had been excuſable, if they had

had not ſtain'd that Grandeur that placed them in the chiefeſt rank of Mankind, with actions that pulled the Divine Anger upon their heads; and thoſe that a little before ſaw ſo many Kings at their feet, bereaving one of his Crown, another of his Head (as the unfortunate *Antigonus* King of *Judea*, & the wretched *Artabaſus* of *Armenia*) beheld themſelves reduced to attend their deſtiny in the laſt City that was left them, and, a few dayes after, conſtrained to take the ſuccours of death from their own hands, which *Cleopatra* (to compleat her Calamities) had much ado to obtain, and did it at laſt by an Artifice.

We parted from *Alexandria* almoſt at the ſame time that *Octavius Cæſar*, incamped on the other ſide, in view of the walls; and had we longer delai'd our voyage, we had found no paſſage free. Young *Cæſario* had ſo long practis'd Horſe-manſhip, under thoſe Maſters that taught him his exerciſe, as it rendered him the leſs unfit to undertake the toil of ſuch a Journey; beſides, he had inur'd himſelf to travel by his cuſtome to follow the chaſe, which he would do with much eagerneſs, being of a conſtitution ſtrong beyond his age; & this prov'd very ſerviceable to our deſign, the firſt night we ſtrive to reach ſo far, as any perſon, leſs hardy than himſelf, would have been weakned with wearineſs; and about the break of day we ſtaid at a Village three or four hundred furlongs from *Alexandria*; where we found it fit to let the young Prince repoſe himſelf, while we refreſhed our Horſes. In that place we ſtaid three or four hours, which expired, we again got to horſe, but had not marched many furlongs before

fore I ſpyed the Princes Horſe, with my own, *Rodons*, and three or four others in the company, to halt, and not ſo much as dreaming of the treachery was intended us, I only imputed it to the wearineſs they had contracted with hard riding and extraordinary haſt: we might have taken thoſe that continued ſound; but, loath to part with ſo many neceſſary officers, and beſides, ignorant of the miſchief that purſu'd us, we were conſtrained to march ſo ſoftly, that we had much ado in that whole day, to reach another Town, that was not diſtant above one hundred fifty furlongs from that where we reſted in the morning, and there arrived (our Horſes ſcarce able to ſuſtain themſelves,) we were compell'd to ſtay that night: but ſending for ſome Smiths that lived there, to ſearth them we found they were all pricked, and the nayls that hurt them no ſooner drawn out, but they were much mended, yet not ſo recovered as to endure that nights travel. I then began to entertain ſome ſuſpition, and to believe this an intended treachery to retard our Voyage; but yet I knew not whom to diſtruſt, our little Troop was compos'd of no perſons, but ſuch from whom, indeed, we had reaſon to hope an untainted fidelity; my ſelf excepted, *Rodon* and *Neander* were the principal: *Rodon* was made the Princes ſub-Governour in his tendereſt years and had not a leſs part in his education than my ſelf; beſides, he had a Son there of the ſame age with the Prince, th was brought up with him, and then followed hi in that Voyage: *Neander* was a man of approve fidelity; and the reſt all eminent Officers of *Cleopatra*'s Houſe, that ſhe had culled from ſuch as ſhe thought

thought moſt truly; yet even among thoſe we found Monſters capable of the blackeſt Treaſon, and the moſt prodigious Villany that ever was hatch'd by humane invention.

After I had almoſt waſted that night converſing with cares, too reſtleſs to admit ſleep, I threw my ſelf from my Bed, on which I was laid in my cloaths; and paſſing into a little Gallery adjoyning to our Chamber, I opened a window, to ſee if I could ſpy the approach of day; Under this window was a little Garden, in which I over-heard ſome perſons diſcourſing; and though I had little room for curioſity, unleſs ſuch as regarded my Princes ſafety, yet then, and peculiarly then I think the Gods inſpired me with it; the firſt words had no ſooner delivered themſelves at my ear, but I knew the voyce was *Rodons*, and preſently after diſcovered him that talk'd with him, to be a Kinſman of his and one that he deeply truſted, call'd *Acetes*, for whom he had formerly procur'd a beneficial Grant from the Queen. The time and place made them exchange their thoughts with a confidence fearleſs of overhearers; but Heaven was awake in my Prince's behalf, and by that miraculous occaſion, becken'd me to his preſervation.

Rodon and *Acetes* did but enter the Garden when I open'd the window, and therefore I believe I heard all their parly. *Thou haſt made great haſt*, ſaid *Rodon*; *but is it poſſible thou couldſt diſpatch ſo many things in ſo ſhort a time, coming out of* Alexandria *but with us! Content your ſelf*, reply'd *Acetes*, *that the affair is driven to the mark of your deſires, that I ſpake with* Cæſar *himſelf, who well remembred your name, & mention'd*

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the ſolicitations he had formerly made, to obtain that which now you have offered him: There I ſtaid, by his command a full houe, while he conſulted with his friends upon the moſt requiſite reſolution; at laſt he called me to his preſence, commanded me to return unto you, and aſſure you, that he would not only beſtow theſe Jewels on you, which the Queen had committed to Eteocles *cuſtody, but bids you hope for more important favours; and this day to expect news from him upon the way, which your Letter told him, you were to take. My ſelf over-heard the command he gave to a Centurion, to be ready, and I believe they will overtake us before we reach the forreſt of* Agria, *through which we are to paſs. They will have time enough to do that* replyed the diſloyal *Rodon*; *for our march has been ſo ſlow ſince I nail'd our Horſes, while* Eteocles *and the reſt were at their repoſe, that the Romans will need but a little diligence to reach us: but now let us talk no more of it, for we cannot carry too much caution and diſtruſt in an Affair of this nature.* And thus whether they fear'd to be leſſen'd or ſurpriz'd by the dayes arrival, which then began to appear, they left the Garden, and me ſtill at window, in ſuch a confuſion as is impoſſible to repreſent.

Gods! What a ſtrange agony of Thoughts was I then diſtracted with? To what extremes of Grief, Aſtoniſhment and Anger did the knowledge of that loathed Treaſon hurry me? I had much ado to credit my own Ears, in a thing ſo unlikely, it had almoſt ſurpriz'd the uſe of my Reaſon and Judgement; the firſt thing I did was to deteſt *Rodon*'s infidelity; then, upon my knees, I gave thanks to the Gods, for the miracle of this Diſcovery, and Petition'd

Petition'd the continuance of their aid for the Princes safety, yet I was much to seek for the continuance of my endeavours, for I saw my self, on all sides, menaced with so much difficulty, that I almost wanted power to conceive a hope of success.

And now the day had withdrawn all the Curtains of darkness, before I could fasten upon any other resolution than to kill *Rodon*, & at least revenge my Prince, if it were not permitted me to preserve him; nevertheless having no time to lose, I return'd into my Chamber full of mortal inquietudes, and after I had given order for the Horses to be ready; I wakened the Prince, and caus'd him to rise with a hasty diligence; while he was apparelling himself, I drew *Neander* aside, (having learned by *Rodons* discourse, he was not of the Conspiracy with that Traytor) in a few words, I let him know our distiny, which shook him with as great a fit of confusion as my self; while we were talking of it, the unfaithful *Rodon* came to us, the sight of whom had almost put my power into the hands of Passion; and I was even ready to flie upon him and strangle him, yet, with much ado, bridled it, and advising *Neander* to the same reservation, we got the Prince a Horseback, concealing the truth from him, lest his tender years moving too weak to disguise his apprehension, should betray it in troubled looks, and so deprive us of the means to endeavour his preservation.

Thus leaving the Town, we took the same way was first resolved, for fear *Rodon* should send the discovery of his Treason; and we had scarce march'd

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a quarter of an hour, when the Gods ſent me a Thought which I reſolved to Act without further deliberation.

I confeſs, at firſt, I left ſome repugnance, for the danger to which I was to expoſe an innocent Perſon; but the ſafeguard of my Prince out weighed the reſt of my conſiderations, and helped me in a moment to level all the obſtacles that oppoſed my intention: For that reaſon, making a ſign to *Neander* to keep up with the Prince and the reſt of the Troop, I marched ſoftly after with *Rodon*, whom I had ingaged in diſcourſe; but when the reſt had left us a little behind (feigning that ſomthing was broke about my Saddle) I alighted, making ſhew to amend it, and oblig'd *Rodon* to ſtay for me, telling him that a little galloping would ſoon recover our companions: beſides that I had ſome authority over him, the eſtate whereto his Conſcience had reduced him, left him not confidence enough to gainſay me; nor was he unwilling to accept of any occaſion to retard our voyage, becauſe he knew it might advantage his Deſign.

Thus, when our little Troop had gained more ground of us, and, by the help of a little Hill betwixt us, we had loſt ſight of them, I remounted my Horſe, and approaching *Rodon*, with a look that repreſented part of the paſſion that ſway'd within me; *Traytor* (ſaid I) *thy death is at hand; and if thy Prince muſt dye by thy diſloyalty, thou ſhalt yet want the ſatisfaction to ſee him periſh, or reap the profit of thy horrid Treachery.*

I had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, but my Sword was in my hand; and the faithleſs *Rodon* (more com-

combated with his Conſcience, than the fear of my Valour) receiving my menace with a pale diſmaid look, had much adoe to put himſelf in any poſture of reſiſtance; nevertheleſs with a trembling hand he drew his Sword, but defended himſelf ſo ill with it, that, with a facility which took away all the glory of that action, I paſs'd mine twice through his body, and tumbled him upon the ſand, where he vomited out his perfidious Soul with his blood.

After this execution, ſheathing my Sword again, I haſted after the Prince with all the ſpeed I could make; but caſting my eyes back from the top of the Hill, I perceiv'd the Squadron of Horſe that *Cæſar* had ſent after us, marching out of the Town where we lodged, which I preſently judg'd to be the ſame that the falſe *Rodon* expected: this ſight made me ſpur up to my company, and when I had overtaken them, approaching to *Neanders* ear: Neander, ſaid I, Rodon *is dead, but our enemies appear; take the Prince with you and two of our men, gallop on afore to the Foreſt of* Agria, *thruſt your ſelves into the thickeſt part of it, and there expect my coming up with good newes the reſt of the day: I will try to abuſe our Enemies; and, if Heaven favour my intentions, hinder their further purſuit of us. If you ſee me not come back to you ſometime to day, at night purſue your voyage, under the conduct of the God, who will not abandon you.*

I ſaid no more, and without giving him time to anſwer, made him ſpeed away with the Prince and the two that were to follow them, one of which (becauſe of known fidelity) carried the Jewels and Gold the Queen had given us. *Cæſario*, who had a moſt do-

docile ingenuity, abſolutely obeyed my will, and made no ſcruple to follow *Neander*, becauſe I counſelled it; I could not ſee him part ſo ſuddenly without letting fall ſome tears as a tribute to my fearful incertainty of ever ſeeing him again: and in the mean, turning to thoſe that ſtaid with me: *My friends*, ſaid I, *we are betraid; our Enemies are within a hundred paces of us:* Rodon *ſtayes behinde to make a diſcovery of them: and behold the Traytor*, continued I, ſhewing them *Acetes*; *ſee, the Villain that hath ſold us, has the confidence to ſtay among us.* At theſe words I flew at him with my Sword in my hand, but was prevented by two of my Companions that ſtepp'd before him as he was preparing to fly, and with two blows threw him dead at our Horſes feet.

Rodons Son, whom I cauſed to ſtay with us, though he would gladly have followed the Prince, whom, as I told you, was of an equal Age and Stature to him, and had much in his looks that over-top'd his Condition, beheld the Death of *Acetes* with aſtoniſhment, when approaching to him, and taking him by the Arms, I ſhewed him the Romans, that were advancing to us a good ſwift trot: *We are all dead Men*, ſaid I, *if we do not deceive our Enemies, by making you paſs for the Prince* Cæſario; *the perſonating this dignity will ſave your life; for if the* Romans *take you for the Son of* Cæſar, *they will only content themſelves to lead you priſoner to their Emperour; if you tender your own and our Lives, favour this juſt deceit.*

The fear of death had ſo ſeiz'd the Youth, as it

diſpoſed him to follow my fatal counſel, which I had ſcarce ended when the Romans were upon us, and ſpreading themſelves upon the Plain, began to environ us, and ſhut up the paſſage to our flight.

I then perceiv'd the danger at hand I had expoſed my ſelf to, and had well fore-ſeen it before the attempt: But the Gods can witneſs, that I felt no regret to hazard my life for my Prince's ſafety, that there came no other care to my thoughts, but for him and his conſervation. At a ſign I made to my Companions, we all threw our ſelves from our horſes, and putting our knees to the ground, we encompaſſed the ſon of *Rodon*, whom I had only caus'd to keep his Saddle. The *Romans*, who ran upon us with an impetuous haſte, perceiving us in that ſuppliant poſture, were ſtaid by the command of their Captain, attending his orders without offering a blow: but ſo ſoon as my voice could be heard; *Ah! whatever you be*, cried I, *if we have merited your anger, turn your weapons upon us only, and ſpare great* Cæſars *Son; ſacrifice us to your rage, if we have offended, but give our Prince his life.*

Theſe words, with our ſubmiſſive action, turn'd the Roman Swords (fatal to the innocent Son of *Rodon*) from our throats; for the Captain approaching to him with his drawn ſword: For you, ſaid he, we give you your lives; but 'tis this ſame Son of *Cæſar* we only ſeek to take; at theſe words making his way through us, he ran the Youth through the body with his Sword, juſt as he was about to ſpeak, and probably to tell him, he was not *Cæſar*'s Son. I cannot remember that poor young man's unripe

unripe fal without the ſenſe of ſome remorſe for my own ſuperchery; but my Lord, it was otherwiſe impoſſible to ſave our Prince: and ſince one muſt periſh, it was but juſt that the Son of that Traytor ſhould be ſacrific'd to his Fathers treachery: beſides I had indeed conceiv'd a hope (if hope could ſhape it ſelf in ſo ſhort a time) that the Romans would forbear the cruelty of his Murder, and only content themſelves to lead him to their Emperor; in the mean time I caſt my ſelf upon his body, and (the better to abuſe our Enemies) I made my complaints ſwell to as high a tide, as I ſhould have let fall upon the Corps of our true Prince. The Roman Commander being a man of quality (as good Fortune would have it) was touch'd at my piety, & proteſted to me, that he had executed *Cæſars* Command with regret: he oppos'd himſelf againſt many of his men, that would have cut off the Youths head to preſent it to the Emperor; and told him they might aſſure him of the truth without exerciſing that inhumanity upon the Son of *Julius Cæſar*; nevertheleſs, at their ſolicitation, he demanded the Jewels *Cleopatra* had given us: but I reply'd, they were in the hands of one of our Companions, called *Rodon*, whom we had not ſeen all that day, and that I believed it was he that had betray'd us. At this the Soldiers fell to threaten, and began to ſearch us, but they found little about us; and their Captain remembring his name was *Rodon*, who in effect betrai'd us, and knowing the Emperor had deſign'd him the Jewels as a price of his Treaſon, eaſily believ'd that he was gone away with them; and deſiring he ſhould rather poſſeſs them by that Title, than as

the gift of *Cæsar*, commanded them to unhand us, restore our Horses, and set us at liberty to retire where we pleas'd. And thus his men marching after him, they left us about the unfortunate Son of *Rodon*, upon whom I continued still to act my Laments.

When our Enemies were marched out of sight (after we had covered the body of that innocent Youth with a little Earth, and indeed contributed some true tears to his destiny) we remounted our Horses, exalted with our happy successe beyond expressions, and followed the track of our true Prince.

See, my Lord, what has passed about *Cæsario*'s supposed Death; they were abus'd that believed he was ever in the hands of *Octavius*, for I dare assure you, he never saw him: and that if he did consult upon what was to be done with him, and resolv'd to put him to Death, as you related, by advice of *Arrius* the Philosopher, it must either be while *Rodon*'s Messenger was with him, or before, while the Warre was hot between him and *Anthony*; during which, 'tis true, he had oft solicited us to deliver the young Prince into his hands, or put him to Death.

Two hours after we had thus escaped our Enemies, we arrived at the Forrest of *Agria*, and at the end of it found the Man that *Neander* had set Sentinel neer the high way, to conduct me to the place where the Prince was hid; without this precaution our task would have been difficult to have found him, because the Forrest was vast and full of Thickets. But Gods! what a joy exalted me when

I recover'd the ſight of my dear Prince! what words did I not utter! what tears ſhed, when it was permitted me to embrace him, for whom, ſome hours before, I had been ſhook with ſuch juſt apprehenſions? But then what a pleaſing ſatisfaction was given me! when (after I had receiv'd my Princes *Careſſes* overflowing with affection) I learn'd of *Neander* the inquietude he had ſuffer'd for my abſence; and his reſolution (after he knew the truth from *Neanders* mouth, who could not refuſe it to his preſſing importunity) to return back and run our Fortune, without permitting us alone to expoſe our lives for his ſafety: A deſign ſo Noble (from which *Neander* only with-held him by force) in ſo young a Soul, pleaſingly confirmed me in thoſe hopes I had already conceived of the height of his courages, and after I had expreſs'd my reſentments of his Nobleneſs, & he rewarded us with tears of acknowledgement for what we had done for his preſervation; and, as proofs of an excellent diſpoſition, paid ſome to the memory of that innocent Son of *Rodon*, I caus'd him to mount on horſ-back, and ſo we got out of the Forreſt, and continu'd our voyage.

My Lord, the particular paſſages by the way deſerve nothing but ſilence, & to give way to things of more importance, which I muſt inform you of. Within a few days we left *Ægypt* at our backs, and having traverſed part of the Deſarts of *Nubia*, which are contiguous to the two *Realms*, we enter'd *Æthiopia*, and took our way toward the great City of *Meroe*, where that mighty King then made his reſidence. Our young Prince ſuffered the incommodities of the Voyage with an admirable

courage and patience; he was ever the first that urged our departure from those Towns in our way, where I had oblig'd him to stay, and take some repose: we called him not by his right name, lest the news of his safety coming to his Enemies ears, should make them try to finde Traytors in *Æthiopia*, as they had done in *Ægypt*; and for that cause we accustomed to call him *Cleomedon*, with design that none there should know him by any other name, except the King, and such other persons as must necessarily be trusted with the truth. But why should I detain you longer? We arrived at *Meroe*, whither we had sent *Neander* some days before, to advertise the King of our Princes coming, and excuse the entrance of his Dominions without permission, with the pressing necessity of his flight.

The King of *Æthiopia* (one of the best and justest Princes upon Earth, who hated the *Roman* Tyranny, and ever honour'd *Cleopatra*) expresst much joy at the confidence that great Queen repos'd in him, and dispos'd himself to treat the Prince her Son as his own: he would have given him a magnificent reception, if *Neander* had not disswaded it, instructed by the fear we had to divulge that, which former considerations taught us, was fit to be concealed. The King, to favour our Design, was content to receive him in his Cabinet, where he gave us a particular audience without admitting any to be present, but such as he knew would guard the secret.

The magnificence and furniture of his Palace had doubtless astonish'd any persons, but such as had dwelt in the Court of *Cleopatra*, where there glister'd more sumptuous Pomp and Glory, than all the World

World beſide could boaſt of; yet we there ſaw ſuch an abundance of Riches, as cuſtome to behold ſuch ſights could not keep us from ſurpriſal: for, (as I believe you know) in *Æthiopia* Gold is ſo common, that it is imploy'd by perſons of the loweſt Rank, upon the moſt vile offices: but to contract my diſcourſe upon this ſubject, I ſhall only tell you, That as the Majeſty of the King challeng'd our veneration, ſo the countenance of my Prince wrought an effect upon his Spirit, that ſoon made him conſider'd as the Son of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*; for he accoſted him with a garb that juſtified his Birth, and ſaluted him with a ſtately modeſty that had nothing in it but what was great and graceful, which rather ſtir'd up admiration and reſpect than pity: I had prepoſſeſſed him with ſome few inſtructions, which he made uſe of with a moſt becoming grace; and after he had render'd his due ſalutes to the King:

"Great Paince, ſaid he, my Parents, whom For-
"tune hath abandoned, have bequeathed me to
"you, with a belief that you will not refuſe me
"your protection; and with them I demand it of
"you, as the ſole Prince of the World, from whom
"I am willing to receive it.

He ſaid no more than theſe few words, which he utter'd in a Kingly faſhion; and at the ſame time I preſented the King with the Queen *Cleopatra*'s Letter, who preſently acknowledg'd the ſeal to be hers, and in it found theſe words.

The Queen *Cleopatra*, to the Great *Hidaſpes*, King of *Æthiopia*.

THe knowledge I have of your Vertues bids me hope, that your Affections will not change with our Fortune; and that having been our Friend and Allie in Proſperity, one Calamitie can neither make you forget our Amity nor Alliance: Upon this confidence, I give you mine, and the Son of mighty Cæſar, *whom the Arms of his Enemies have chaſed from his native Country, and reduced to ask a Refuge, which, but from you I would not beg of any. If the Gods conſent to guard us from the* Roman *yoak and oppreſſion, I ſhall dearly preſerve the memory of this Obligation: But if (for expiration of our faults) they have reſolved our Ruine, at leaſt I ſhall periſh with this comfort, That I truſted not the deareſt thing I had in the World, but to him who of all Princes is moſt worthy of the confidence and amity of* Cleopatra.

King *Hydaſpes* having read theſe words, and heard the Princes, with a viſage moiſtened with ſome tears, that *Cleopatra*'s misfortunes drew from his Eyes, he turned to him, and taking him in his Arms: *Son of* Cæſar *and* Cleopatra, ſaid he, *welcome; I ſee and I receive you with an unfeigned joy; the memory of your Father, and the Perſon of the Queen your Mother in me ſhall ever challenge a ſcared reverence: Promiſe your ſelf, not only the ſame Offices from us you might expect from your own, but be confident of our protection ſo long as I have a man that can hold a Sword.*

And

And thus my Prince was received by the *Æthiopian* King, who preſently cauſed him to be lodg'd in the Palace, gave command for the proviſions of his houſe, and made his intention known to us, that he would have him treated as his proper Son. His orders were ſo punctually executed, as in a few daies we beheld our ſelves in as high a condition in *Meroe*, as we had formerly appeared in *Alexandria*; the Prince had a great number of Officers, a large proud Equipage; and indeed wanted no reſpect that was fit for the Son of a mighty King in his Fathers Court.

His proper name and true birth were only known to ſuch as the King honour'd with moſt confidence: Among the reſt he paſs'd under the name of *Cleomedon*, for a Prince only a Kin to *Cleopatra*, and ſomething allyed to King *Hidaſpes*.

Tyridates at that paſſage interrupted *Eteocles*: *Though I have been ignorant of* Cæſario's *deſtiny*, ſaid he, *I have heard of* Cleomedon; *and the diſtance that divided us could not hinder renown from bringing his name among us, and with it the report of his grand actions that carryed it, Under that name*, replyed Eteocles, *my Prince did things conſiderable; and ſuch as doubtleſs their reputation might reach you; but I ſhall relate them in their order.*

You know the Æthiopians are black; but the Kings having bin oblig'd by reaſon of State, to make alliance with their neighbour Princes, and ſo eſpouſe white Women, have partly loſt that ſcorched complexion of their Family. This King, who was born of a white Woman, was only a little ſwarthy, and the

the Queen his Wife, who died a year before we arrived in *Æthiopia*, being purely white, and a most beautiful Princess, brought forth a Daughter that not only Heir'd her mothers complexion; but became Mistris of so fair a beauty, as made her the wonder of her own, and the better part of the World beside. This was the fair Princess *Candace*, and the same bright Queen now in your house, which you deliver'd from the greedy waves, where she had perish'd without your succour. To come to the relation of her life with my Princes, I have begun you a Narration, which, though something remote from them, will not altogether appear unnecessary; and now I shall conduct your knowledge through all those accidents that compos'd the present fortunes of those two great Personages.

The Princess *Candace* exceeded not eleven years of age when we entred *Æthiopia*; and we had not resided there above a year, before my Prince render'd his Arms to her triumphant Beauty, and deliver'd up unto it a precious liberty, which he could no longer hold against the rare perfections of that Princess. This passion that entirely seiz'd his Soul, came seasonably to banish a dangerous grief, that arrested him shortly after our arrival, with the news of *Cleopatra*'s deplorable end, and the lamentable fall of that unfortunate Family.

This struck my Prince so deep, that all the comfort we could urge, had much ado to keep him from his Tomb; nor had we so soon appeas'd his sorrow, if *Candace*'s beauty had not struggled more successfully with it than our arguments: indeed it was half impossible for a Prince so born, and newly entred an age

age capable of the ſweet impreſſions of Love, to reſiſt ſuch uncommon puiſſance. And though at firſt *Cæſario* ſtrive hard to preſerve his liberty, yet all his luctation fainted at laſt, to the confeſſion of his weakneſs, and buckled to the yoke of a Tyrant that handled him more rudely, becauſe he reſiſted.

I did not diſapprove the birth of this Paſſion; for (finding nothing in it fit to cenſure) I no ſooner knew it from my Prince, but indulg'd him in it, inſtead of diſſwading. He ever dearly lov'd and reſpected me, and not only conſidered me as his Governour, that had over-ſeen the growth of his greeneſt years, but as him that had ſaved his life, with the dangerous hazard of his, and to embrace his Intereſts, had caſhier'd all other thoughts that had eies for his own: this knit him to me with the tender tyes of ſuch a confidence, as indeed was only due to the Queen his Mother. He open'd his heart unto me ſo ſoon as he felt the wounds that Love had given it; and having demanded my counſel and aſſiſtance, and found me wholly diſpos'd to contribute all to his deſires: *Father*, ſaid he, at Love's firſt allarm, *I feel a delightful pain; but becauſe 'tis cruel enough to rob me of my reſt, me-thinks it reſembles that Fire, whereof I have oft heard the Queen my Mother and your ſelf diſcourſe; and I fear it will uſurp as much power in my Soul, as it did in the unfortunate* Antony. *Gods!* ſaid he a while after, *what a bright wonder is this Princeſs* Candace? *how impoſſible is it to ſee and not turn ſlave to her Beauty?* Theſe words were accompanied with divers ſighs, which I had neither will nor power to condemn. In the mean

mean time his flame grew daily higher, and in a ſhort time made him a moſt ardent Paſſ[illegible]niſt.

I ſhall forbear to importune you with the large diſcourſes he made me at the firſt ſentiments of his Love, and only inſiſt upon ſome particularities that fell out in the blooming years of this young Couple; and though I am willing to ſtep haſtily over thoſe, that I may bring them to an age more rational, yet I cannot ſilence ſome paſſages, which me-thinks deſerved better than to be ſwallowed in oblivion.

The fair Æthiopian Princeſs was born to all thoſe excellent advantages, that the conſpiring bounty of Heaven and Nature can beſtow; but the Beauties of her Aſpect, which I preſume you have noted, are dim to thoſe that ſhine within her Soul; they began with her earlieſt youth to break out with ſuch beams, as were not to be ſeen but in her ſelf: her extraordinary vivacity was always accompanied with a marvellous ſolidity; a Judgment elevated above her Sex, and a courage great enough to challenge a rank among Perſons the moſt generous: of this ſhe hath given ſuch clear proofs, as will ſoon claim your Credit: but before I paſs to their recital, 'tis fit I ſtay upon ſomething that preceded.

The Divine qualities of this Princeſs twiſted ſuch a reſpect with my Prince's affection, that he long ſmother'd his ſighs, before he durſt declare his Paſſion; and though the ſublimity of his Birth, and the merit of his Perſon might have arm'd him with a boldneſs capable to attempt any thing; and the tender

tender age of the Princeſs, younger by four or five years than himſelf, might well have help'd to diſcard part of his fears; yet he always beheld her with ſo much reſpect, as he wanted the aſſurance to ſerve himſelf with any of theſe advantages; he daily ſaw her with more freedom than any of the other Princes that were educated in the *Æthiopian* Court: and the King, who dearly lov'd him, gave him a more free and familiar acceſs to his Daughter than any of the reſt: ſhe gladly admitted him a Companion to her Sport: and though he had already a ſolidity that over-top'd his years, yet his affection has found the way to ſweeten the moſt ſerious aud important employments: he paſſed all his Evenings with her, and in the day-time waited upon her walks; but ſtill kept himſelf about her with ſo profound a reverence, that he took no other advantage from the Princeſs civility to licence the declaration of what he felt, but by his ſighs, his paſſionate looks, and his actions full of an extraordinary complacency.

The Princeſſe (young as ſhe was) was not yet ſo innocent, but ſhe had already begun to diſcern a difference between Actions of Civility, and ſuch as parted from another motive, and (as her knowledge ſurmounted her age) ſhe obſerved part of that in my Prince, which his own mouth durſt not bewray.

Cæſario, by his excellent parts, was already become the darling of the whole Æthiopian Court; he was grown ſo accompliſh'd in all thoſe ſervices and exerciſes, to which he had given marvellous beginnings in *Ægypt*, that he was look'd upon as a Perſon of moſt refined qualities; nevertheleſs,

I am bound to confeſs that there was a Youth of his age at *Meroe*, which my judgement tells me was no way his inferior, but in birth; and indeed ſince ſome remarkable events will have him mingled with my Prince in this Hiſtory, he doth merit a particular mention, and cannot without injuſtice be deprived of that which is due, even from his Enemies.

Among a great number of Servitors, of which the Princeſſes houſhold was compoſed, there were divers young men particularly dedicated to her ſervice, that always kept near her Perſon, but at ſuch times when Women had only acceſs; theſe were alwayes ready to receive her Command, took care of her divertiſements, and for that they were particularly employed; for the moſt part, they were of noble extraction, choſen by the King from the beſt Families of the Realm, and among ſome ſtrangers that came thither to inhabit.

Among theſe the young *Britomarus* appear'd with wondrous advantage, and though he was the Son of a ſtranger, who for many years had made his reſidence in *Æthiopia*, and it was ſomething difficult to prove his Nobility; yet the qualities of his Perſon prevail'd with the King to paſs by that conſideration: Indeed I never beheld a perſon better ſhap'd, neither for Body nor Minde, he had a moſt comely proportion; in his face there was that rare mixture of Sweetneſs and Gravity, his Eyes full of a ſparkling livelineſs, but in his aire, port and Actions, he bore it out with a garb ſo fierce and haughty, that he ſeemed to be ſenſible of nothing leſſe than his own baſe and obſcure birth: and though his knowledge taught him ſubmiſſion

miſſion to ſuch as he believed had right to a legitimate obedience, he could never bow to thoſe who had no other pretence to command over him but ſuch as their Birth or Fortune gave them; he liv'd with his Companions, as if he had been their Maſter, and though there were ſome among them of the moſt conſiderable Houſes of *Æthiopia*, yet he never regarded any but for their Vertue; only to the Princeſs he was moſt flexibly officious, and when any particular ſervice was requiſite he never could ſuffer, but with much regret, that any of his fellows ſhould be imployed.

This Youth was near about the age of *Cæſario*, but he quickly cheriſhed an averſion againſt him, a part of which I believe (conſidering the qualities that got him the eſteem of others) his Nature contributed, but there were ſtronger reaſons to exaſperate him againſt my Prince, that in the end tranſported him to things that merit the recital, and ſuch as have obliged me to give him ſomething too curious a Deſcription of a perſon of his condition.

My Prince one day entred the Palace Garden, to go look for the Princeſs, and in croſſing an Alley, he met young *Britomarus*, who had gotten a Noſe-gay in his hand, with intent to preſent it to the Princeſs; *Cæſario*, perceiving it to be a fair one, deſir'd to make this preſent himſelf, and for that reaſon ſtaying *Britomarus*, *I pray thee*, ſaid he, *beſtow that Noſegay upon me, that I may give it the Princeſs.*

My Lord, anſwered Britomarus, *it was for that deſign I made it, and do intend to preſent it my ſelf, if you pleaſe to permit it; for that*, reply'd the Prince, *you may get another, but muſt needs conſent that I may*

give

give her this, and I assure you she shall know it came from you.

Britomarus could not refuse my Princes demand, well knowing how high his credit stood with the King: but he obeyed him with an action that plainly told him with what repugnance he did it. *Cæsario* instead of being offended at his behaviour, esteem'd his courage, and, to appease his displeasure, would have restor'd him his Nose-gay, if he had not suddenly left him, & immediatly after quitted the Garden: he would have call'd him back, sorry to do him such a petit injury, if I had not disswaded it, telling him, that *Britomarius* was not a person considerable enough for him to value his displeasure: but this was not the only encounter wherewith my Prince gave him cause of complaint: As *Britomarius* was the forwardest undertaker among all his Companions, so he still carried away the chief employment for the Princess service; wherewith, while he was often busied, *Cæsario* entering the Chamber, and envying the honour was done him, would oft take the work out of his hands, and so constrain him to leave the place; but he alwaies did it with such a reluctance, as made the print of it self upon his visage: This behaviour did not provoke young *Cæsar* against him, though the eye of his affection often look'd upon the others officious forwardness about *Candace*, not without some Jealousie: but besides that, he was of a most sweet disposition, and far from doing the least injury, the obscure condition of *Britomarius* hindred him from heeding any occasions that might kindle displeasure, for he was remote from any imagination that his resentments sprang from the true motive

that

that cauſed them; and ſuſpected not the Young man of any other ambition than to raiſe his Fortunes.

In the mean time my Prince's fire burnt inward, without daring to give his paſſion vent, though his face and actions plainly told what he ſuffer'd. At laſt, after a long conteſtation, he gave fire to the Train, the firſt time he attempted it was in the Temple of the Sun, where the Princeſs being at her devotion, *Cæſario* approached to the place where ſhe kneeled, and ſtanding a long time behind her, let her go on in her prayers without interruption; but at laſt turning her head ſhe ſpied him, and ſweetly reproving the faintneſs of his zeal, invited him to bear her company in Devotion. The Prince preſently obeyed her, and proſtrating himſelf behind her, *I bend my knees,* ſaid he, *as you command; but the Gods muſt pardon me if I ſay it is to you, as the chief Divinity I muſt ever adore.*

At theſe words he let fall his eyes, and the Princeſs ſignified by a bluſh, that ſhe was not ſuch a novice as not eaſily to apprehend the meaning: and being already confirm'd in the truth by *Cæſario*'s geſture, ſhe would fain have diſſembled, as if ſhe had not underſtood him: but her bluſhes betrayed her, and the confuſion that ſeized her would not ſuffer a reply; her ſilence made the Prince a little more hardy, and deſirous to put a progreſs to this beginning, recover'd his diſcourſe, and without removing his eies from the earth, *If you refuſe my Adorations,* ſaid he, *you do not imitate the Gods, whom you commanded me to pray to; in their preſence I proteſt, that the reſentments I have for you cannot ſtrike ſail to the reſpect I owe to them:* Madam, *let me then be ſuffer'd to avow this in their*

Temple, I confeß it is a preſumption, and the thoughts that ripen'd it too ſoaring to hope for pardon from a leſs goodneß than yours; but I have kept them covered with a whole years ſilence, and ſhould not now have adventured to let them go, had it been longer poſſible to hide them; if you find ought in it to be condemn'd, to you I will not dare to excuſe it, nor alledge any other juſtification than the violence your ſelf has done me, againſt which greater forces than mine are not capable of reſiſtance.

Doubtleſs he had ſaid more, if the Princeſs had not intercepted him. This language could not juſtly offend coming from a Prince, that by the greatneſs of his birth & the qualities of his perſon might diſpute priority with all the Princes on earth: beſides, his tongue ſaid nothing that ſhe had not read before in his actions; nevertheleſs this unmaſquing did a little ſurprize her; and not willing to ſuffer him to go on, *I am ſorry,* ſaid ſhe, *you ſhould interrupt my prayers with language that I cannot like, and henceforth you ſhall do well to find other ſubjects for diſcourſe: If I have diſpleaſed you,* reply'd the Prince, *I will not repine to endure the puniſhment you ſhall ordain, and if you have been ſo infortunate to kindle your anger, by diſcovering thoughts full of veneration and reſpect, I ſhall think nothing too unjuſt or rigorous to expiate the offence I have committed.*

'Tis not for me, anſwer'd Candace, *to appoint puniſhments for Princes of your extraction; I have only right to complain of the diſpleaſure you have done me in holding a diſcourſe which I neither underſtand nor approve.*

She pronounced theſe words with ſuch a ſerious coldneſs, as the Prince durſt venture no more replies; & receiving the anguiſh, which *Candaces* diſpleaſure had given him, at the Centre of his heart, he retir'd with

with a Countenance ſo ſad and troubled, as almoſt put his face out of knowledge: and I think this grief had gone further, if at the recital which he made me of his adventure, my Counſel had not ſtop'd it, by repreſenting, that he had no cauſe to afflict himſelf; but that in all likelihood he could not hope a more favourable anſwer from the Princeſs, who before had never heard any Language of that nature. *Cæſario* drew comfort from my words, and reſolved this firſt repulſe ſhould not diſarm his courage.

In the mean time he liv'd with her after the ſame manner he had done formerly, and intermitted not the payment of his obſervances full of reſpect & diſcretion: but ſhe appear'd to him more reſerv'd than uſual, call'd him not ſo freely to her recreations, and her walks; and though ſhe ſtill continu'd to him her firſt Civilities, yet ſhe kept him off from occaſions to renew the diſcourſe that had diſpleaſed her: but if his tongue was mute, his eies & actions became Orators ſo eloquent, that though her tender years had contributed leſs underſtanding than ſhe had, ſhe would have needed no other interpretation of the reſpect that ty'd his tongue, & might eaſily perceive that my Prince his paſſion, in ſtead of abating, daily took a greater inflamation from her coldneſs; and in this condition he was with her, when there arriv'd a memorable accident that merits your attention.

At a ſolemn Feaſt that was celebrated at *Meroe*, upon the Prince's birth-day, without the City there were made moſt magnificent Courſes on Horſ-back, at which the King with the moſt eminent Nobility aſſiſted; the young Courtiers were engag'd for this exerciſe, where they appeared in all the bravery

they could make; they ran armed at all points, and in the course launc'd their javelins against a mark, and made divers other active trials of their force and dexterity: *Cæsario* was enter'd his 17th year, and being already strong enough to make a stout performance in all manly exercises, presented himself into the lists, clad in a gallant Armour which the King had given him; his Casque was shaded with white and black Feathers, he was mounted upon a Horse white as Snow, which he manag'd with an admirable grace and agility: This was the first time I saw him in Armor, and methought he became it so gracefully, as my eies could not be satisfied with a spectacle so agreeable. The King, Princess, with the whole Court, fastned their regards upon him with marvellous hopes, and possible the whole assembly yielded but one person, whose affection he had not attracted. Before the Courses began, all the yong Gallants presented themselves before the Ladies they lov'd, and publickly demanded their favours, and upon such an occasion they were hardly permitted to refuse them; there was scarce any that did not obtain of their Mistresses, either Knots, Scarfs, Bracelets, or other presents of that nature, only *Britomarus* made no address, but stood almost alone at the foot of the Scaffold, where the King, the Princess, with the chief of the Ladies were seated, without expressing the least desire of what the other so eagerly entreated: he had purchased so high an estimation at Court, that divers persons became interessed in his coldness, & the King himself having caus'd him to be call'd, demanded the reason why he sought not to gain some favor, aswel as his companions, to shew his activity in honour of her whom he best affected. The

The bold Youth lifted up his head at the King's demand, and beholding him with a bravely-aſſured look, *Sir*, ſaid he, *I have lived till now among all the Ladies of your Court, without parting with my liberty; and though I have honoured them all as I ought, I have made no ſingle preſent of my heart to any, or indeed am I willing to beſtow it: I am entirely vowed to the Princeſs ſervice, to whom your Majeſty has done me the honor to give me, and though I ought to look upon her as a Subject, and a domeſtique Servitor, I hope ſhe will pardon me if I take the liberty to proteſt before her, that I will not ask a favour from any but her ſelf: I never had other aim but her Service, ſince I was made happy in my dedication to it; and, if I may not enter the liſts under her Coguizance, I am reſolv'd to beg no others.*

While young *Britomarus* ſpake in this manner, the boldneſs of his action became the wonder of all that ſtood near him: this rais'd a cry among them, which redoubled his aſſurance, and, ſwelling with the flattery of thoſe acclamations, he advanced to the Princeſs ſeat, and throwing himſelf at her feet, *If your Highneſs*, ſaid he, *will vouchſafe to honour the meaneſt of your Servitors with ſome badge of your beauty, I dare promiſe that there is not a perſon in this company able to diſpute the prize of this day, nor to carry away the victory in any kind of combat I ſhall undertake for your ſervice.*

The words and behaviour of *Britomarus* were diverſly receiv'd by the company; many of the aſſiſtants cenſured them as inconſiderate and over-bold; and ſome excus'd his Youth, and imputed it to that true height of Courage, that had ſhewn it ſelf in all his other actions, of this number was the King himſelf, who in ſtead of checking the young mans confidence, wit-

neſſed, that he approv'd it, & commanded the Princeſs to beſtow ſomething on him; *Candace* was ready to obey, when my Prince, who regarded *Britomarus* his action, with thoughts very different from the reſt, and felt himſelf ſtung with Jealouſie at the Youngmans hardy demand, could not ſuffer the honor was intended him; and conceiving the Princes favour due to none but himſelf, was loath that a perſon ſo much below him, ſhould carry away advantages, which he durſt not petition for: &, in the heat of this thought, approaching the Princeſs, and bending his knee before her; *I was not bold enough, Madam,* ſaid he, *to aſpire to the grace* Britomarus *has demanded, deeming my ſelf unworthy of it, as doubtleſs he is: but if you muſt ſtoop to beſtow it on one of us, I hope I may believe that my hopes have the fairer title, and will not come behind him in defending that glory in all our combats.*

The Prince had no ſooner ſpoke, but his deſire was granted; and the King not permitting the Princeſs to reply, *Give the Prince* Cleomedon *a Favour,* ſaid he, *Britomarus muſt not diſpute his pretences, and to ſatisfie him, command ſome of your maids to give him a preſent.*

If theſe words ſeem'd cruel to *Britomarus*, they were as pleaſing to the Prince, who receiving a bracelet of Jewels from *Candaces* hands, after he had kiſs'd it with abundance of reſpect, mounted on horſ-back with a tranſport of contentment, and preſently put himſelf in the head of thoſe that were to begin the Courſes.

Britomarus was call'd to receive a gift offer'd him by *Artimis*, one of the Princeſs maids: but he would not vouchſafe to look upon her, but leaping on his horſe in a furious diſcontent, convey'd himſelf out of the

the company without ſo much as entring the liſts.

The Courſes began, of which I ſhall paſs particular Deſcriptions, and be content to tell you that my Prince behav'd himſelf with ſo much active ſtrength and bravery, as he aſtoniſht the whole Aſſembly, eclips'd the repute of all the reſt, and confirmed the King and Court in the pregnant hopes they had entertain'd of him; after a great part of theſe exerciſes were finiſhed, my Prince, deſirous to breath awhile, and withdrawing about 100 or 200 paces from the preaſe to the freſh air, he ſpied *Britomarus* leaning againſt a tree, and looking upon the manly ſport his companions made, in the poſture of a perſon much afflicted. Though his carriage had diſpleaſed the Prince, yet the rejection he had procur'd him, and the eſteem of his good qualities, with the grief his looks confeſt at the affront was done him, exchang'd jealouſie for pity: In fine, his exeellent nature could not give him leave to ſee his affliction, and himſelf the Author of it, without endeavouring to give him the redreſs of ſome comfort: with this reſolution he ſoftly gallops up to him, ſpies his face covered with tears, and him in a condition ſad enough to require a juſt compaſſion. *What* Britomarus, ſaid he, *in tears? Is it poſſible ſo great a ſpirit (the marks of which we have acknowledged) can deſcend to weep for ſo trivial a cauſe of diſpleaſure? Yes, my Lord,* anſwered Britomarus, *I do weep, and I ſhould weep tears of bloud, for the injuſtice of my fortune, that expoſes me to miſeries my courage cannot brook. And have you no greater ſubjects of ſorrow,* reply'd the Prince, *than thoſe we know of? No, my Lord* ſaid Britomarus, *yet thoſe are ſtrong enough to drag me to my Grave, ſince Heaven, in giving me courage,*

has not given me a birth that will permit me to make use of it. I am born, my Lord, with a heart as big as yours, and possible thoughts about it that look as high, onely Fortune has put a difference betwixt us, which it may be Vertue intended not, from this blinde chance you daily take commissions to wrong me, and my condition ordains me to suffer it; you have oft provoked me with shame and displeasure, which, though respect hath taught me to pocket without complaint, my spirit could not learn to support it without sinking under sadness; had I taken these injuries from a person with whom I might have hoped to have measured my sword, (wherewith I one day expect to reap some glory) you should soon see this discontent dispell'd that clouds my brow; but since I am abus'd by a Prince, from whom I cannot hope that satisfaction, I will turn my Sword against my own breast, and punish the ambition there, for lifting its head so high above my extraction.

While *Britomarus* spoke in this manner, the young Prince heard him with admiration, and thought he found something in his words that tasted of an unweighed irregular ambition, yet he took notice of a spirit so bravely daring as he could not disapprove it: but withal clearly discovering his intentions, and (not willing to smother his own) he answered him with a serious coldness: "I did believe, *Britomarus*, that our distance in quality did forbid all "competition betwixt us, that you need not have af-"flicted your self for some advantages I have seiz'd, "which to my thinking, you ought not to dispute, & "this perchance has made me pass by that circum-"spection which I would preserve with my life, not

"to

"to injure perſons of Courage: I am ſorry I have "offended you, and really to witneſs that I am ſo, I "will not ſeek excuſes in my condition, to refuſe "that ſatisfaction that may content you; I will grant "that to your courage, wich your birth could not "ſuffer you to hope, and poſſible may make you "know that fortune has not put all the difference "betwixt us.

"Ah my Lord, *cry'd the young* Britomarus, *raviſh'd* "*with Joy*, now you prove your ſelf a perfect Prince, "poor *Britomarus* is a debtor to your Nobleneſs "for the honour you profer; *My Lord*, I accept it "with more gladneſs than I would do the gift of "a Crown, and will no otherwiſe abuſe the favour, "than to let you ſee, that he that durſt not demand "it, was not wholy unworthy of it: and ſince you "have offered it with ſo much generoſity, I can- "not ſlight an occaſion that propoſes ſo glorious a "remedy, for the diſpleaſures you have made me "reſent. Let us go then, *reply'd the Prince, beginning* "*to be angry*, and if you deſire this conſolation, let "us fly the ſight of ſuch perſons that may hinder it, "our arms are equal, for I would be loath to uſe "any advantage which you want. At theſe words he ſpur'd away from the company, and *Britomarus* haſtily following with a fierce joy, they ſoon loſt the ſight of the Aſſembly. Yet they were loath to ſtay neer it; and the Prince, unwilling to be interrupted in the firſt affay of his Manhood, ran on about 50 or 60 Furlongs further, till they came into a Valley where none could diſcover them.

There *Ceſario* ſtop'd, finding the place commodi-

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ous, and turning again towards *Britomarus*, *we will go no further*, ſaid he, *let us give our horſes a little breath, and then end our difference.*

Britomarus his courage was ſo high flown, as it would permit him to make no anſwer; and ſuffering his Horſe to breath awhile, he beheld the Prince with eyes that ſpoke nought but defiance. The age of both was equal, their ſtature little different, and this the firſt time that either had worn Arms, they had both Javelins in their right hands, & Swords at their left; their Horſes were both good, both choſen for the ſolemn exerciſe of that day: ſcarce had they patience to give them leiſure to breath, when after a loud defiance, they lanc'd their Javelins at one another with a force ſo impetuous, as ſcarce was ever more fury ſhown by any of the rudeſt hands that ever were inur'd to the trade of war, which they then began but to practiſe: their Javelins were both ſhiver'd upon their ſhields into a thouſand pieces, and the young Combatants paſſed by one another, without the leaſt ſtaggering in their ſeats; but they ſoon return'd with their drawn ſwords, as yet unuſed to this imployment, and advancing them in the air with an action bravely menacing, turning their Horſes heads they flew the ſecond time at one another more eagerly than before: the firſt blows drew bloud, and the ſecond made two deep wounds. *Britomarus* was run through the left arm, and *Cæſario* in the Thigh. Never did two young Lions ſee their own bloud drop from the Hunters ſpear, with a rage more violent than that of my Prince, and the ambitious *Britomarus*: they equally breathed vengeance and victory, and ruſhed together with ſo laviſh a fury

fury, that if the Gods (like them) had forſook the care of their lives, their practice in Arms had there begun and ended together. They had each received another ſlight wound, when my Prince coming cloſe up, laid hold on *Britomarus* his Arm, and he not refuſing to cloſe with a like intention, ſtreightly engaged him in his; & thus locking one another in friendleſs embrace, and putting ſpurs to their Horſes, they fell both to the Earth, where they began to rowl o're each other with a moſt dreadful fury; ſometimes one was uppermoſt, and then the other, yet neither could keep the maſtery; but in this ſtrugling they loſt ſo much blood, that at laſt both riſing by a joynt conſent, they were ſcarce able to hold their Swords; however in that ſtaggering condition they fell to freſh blows, and doubtleſs would have ended their combat, and poſſibly both their lives, for as yet there appear'd no advantage on either ſide, when we happily arriv'd to ſtop the miſchief.

Their ſudden departure had given us ſome ombrage, though we were far from ſuſpecting *Britomarus* his raſhneſs: but, as faithful care would ſeldome ſuffer me to keep my Eye from my Prince, I had no ſooner learn'd in what manner he departed, but without ſtay, mounting my Horſe, I ran after him with all the company I could engage, and we came, as I told you, in a happy time to part the young combatants, whom we found in an eſtate that ſpake our arrival very neceſſary.

So ſoon as *Cæſario* ſaw me, he even ſobb'd with grief to ſee himſelf interrupted, and ſuſpecting (not without likelihood) that we would do *Britomarus* ſome out-rage, he put himſelf before him

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in a posture of defence, and crying out to me as I first came in; *Father*, said he, *as you tender my life do not hurt* Britomarus, *it was I that first assail'd him, I compell'd him to defend himself, and I will rather suffer death then him to be injured; I will defend my self as well as I can*, said the fierce young man, *for it is not fit I should hold it of you, after having done my utmost to take away yours.* These generous and gallant words on both sides gave us new wonder; in the mean time having taken care, according to my Prince his desire, that *Britomarus* should not suffer, we hastily lighted from our horses, and ran to the two Combatants, just as they were ready to fall to the ground with weakness: I snatch'd my Prince in my arms, and wetted his face with my tears; but whilst I was helping him a horseback, and getting up my self behind him, he desired the same office might be done to *Britomarus*: and not only content to take that care for him, he made *Neander* get up in my place, and sent me before to the King to beg the young mans pardon, and to protest that he would never come in his presence till he had granted it: I obey'd his command, but found it no easie task to reverse the Kings resolution, who had absolutely design'd *Britomarus* for punishment: but at last he granted mercy, upon condition, that so soon as his wounds were healed, he should leave the Court, and never more return, upon forfeit of his life.

In the mean time my Prince was conducted to his Lodgings, presently put to bed, and searched by Chirurgions; his wounds were found not dangerous, only the loss of blood had done him the greatest mischief; and after the application of some necessary remedies,

remedies, they enjoyn'd him a ſilent repoſe without any diſturbance till the next day.

In the mean time, the bruit of his generous gallantry ſpread it ſelf in a moment, and the relation of *Britomarus* himſelf to his friends of the bravery and nobleneſs of his behaviour filled the whole Court with admiration. Oh how gladly I drank up his Praiſes from every mouth, how ſweetly was my fear and diſpleaſure vanquiſhed that his wounds had given me! the gentleneſs and grandeur of that firſt action, made me gladly conclude him worthy to be what he was; and though I blamed the Prince for that paſſage, to prevent future hazards by the like, yet I did it in ſuch terms as gave him a clear diſcovery that I could not diſapprove it.

So ſoon as the Chirurgions would permit him to be ſeen, the King came to viſit him, and after he had expreſt the intereſt he took in his recovery, with words full of affection, he fell a commending that action, as indeed it merited, and yet in ſome ſort, gently blam'd him by the conſequence of an intreaty, no more with ſo careleſs a valour to hazard the Son of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra* againſt a man of *Britomarus* condition.

The King was ſcarce parted from him, when by his own orders, the Princeſs his Daughter came to viſit him; but at that ſight his joy was ſo exceſſive, as his wounds had like to have broke looſe, and by the change of his countenance, had they but mark'd it, they might have eaſily known what his heart meant by it. The fair Princeſs having taken a ſeat by his Bed-ſide, accepted his thanks for her viſit with a Majeſtique Modeſty, Her Anſwer expreſſing

preſſing in very obliging terms, the grief ſhe took for his hurts. This conducted *Cæſario*'s paſſion into the Scene, for perceiving the Princeſſes attendants, kept themſelves at a diſtance through reſpect: "Ma-
"dam, *ſaid he*, it was but juſt that I ſhould buy
"your favours with the blood they have coſt me;
"but had I added all that is left in my veins, to what
"is already gone, it would not have paid for the
"meaneſt part of them. I am ſorry, *ſaid Candace*,
"the King ſhould command me to give you ſo dan-
"gerous a preſent, which at beſt has coſt you ſome
"blood too precious to ſpill for ſo mean a toy; you
"undervalue that, *ſaid Cæſars Son*, that the moſt
"ambitious Princes would prefer to Empires; but
"might I diſpute this ſubject againſt any other but
"your ſelf, the World has not a perſon from whom
"I would not force a confeſſion, that all things elſe,
"though of the higheſt value, become worthleſs &
"contemptible, when compar'd with the Princeſs
"*Candace* favours, and indeed it ſhould teach me a
"higher pride, if your own free choice, without the
"Kings command had beſtow'd it, and it had not
"only been the child of obedience. *Madam*, I know
"this deſire has too much ambition, but I am grown
"too weak to repulſe it; and if it had kindled your
"diſpleaſure, *Madam*, behold me in an eſtate to
"quench it with the reſt of my blood that is left,
"and ſo make my life the expiation.

"I demand no ſuch reparation, *ſaid the Princeſs*,
"as you offer for the offence; your life is not prized
"ſo low, but we can rather chooſe to ſuffer ſome-
"thing from you, than put that in hazard; but I
"ſhould take it well at your hands, would you turn

"the

"the tide of your diſcourſe upon another ſubject,
"and not oblige me to hear that, which muſt make
"my viſits leſs frequent.

Theſe words came ſo ſeriouſly from her, that the Prince began to fear indeed he had diſpleaſed, and from that thought, "If either my diſcourſe or acti-
"on, *ſaid he*, have made me ſo wretched, to urge
"your diſpleaſure, I do here vow to puniſh my ſelf
"with a rigour that ſhall ſatisfie your anger; the
"Gods raiſed *Britomarus* to call to an account my
"unjuſt ambition; for teaching my Eyes ſuch aſpi-
"ring looks; but if his Arm was not ſtrong enough
"to do it alone, I will enforce the Juſtice of his quar-
"rel by the aſſiſtance of my own; and ſince it is a
"raſhneſs worthy of your anger, to ſpeak of a paſ-
"ſion you cannot brook, I am reſolv'd to doom my
"tongue to an eternal ſilence.

The Prince put ſuch a paſſionate action to theſe words, as it ſoftened *Candace* to ſome pitty; and not willing with a harſh reply to exaſperate his afflicti-ons, *I have already told you*, ſaid ſhe, *that I deſire no ſuch cruel reparations of you, and do tell you again, that it only behoves you to mind your recovery in a place where none can wiſh you ill.*

She had gone further, if the arrival of divers per-ſons, who then entred the Chamber, had not inter-rupted the diſcourſe; among whom was *Tyribaſus* the Kings favourite, or rather the ſecond King of *Æthiopia*, whom though I have not yet mention'd, muſt make up a principal part in the progreſs of this Hiſtory.

This man was of illuſtrious extraction among the *Æthiopians*, of a great courage, and a greater

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ambition, comly of perſon, dextrous in every thing he undertook, and indeed worthy to ſit where Fortune had plac'd him; his credit with the King was not greater than with the Soldiery, in whoſe hearts he had got the power (by commanding them in ſeveral warlike expeditions) of an abſolute diſpoſal. In fine, he was the chief man of *Æthiopia*, and though others were born nearer unto the Crown, their authority not only fell ſhort of his, but was entirely ſtrangled by it; and, as then there being no diſſention between my Prince and he, knowing that the King deſir'd it, he appear'd his friend, and at that time gave him a very civill viſit; where, after he had ſtaid with him till the Princeſs withdrew, he attended her back to her lodgings; after this my Prince often ſaw her, while his wounds confined him to his Bed, without gaining the leaſt intelligence by her diſcourſe how to faſten any judgment upon his fortune, or know what was hid within her breſt.

And now he had left his bed, and was reſolv'd the next day to quit the Chamber; when one came to tell him that *Britomarus* (whoſe recovery had been as forward as his) was at the door, and deſir'd permiſſion to ſee him. We much diſſwaded this interview, ſuſpecting that *Britomarus* (whoſe deſperate rage had ſo lately made the danger of it known) had carried ſome deſign againſt the Princes life; but he knew his heart better than we, and not having power to diſtruſt him, commanded us to conduct him in.

Britomarus enter'd the Chamber with a viſage ſomething pale, and his Arm in a Scarf; but with a Countenance ſo noble, and ſo bravely aſſur'd, that

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in ſpight of prejudice it even wreſted both eſteem and affection from us: *Cæſario* roſe up to meet him, whom *Britomarus* having reſpectively accoſted, though with a very ſad look, "My Lord, *ſaid he* I "could not carry away my ſelf from this Court, "without leaving my thanks behind me for the fa"vours you have made me receive; you have per"mitted me (a poor Souldier as I am) to draw "my Sword againſt a great Prince, defended me "from the fury of your Servants, and employ'd y our "credit with the King to ſave my life. Theſe Obli"gations, great as they are, cannot make me your "friend; the diſhonour you have done me, and the "diſpleaſure I reſent to abandon a place for your "ſake, where I had ſo ſtrong a tye, have forced "my diſpoſition to oppoſe and reſiſt it. Nor is it on"ly to diſcharge my heart of theſe words, that has "brought me to take my leave of you; but to aſſure "you, though I muſt be your enemy, I ſhall diligent"ly ſeek occaſion to be quit with your generoſi"ty. I am now going in queſt of glory, and poſ"ſible may find a fortune in ſome other Country, "that will be leſs ingrateful than this. I hope the "Sword which I had the honour to draw againſt "you, will reap me advantages that may permit me "to ſee you again upon the ſame occaſion: my heart "tells me my birth is not inferior to yours, and "if it deceives me, I will puniſh the falſhood by ma"king it dig for that in a Mine of danger, which my "extraction hath refus'd me: I have appear'd wor"thy to be ſcorn'd by the King of *Æthiopia*, the "Princeſs his Daughter, and your ſelf, but I muſt "preſume to tell you, that none of you yet have

"know me, and I dare hope one day to appear in "a condition that may challenge a better notice.

When he had ended these words, and given a respective reverence to the Prince, without staying for answer, he departed the Chamber, though the Prince called him back, and follow'd to speak with him; and immediatly mounting his Horse, he quitted *Meroe* with the *Æthiopian* Court, and was never seen there since.

Tyridates stay'd *Eteocles* at this passage, "I am deep- "ly deceived, *said he*, if I be not able to learn you "news of this *Britomarus* you speak of, and they are "such and so great as I wonder they should miss the "way to your Ear: but this merits a particular dis- "course, and I will not interrupt yours. *Eteocles* was going on with his Story; when one told him that the Queen was awake, and had call'd for him, which made him take leave of *Tyridates* for some moments; in the mean time the Prince call'd for his cloaths, and quitted his Bed, where *Eteocles* Story had detain'd him longer than ordinary.

HYMEN'S

HYMEN'S *Præludia*:

OR,

LOVE's Maſter-piece.

PART I. LIB. IV.

ARGUMENT.

The ſight of Alexandria *renews* Candace's *complaints for her* Cæſars *loſs.* Tyridates *invites her to take the freſh air, with the promiſe of a pleaſant walk; where, preparing to go on with her Story, ſhe is interrupted by the arrival of a ſtrange Knight, who is known by* Tyridates *to be* Coriolanus *Prince of* Mauritania. *He ignorantly reſcues* Zenodorus, *from* Britomarus, *as he was ready to kill him: while the Knights fight, the Pyrate eſcapes.* Tyridates *interpoſes his perſwaſions in vain. The arrival of* Cæſario *diſorders the combat, and for a while makes it Tripartite. His* Cask *is ſtruck off by* Britomarus, *and* Candace *knows him. They are parted.* Zenodorus *returns with twenty Horſemen, who aſſail the Knights, while he carries away* Candace. Britomarus *ſaves* Cæſario's *life, who ſpurs away in purſute of* Zenodorus. *The Pyrates men are all ſlain but three, by the prodigious valour of the Combatants.* Candace *is miſs'd by* Tyridates, *who*

engages the rest to joyn with him in pursuit of the Ravisher. Their search proves vain, and they all return to Tyridates *house.*

IF the fair Queen wak'd late that day, it was not so much to be imputed to her weariness of the former, as to her cruel cares, that refused to be charmed by sleep till day was ready to break; the consideration and complaint of her disasters, had almost swallowed the whole night, and that courage that had shewn it self great in all the accidents of her life, could not sometimes deny homage to a grief too just to be condemned: The troubles of a Kingdom (either lost or very staggering) could not feed her griefs so high, but the continual fears for the loss of that which her soul indulged, batter'd it with more violence.

These just and cruel apprehensions, not only drew sighs from her breast, but laments from her mouth, with a brook of tears from her fair eies, which they let fall in such abundance, as her Pillow was wholly steep'd in the stream.

Good Gods! said she, *What are the offences have provok'd your impetuous rage against me? And what could a poor Maid commit worthy of so many marks of your protracted anger? Was it so great a crime for* Candace *to love the son of* Cæsar, *that the loss of one of the fairest Crowns in the world, such unparallel'd persecutions of my sex and condition, with so many dangerous hazards that I have run both of my life and honour, could not expiate it; but I must still be tortur'd with the remembrance*

brance of perils, to which you have expoſed that which is more dear to me than my ſelf? Alas! continued ſhe, *'tis too probable my dear* Cæſar *lives not; for, if Heaven did not ſend him particular aſſiſtance, he could not but be cruſhed with ſo many dangers (joyn'd with his ſorrow for my loſs) that my malicious fortune has thrown upon him; Ah! if it be ſo, juſt Heaven do not ſuffer the wretched* Candace *to ſurvive him one moment; ſnatch her no more out of the jaws of* Neptune, *nor the hands of her Enemies, by a reſcue a thouſand times more cruel than that death from which you have guarded her.*

The fair Queen had enlarged her complaints, if the Maid that lay with her, who had much influence upon her, had not turn'd their current by the ſweeteſt comforts ſhe was able to apply. *Candace* would hear her, both becauſe ſhe dearly lov'd her, and beſides, delighted to have her misfortunes flatter'd, and to ſtay her ſelf upon the hopes ſhe gave her of the recovery of her Empire, and the ſafety of *Cæſario*. And thus they waſted the greateſt part of the night, till, a little before the Birth of day, ſleep came to becalm her cares, and draw the Curtains of her bright eies, which ſhe kept ſhut about four or five hours: At the end of which being awaked, and feeling no indiſpoſition that could perſwade her to lie ſtill, ſhe caus'd *Clitie* to riſe (that was the name of her Maid) and give her her Cloaths; a part of which when ſhe had put on, ſhe quitted her Bed, and in that eſtate took ſome turns in the Chamber; at laſt ſhe open'd a window, whence the eie might freely ſpread it's view over the adjoyning Sea, and the ſtately City of *Alexandria*.

The ſight of that City (heretofore the abode and

legitimate inheritance of her dear *Cæsario*) awaken'd her Complaints, and after the Prologue of two or three ſighs, tying her eyes to thoſe proud Wals that *Alexander* built:

Deſolate Alexandria, ſaid ſhe, *ſince thou haſt loſt thy faireſt Ornaments; ſince thy* Anthony's, Cleopatra's, *and* Ptolomee's *dwell no longer with thee, but in thy duſt, Pompous and triumphant as thou wert; thou doſt now languiſh under a Tyrannick Yoke: Oh! that I could at leaſt repair part of thy loſſes, in reſtoring that to thee which thou gaveſt to me: Within thy boſom my young* Cæſar *firſt ſaw the light; to thee I owe the education of his tendereſt years; and of thee I received him, with all thoſe lovely graces that he brought among us: and now I am come without him to thy forſaken wals, to expoſe my ſelf to the reproaches thou mayeſt throw upon me, for having unjuſtly detain'd him from thee. But pardon me, my Beloved's native ſoil, if I cannot reſtore what my ſelf hath loſt: He is pull'd from me by the cruelty of my deſtiny; and I bring thee as much of him as is poſſible, by offering thee a heart where ſhe hath as lively and perfect being, as in that place he now inhabits. Ah! my eyes,* ſaid ſhe, (wiping away ſome tears that had newly forc'd their paſſage) *muſt every object give a freſh warning to your tears? Can you preſent nothing to my imagination, but what renews my diſquiets? Since you firſt became Fountains, you have been ſo laviſh of your ſtreams, as your ſpring might well be exhauſt; but you ſtill overflow as much as when my miſeries firſt alarm'd you: ah! could my dear* Cæſar *yet come and dry you up, I ſhould delightfully remember with what fidelity you have kept me company in my Diſgraces, and then how zealouſly ſhould I bleſs the moſt dangerous and*

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ſad occaſions I have had to witneſs of the height of Affection? But alas! how certain are thoſe hopes! how cruel the arms of our barbarous enemies! and then how dangerous are you inconſtant billows that rowle before mine eyes?

She had inlarged her Plaints, and ſuffered theſe ſad conſiderations to waſte a great part of the day, had not *Clitie* interrupted, telling her it was time to dreſs her, receive the Prince *Tyridates*, who would not fail to wait upon her ſo ſoon as ſhe could be in a condition to permit his viſit: *Candace* came to her ſelf at *Clities* ſolicitation, as one newly wak'd from a deep ſleep: And regarding her with a languiſhing eye; *I had abandon'd my ſelf*, ſaid ſhe, *to ſome melancholy thoughts, which the view of* Alexandria *had rouz'd within my Soul; and I aſſure my ſelf, thou canſt not* (*without ſome tenderneſs*) *caſt thy eye upon theſe places where my beloved* Cæſario *took his birth: See*, ſaid ſhe, (opening the window again) *look upon this ſame City, where the lamentable* Cleopatra *delivered him to the world, where ſhe nouriſhed and brought him up to beſtow upon me: And ah! how gladly did I receive the rich preſent of a Perſon ſo illuſtrious? how tendrly and dearly would I have preſerved him, whoſe abſence* (*and it may be utter loſs*) *I now regret with ſuch violent reſentments.*

The Queen would never have given over, ſtill finding freſh ſubjects entertain her ſorrows, if *Eteocles*, advertiz'd by *Clitie*, had not entered the Chamber; yet ſhe would needs draw him to the window, to ſhew her (as well as the diſtance would permit) all that might be diſcover'd of the Palace where the Prince was born and nouriſh'd; with ſuch

other places as he and the reſt of his royal Play-fellows (often mentioned to her by *Eteocles*, in the ſtory of his Maſters Youth) had chiefly frequented in his greeneſt years. After the Queen had allow'd ſome time to this pleaſing employment, ſhe made an end of dreſſing her, which when *Tyridates* underſtood, he came to bid her good morrow, and was met and receiv'd by her with an air full of ſweetneſs and Majeſty.

Tyridates, who was now grown acquainted with her name and condition, accoſted her with all the reſpect due to her Perſon and Dignity. *You ſee*, ſaid the Queen, *a perſon very ſlothful, yet not altogether inexcuſable, for having wearied out ſo many cruel nights and days without repoſe, I aſſure my ſelf you will not take it ill that I have now taſted it from your bounty. Madam, would it pleaſe the Gods*, ſaid Tyridates, *that I had power to perform more than what this miſerable retreat can contribute, and you ſhould ſoon know, that the moſt difficult and dangerous occaſions to ſerve you would alwaies be delightful to ſuch as Fortune ſhall honour with the employment.*

Indeed I ought not to expect leſs generoſity, reply'd the Queen, *from a Prince of the* Arſacides; *for, 'tis ſo natural, that you cannot want it, without belying your blood. 'Tis true*, ſaid *Tyridates, the houſe of* Arſaces *had a fair ſtock of vertuous reputation, before the inhuman* Phraates *diſhonoured it with his cruelties; but it is now the infamous ſhame of all Royal Families; Nor do I believe that any can paſs a more gentle thought upon it, without ſharing in the guilt that is faſtned to it. The crime of* Phraates, ſaid the Queen, *cannot reach to you; the ſpots of his Cruelty are ſole-*

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ly limited in himſelf, and cannot ſo much as dim the luſtre of your Vertue.

That fair Queen had gone on, if the Modeſty of *Tyridates* would have ſuffered it; but interrupting her diſcourſe, to change the Subject, he demanded how ſhe had paſſ'd that night. *Could my mind,* ſaid Candace, *have ſhared in the repoſe you have given my body, I ſhould ſay, By your means I have reſted well. But as the troubles of my Soul have received nō Comfort; but from your Aſſiſtance, I think I may ſay, I have numbered the tedious hours of the night with more unquiet than your ſelf. The Gods preſerve you,* ſaid Tyridates, *from ſuch racking pains as dragg my daies through eternal deaths; for, could your apprehenſion but reach them, you would doubtleſs give them another Character. I ſee well,* ſaid the Queen, *that* Ereocles *has not yet told you my Story, or has but related a few of the firſt events. Tis true,* ſaid Tyridates, *that I am yet but acquainted with the beginnings of it; for* Ereocles *has gone no further than the generous Combat that the Prince* Cæſario *had with young* Britomarus. *Then you have yet heard nothing of my Life,* ſaid the Queen; *but when you ſhall once know it, you will confeſs that I have Miſeries enough to match yours, and ſome to ſpare, ſuch as your patience never traverſed. I am baniſhed as well as you from my native Country, poſſibly diſpoiled of a moſt flouriſhing Empire; ſeparated, like you, from the perſon I love, whom I left expos'd to dangers far greater than ſuch as threaten* Mariamne's *life, ſuch as Heaven it ſelf cannot reſcue him from, without a wonder.*

Theſe Calamities, reply'd the afflicted Tyridates,

are

are very considerable, especially in the person of so great a Queen as your self. But your Majestie may permit me to tell you, that I have some too cruel to be pattern'd among the worst of yours. You are bereaved of that happy person whom you have judg'd worthy of your Affection; but the Subjects of our losses are very remote in nature; I assure my self, that the Prince you love, does support the separation at least, with as much impatience as you; and the losse of you makes him outsigh you for his absence: besides, your displeasures have not struck you in the most sensible part, since the blows you received, came onely from the rude hand of Fortune, and not the will of him you love: But Gods! how different is my destiny; the only will of Mariamne *creates all my Miseries; it was that banished me her presence; and (which wounds me deepest) while I dye for her, she does not so much as dream of me. Would Heaven that every raving wave were my professed Enemie! that all the Arms of the Empire bent their points at my happinesse! nay, that every thing in nature defyed me, on condition* Mariamne *were for me, I would encounter all their traverses with contempt, and either not feel them, or at least with an invincible patience sustain them; For as my Joyes and Griefs are entirely dependent on her, so 'tis she alone can make me Happy or Miserable: And from those that spring from any other source, in me they will finde but little sensibility.*

"I see your affection, said the Queen, is truly wor-
"thy of your self, and the object it aims at: But, if
"I mistake not, your evils are not so great as you
"have Figur'd them, if they only depend on *Mari-*
"*amne*'s will; my thoughts tell me she yet loves you,
"and had not the care of her reputation, with the se-
"vere

"vere rules of her Duty, laid too heavy in the other "balance, ſhe would never have baniſh'd you her "preſence, but rather beſtow'd ſome proofs of her "acknowledgment upon you, which ſure ſhe could "not bridle without much conſtraint: that laſt con-"deſcention ſhe granted in your favour, when ſhe "ſuffer'd you to ſee her in the midſt of ſo many dan-"gers that menac'd her, could not come from ſuch "a perſon as *Mariamne* (who was never accuſed of "levity or imprudence) without the conſent of af-"fection, which was all the excuſe ſhe had for it: "Nor do I believe her wholly exempt from that "which your being divided makes you ſuffer for her "ſake; and am confident ſhe paſſes not a day where-"in ſhe does not call you into her memory. Ah: "Madam, cried the amorous *Tyridates*, how agreeab-"ly you flatter me, & how neceſſary is the authority "of ſuch a Perſon as her ſelf to perſwade that which "appearance could never manifeſt: I am worthy of "the affection and remembrance of *Mariamne*, and "the Gods can witneſs, I never cheriſh'd a thought "ſo arrogant to believe I deſerv'd them. Yet I can-"not liſten to your diſcourſe without ſome comfort, "repreſenting to my ſelf, that a Perſon ſo divine as "you, cannot (like our common ſpirits) be capable "of error.

This diſcourſe had been enlarg'd, had it not been interrupted by thoſe that brought up the Queens dinner; *Tyridates* din'd with her, and ſo did *Eteocles* & *Clitie*, becauſe they would have it ſo, not then being in either place or condition to obſerve the regular method of all Ceremonies.

After dinner *Tyridates* told the Queen, that, though

though the place was Desart and Savage, it afforded some unfrequented walks not unpleasant, which gave her a desire to take the air, when after her eies had spent some time in turning over several objects at the window, she went out of the House, prop'd by the arm of *Tyridates*, and only followed by *Eteocles* and *Clitie*; they walked a while upon the Downs, where their eies had liberty to converse with the successive waves, and those wondrous flowes and ebbs that had so puzled the science of all Philosophers: but the Queen beginning to be wearied by the Sand, *Tyridates* led her down to a very pleasant Valley, semi-circuled on the one side with divers points of a Rock covered with moss, and on the other with a little wood, which joyning Crescent-wise with the extremes of the Rock, left a green Meadow in the middle, beautifyed with divers Chrystal Fountains.

This place agreed with the Queens inclination to solitude, and suiting her intention to be private, she accepted that invitation to discourse the rest of her adventures to *Tyridates*, and spying a space between two Rocks, covered with moss, and framed by Nature into a seat, so secretly contrived, as it concealed them from the sight of any in the Meadow, though they might easily discern what past in any part of it; she settled there, inviting *Tyridates* to sit by her, while *Clitie* and *Eteocles* made choice of a place to lie down in, some five or six paces from their Mistress.

After the fair Queen had been a while silent, she looked upon *Tyridates* with a little blush, that with a glad ambition was newly clim'd into her cheeks:

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If I give you the relation of my life, ſaid ſhe, *I muſt be obliged to uncover ſome follies, which the preciſe rules of modeſty would keep concealed; but as it is not juſt, that I ſhould either ſerve my ſelf of your aſſiſtance, or demand your counſel in affairs whereof you are ignorant, I ſhall freely give you the naked account of my life, with that Adventure that conducted me into this Countrie; and in fine, crave your advice about the fitteſt order to be obſerved for the compoſure of my affairs, and ſecurity of my Perſon. I ſhall alwaies be more able to ſerve you in Perſon than Counſel,* replyed Tyridates, *being very incapable of directing a Perſon of ſo much Prudence as your ſelf; however I ſhall employ (ſince you ordain it ſo) all the judgement is left me, without expecting the trouble of this Relation from your Majeſtie, which I may as well learn from the Mouth of* Eteocles, *and ſo eſcape a Soleciſm in Civility.*

Candace was about to reply, and had diſpoſed her ſelf to take up the Story where *Eteocles* let it fall: when they were interrupted by a noyſe of Horſes which trod very near, and gave warning to their eies to look about them; which no ſooner done, but they ſpy'd two men on horſe-back coming out of the Wood into the Meadow; the chief of the two that appear'd the Maſter, quickly drew the regard both of the Queen and *Tyridates*, as well upon the Beauty of his Arms, as his graceful Deportment on his Horſe; the ground of his Armour was black, but very richly gilt; ſet round with Rubies of great value, & in all the other places moſt remarkable, the plates of ſteel that were below his Taſes, reach'd to his knee,

knee, and thoſe upon his Arm to his Elbow, which were of the ſame materials and workmanſhip; his Horſe was black, with ſome white ſpots upon him, but then all white with his own froath, which his pride and courage had newly dreſs'd him in: his Squire carried his Shield of the ſame materials with the reſt of his Arms; on which he bare a Crocodile, with a Motto under it of the Roman tongue.

In this aquipage, leaping a little Hay, he entred the Meadow, with intent to let his Horſes feed there, while himſelf took ſome repoſe; and allighting from his Horſe, his approach gave *Tyridates* and the Queen a more perfect deſcription of the beauty of his ſhape, which appear'd with an admirable proportion; all his geſtures, and every action ſo becoming, as it faſtned their eies upon him with a moſt ſerious regard; but their ſatisfaction was much improv'd, when (the better to refreſh himſelf) he took off his Caſque and gave it to his Squire, lending them a ſight of his unarmed Head and diſcovered Face, which made them confeſs, they had never ſeen one better ſhap'd among all the perſons of his ſex; all the lines of it ſo evenly regular, as it was two hard for the skilfulleſt deſire to mend any thing about it; his complexion was ſomething brown, his eyes black, but full of a ſparkling vivacity, as it required a ſteady eye to behold them without ſhrinking at the luſtre; his hair of the ſame colour, being very long and curling, naturally fell in large annulets upon his ſhoulders; In fine, his whole compoſure carried ſo compleat a Symitry, as it would have poſ'd Envy's ſelf to have found fault.

This

This Sranger (ſuch, and much better than my words have copy'd him) after he had ſet his Horſe at liberty, ſought a place to lie down on, and diſcharge ſome wearineſs he had lately contracted in a long voyage; and to favour their curioſity, Fortune led him to the choice of a place very near the corner of their Rock, which though it hid him from the eyes, yet it could not hinder their over-hearing the diſcourſe betwixt him and his Squire; who, after he had taken care of the horſes, laying his Shield, Caſque and two Javelins in readineſs, came and laid down at his feet, and deſired him, if it were poſſible, to releaſe his griefs to an hour of reſt: *For Sir, ſaid he, I think no force, no health but yours, could have ſtood the rude ſhock of ſuch violent pains as you have ſuffered; nor can you long reſiſt it, if you perſevere in this cruel manner of tormenting your ſelf.*

The Maſter, fetching two or three deep ſighs (as Prologue to his Anſwer) *Ceaſe dear* Emilius, *ſaid he, to trouble thy ſelf for a life which is not worth the pains thou tak'ſt about it, and which I cannot regard but as my deadlieſt Enemy: I loved it once, when it was near to* Cleopatra, *but now ſhe has refus'd an intereſt in it, I abandon it to diſpair as well as ſhe.* But my Lord, replyed the faithful Squire, *To what then ſerves that undaunted Courage, which (ſurmounting the growth of your unripe years) hath carried you to ſuch a height of Reputation? To what your ſtudy in Philoſophy, which you beſtowed ſome of your budding age upon, with ſuch a rare ſucceſs? My courage and Philoſophy, ſaid he, indeed have helped me to ſupport that with ſome moderation, which poſſible without their ſuccor would*

have

have forced the effects of fury and transport, as well as those of folly; that in all likelyhood Report has carried to the limits of the Roman Empire: But they cannot cure a disease of this nature, without stripping my Soul of that Seusitive faculty, of which her self is in part compos'd; the advantages I have gained above others that wanted my education, do dissuade me from repyning against the Gods, from dispairing of their goodness, and holds my hands from falling foul upon Subjects of Innocence, upon which the tempests of my grief (without their assistance) might possibly throw me, but they cannot hinder me from sighing, lamenting, and proving my self a man, by afflicting my self with causes of affliction; as I was formerly abus'd into an opinion of happiness by an imposture of prosperity; and would'st thou call to mind in what manner I resisted affronts considerable enough, when they sprang from other causes than the will of my ungrateful Princess, thou wilt remember that neither Courage nor Moderation failed me. What I suffered by the cunning malice of Tyberius, *the tyrannique authority of* Augustus, *with many other cross blows that thou knowest of, I felt my self able to sustain, and possible I should not have shrunk under any weight, that had only power to bow an ordinary spirit; but after explication of the ingrateful and pitiless intentions of* Cleopatra, *'tis not enough to complain, 'tis fit I die,* Emilius, *nor can either Courage or Philosophy urge a just diversion from such a purpose.*

He uttered these words with a tone so passionately heightned, as it drew pitty from his concealed Auditors, and Prince *Tyridates* was about to tell the Queen a conjecture of his, when they o're-heard him go on in his complaint. *Forget, Inhumane Prin-*

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ceſs, ſaid he, were ſo many ſervices, ſo many proofs of affection worth no more than to be inſenſibly driven from your memory? Have I deſerved to be thus uſed for an inviolable fidelity? and think you this does not ſtain the blood of Antony *and* Cleopatra, *to ſacrifice an innocent life to deſpair, which without the leaſt reſervation was eſpouſed to your Service? Juſt Gods! Gods whom I have ſo oft invoked, and of whom I have received ſo many favourable aſſiſtances, if your Anger be ſtill decreed to perſecute the miſerable Reliques of our Houſe, which you have ſuffered to fall under the Roman Arms; turn all the points of it againſt me only, but do not puniſh me, becauſe I Love, with ſuch pains as ſhould only be reſerved for the guilty: If* Cleopatra *provokes your indignation by her ingratitude to me, Conſider ſhe is the Maſter-piece of your hands, and that however my Conſcience avowes me innocent, yet ſure I am not ſo, her ſpirit is incapable of Errour, and I by the weakneſs of ſome action, have ſurely plotted my own diſgrace: if it be ſo, as I owe that belief to her judgment, my life, my actions, my thoughts, I diſavow you all, if you have any other aims than the Love, Service, and Glory of* Cleopatra, *the Gods all know I never owned any ſuch, and if you ſlily crept into my breſt, it was in ſuch diſguiſe as I diſcern'd you not from thoſe ſhe might ſafely approve.*

The Stranger would have ſtretched his complaints further, if his Squire, who began to be weary of that kind if life, had not thus ſtopped him: *My Lord, ſaid he, I beſeech you be not ſo laviſh to your griefs, as to give away the power of reflecting both on what you are, and what you ought to be; 'tis true, your misfortune is great,*

but yet not desperate: and, as I believe, this change in the Princess proceeds from some impression has been given for you: so I hope (the truth once discover'd) to see you restor'd to the same estate in her favour. I am more than confident this mischief was plotted by the artifice of Tiberius; *for that peevish man will omit no occasion to deprive you of what he pretends to so unworthily. But the Princess* Cleopatra's *Spirit cannot be so possess'd, but time will open her eies upon your innocence: Besides, the Friendship of* Agrippa *and* Marcellus *will be active in your behalf; and me thinks Fortune begins to intend you some kindness, by conducting* Cleopatra *hither, who, you know is shortly expected at* Alexandria *with the Emperor and Empress* Livia, *whom she allwaies attends: all things conspire more assistance to your Designes here, than at* Rome, *especially the place of your residence being unknown, and probably 'tis doubted in the Emperors Court, whether you be still living. They have reason to doubt it, said the Master, and had I listned to the rational motions of my grief, thy fidelity had misséd this daily trouble of urging fruitless consolations. Indeed I am glad at the coming of* Augustus *to* Alexandria: *but 'tis less out of hope to see* Cleopatra, *before I shall dare to appear in her presence, than for the revenge I intend upon* Tyberius: *I know that disloyal man thinks his subtilties have destroyed me; but he shall find, I am still living to give him death in the very arms of the Emperor and Empress his Mother, that support him so unjustly against me. This is rather the design of my stay upon this Coast, than to justifie my self before my Judge that sovereignly condemns me, and possibly this sole intent has preserv'd my deplorable life, that else*

should

ſhould have been ſacrificed to my juſt reſentments.

The Stranger thus ending his diſcourſe, gave occaſion to his over-hearers to communicate their thoughts. *Candace* had oft heard the name of *Cleopatra* pronounced with ſuch intereſt, whom ſhe could take for no other than the Siſter of her dear *Cæſario*. But *Eteocles*, who ever kept the blood of his dead Miſtreſs in ſacred veneration, could not hear the name of that Royal Maid without appearing tranſported. *Tyridates* read both their troubles in their looks; and not ignorant of the cauſe: *I do not wonder,* ſaid he, *to ſee you amaz'd at this encounter, for my own ſurprizal is little leſſe than yours; but I think I am able to give you ſome light in this miſt: for, if I be not deceiv'd, this Stranger, whom we have alſo juſtly admir'd, is the valiant Prince of* Mauritania, *Son to the great King* Juba, *who with* Cato *and* Scipio *was vanquiſhed in* Affrica *by* Julius Cæſar: *His Love to the Princeſs* Cleopatra *made it ſelf known to all* Rome *by the marvellous effects it produced; and there was ſcarce a perſon that was ignorant of his quarrel with* Tyberius, *link'd with divers other events that deſerv'd remembrance. During my ſtay at* Rome, *he was abſent; but if the general opinion might be credited, ſhe could not boſt a braver man, nor one whoſe valour was more advantageouſly accompanied, with ſuch other qualities as render an accompliſhed Prince: I muſt not let him go,* ſaid Eteocles, *before I ſee & know him better, and demand ſome news of that Princeſs whom I have carried a thouſand times in my arms, whoſe Birth, Perſon, and Name are ſo ſacred unto me: & indeed,* ſaid Candace, *though my concealment be requiſite, I cannot but wiſh to ſee him that*

loves my Cæsars *Sister so passionately, the praises you have given him, with what I have discern'd in his looks, have gain'd him much of my esteem, and made me already interess my self in his Fortune. Madam,* said Tyridates, *I am glad to hear you say so; if you think fit, we will shew our selves to him; and with your permission, I will offer him that poor retreat you did not scorn to accept; there we shall have leisure to know him, and learn, whether I gues's'd right at his name and qualitie.*

To this the Queen gave an easie consent, and they were rising to salute him, when a great noise of clashing of Arms, and loud voices, that sent it self to their ears from a neighbouring Valley prevented them. This retir'd the stranger from his profound thoughts, and unwilling to hazard a surprisal in that estate, he suddenly snatch'd up his Casque, and commanded his Squire to bridle his Horse, which done, he was no sooner leap'd into the saddle, when he saw two men on horse-back coming towards him in their full speed from their Valley, in a different estate and posture. The first (having no other Arms but his Sword) fled before the other arm'd at all points, who with his Sword in his hand pursu'd him with loud threatenings, and wanted but little of overtaking him. The Arms of the hindmost were of a brown complexion, and (as if Art had studied disorder) confusedly filleted with Gold and Silver; his Coat of Mail was suitable to his Curiass; upon his Casque he bare a Lion, with a long Horse tail in his paw, that fell backward from his head upon his shoulders. The same beast was pourtray'd on his Shield, with a Motto under him, that could not be read at that distance.

The

The Garb of this Warrior was not ſo proud and fierce, but the other was as poor and timorous; the fear of death, that hung out its pale badge upon his Viſage, would let him expreſs no anger, but to his horſe, which he ſpurr'd moſt furiouſly; and as he turned his eies round, as if he hunted for hope of ſuccour, he ſpyed *Cleopatra*'s Lover, whom he ſaw in a condition to defend him from his enemies rage; and ſpurring up to him, with his hands ſtretched out in a ſuppliant poſture: *O ſave me Sir*, cryed he, *from this cruel man that has taken this advantage to murder me*? He had no time to enlarge his entreaties, nor was it neceſſary to a man in whom the ſentiments of vertue had too deep an impreſſion, to fly any opportunity that might ſet his courage a work to relieve the oppreſſed. He returned him no other anſwer than a preparation to give what he demanded: And to that end, putting himſelf between him and his purſuer, and firſt deſirous gently to try the force of perſwaſion; he cryed out to him a far off, to moderate the violence of his paſſion, and prayed him to conſider the glory he was like to purchaſe, for a man armed as he was, to ſet upon a perſon that had ſo little to defend himſelf.

The Stranger, whom a moſt violent choler and animoſity againſt the fugitive had wound up to a haughty fierceneſs, could not ſee the way to his revenge block'd up, without converting his fury upon him that deny'd it paſſage, and inſtead of a reply, he advanc'd his Sword in the air, & flew upon him like a Lion: *Thy life*, ſaid he, *ſhall pay the forfeit of this Traytors, which thou rob'ſt my juſt indignation of.* With theſe words came ſo weighty a blow, as his enemy

having ſcarce time to ward it with his Shield, was half aſtoniſh'd: but he, deſirous to make uſe of that diſorder, (Revenge over-powring Glory) would have quitted the Combat to continue the purſute: But *Cleopatra*'s Servant ſuddenly recovering himſelf, catch'd hold on the reign of his bridle as he was paſſing by, & gave ſo rude a tug to the tender-mouth'd horſe, as made him riſe ſo high before, that he wanted but little to overthrow himſelf backward upon his Maſter, but he ſlacking his hand, with a ſharp remembrance of the Spur, pricked him forward; yet not ſo ſoon but his fugitive was already got out of ſight, & (that he might leave no certain tract to his follower) had betook himſelf to the Covert of an adjacent wood. But when he ſaw his hopes of overtaking him were fled with him, he turn'd his anger afreſh upon his new enemy; and beholding him with eies that darted flames of rage: "thou canſt not, *ſaid he*, but "be baſe and perfidious, ſince thou favour'ſt thoſe "that are ſo; but thy death ſhall repair the diſpleaſure thou haſt done me. Take heed, ſaid the other, "and defend thy own life carefully; for, believe it, "thou wilt have more need of all thy force againſt "me, than him whom thou wouldſt have kill'd at "ſuch an advantage.

The two brave Combatants, valiant as any that ever got a name in Arms, follow'd theſe words with ſuch weighty blows, as he that firſt enter'd the liſts, with an unwilling complement, was forc'd to bow his head to the ſaddles pomel, & the other to touch the Crouper of his Horſe. But recovering freſh force and fury, each finding the valour of his enemy, and expecting by the firſt blows what was like to follow, quitted

quitted the thoughts of an eaſie Victory, and wak'd all the dexterous force that nature and exerciſe had given them, to find advantages. The Prince of *Mauritania* (for *Tyridates* was not miſtaken) at the firſt was leſs angry than his enemy: but when he ſaw his Arms dyed with his own blood, he ruſhed upon his Foe with ſuch an unbridled, yet skilful fury, as would quickly have given him the Victory, had he not diſputed with a courage ſo invincible, as the world could not boaſt a braver.

The proofs they had given for their mutual valour, were ſoon become the wonder of their Spectators, And while *Candace* was wrapt in a deep amazement at the ſight; *Tyridates* and *Eteocles* quitted their places, and advanced into the Meadow, with an intent (if it were poſſible) to part them: an undertaking ſomething difficult, they being both on foot, and only armed with Swords: *Tyridates* therefore judging the gentler way the beſt, and approaching ſomething near them: *Gallant men*, cry'd he, *will you kill one another without a ſubject for a quarrel? might you not better reſerve your valour to employ againſt your enemies whom you have cauſe to hate?* The Knights were ſo deaf to diſſwaſion, as all the anſwer they return'd was a hot continuance of the Combat, each ſo vehemently ſpurring up his horſe to gain the crouper of his enemies, that *Tyridates*, fearing to be trodden under foot was conſtrain'd to retire a little and become a quiet Spectator, ſince he could not be an Arbiter, attending the event of that furious Combat not without much fear it would prove too bloudy.

It was yet fought on both ſides with ſuch an evenneſs of fortune and courage, as no judgment could

allow either the leaſt advantage; when the appearance of a third that came galloping up to the Combatants, gave *Tyridates* ſome hopes of aſſiſtance in his deſign to part them: The Arms of this laſt commer were very richly embroidered with gold & artificially engraven with the Roman Eagles; upon his Shield was painted that Royal-Bird turning her undazl'd eies upon a Sun in its glory; and upon his Cask ſhe erected her two heads, and expanded her wings, as ſhe is repreſented in the Arms of the Empire.

The arrival of this new Cavalier, not more conſiderable for the gallantry of his Armour, than the bravery of his Garb and Poſture, made *Candace* and *Tyridates* (wholly fixed as they were upon the former ſpectacle) to take off their regards, and beſtow them upon him: but he allow'd them but little time to obſerve; for he no ſooner caſt his eye upon him of the two that bore the Lion in his Cask and Shield, but he clapp'd down the Viſor of his Beaver, then half up, and approaching the Prince of *Mauritania*, "Valiant Sir, *ſaid he*, I conjure you by the remem-"brance of what you love deareſt, to quit your "place unto me, and permit me to continue a Com-"bat with your enemy, which I began before yours, "& is poſſibly of greater importance.

The Prince turning his eie upon him that entreated ſo ſtrange a Courteſie, lik'd him ſo well at the firſt ſight, as he would not have ſtay'd his conſent, had he not been exceedingly provok'd by a reſiſtance, which he was not accuſtomed to find among other Enemies; nevertheleſs he was about to reply, when he was prevented by the other, who having heard

heard the requeſt of the laſt commer, at the firſt glance knew & receiv'd him with a joyful clamour; "Come, Come, ſaid he aloud, and joyn your for-"ces together, I do not fear to fight you both, "nor doubt the Victory, though your number were "greater. This ſaid, he flew from his firſt Antagoniſt, and ruſhing in with his Horſe upon the other gave him a rude ſhock with a blow upon the head that made him reel in his Stir ops; but the other Stranger was not long in his debt, for having his Sword ready in his hand, he diſcharg'd it with ſuch a puiſſance upon him, that the blow carried away part of his Shield, and ſo benummed the hand that held it, as it forc'd him to let fall his reins, and his Horſe, feeling himſelf at liberty, ſtarred away, and ſo ſav'd his Maſter from the ſecond blow: But he quickly recovered his bridle, and, being much aſhamed of the accident, he bravely turned head to both his enemies, that approached him with equal fury: A while he doubted upon which to beſtow his firſt blows; but having little time to conſider, he addreſt himſelf to the Mooriſh Prince, & witneſſing with his hand, that he had ſomething to ſay: "I do not doubt, cryed he, but I have courage and "force enough to diſpute the Victory againſt you "both: But if thou doſt value the requeſt of my e-"nemy, ſtand by a while, and give thy ſelf the plea-"ſure of ſeeing us decide a quarrel of greater im-"portance than what is betwixt us two, and I pro-"miſe that immediately after my Victory, we will "end our difference.

I fear, ſaid he, *he will not leave thee in a condition to give me ſuch reſiſtance as my honour can accept*

accept; for me thinks his forces are ſo little inferior to thine, as I cannot hope the ſucceſs of this Combat will tend to thy advantage; finiſh firſt then what thou haſt begun with me, and if fortune decrees that thou ſcap'ſt my hands, thou ſhalt have leiſure enough to debate thy firſt quarrel: Theſe laſt words of the Prince were not ſo much as heard by the enemy, who ſtaying for no anſwer, had eagerly renew'd his Combat with the Knight of the wings, and was receiv'd by him with as much bravery as he brought: The valiant Moor angry to be ſo ſlighted, ran up to him with his Sword in a poſture to expreſs it; but ſeeing him engaged with the other, and aſhamed to aſſail him at ſuch an advantage, he held his Sword advanced in the air, as yet uncertain how to diſpoſe of it: very unwilling he was to give over the Combat, and as loath to wound his credit by ſtriking one that was ſo hotly match'd by another as valiant as himſelf: but during his irreſolution, the two Cavaliers charg'd one another ſtill with ſuch mighty blows, as made their lives indebted to the goodneſs of their Armour; nor could that long hinder their Swords from cutting paſſages for the blood in divers parts of their bodies, the ſight of which rather animated than enfeebled, urging each to carve his revenge upon the other, with ſuch height of fury, as there was never ſeen a Combat between two men ſo terrible; their blood had in divers places dyed the Earth in it's own complexion, when after many cruel blows that came too thick to be counted, at laſt there fell two together with ſo huge a force, as they wanted both but little of kiſſing the duſt, but they reeled a long time upon their Saddles; before they could recover

cover their Stirrops, the Knight of the Lyons broke his Sword upon the Caſque of his Enemy, but with the blow cutting the laces (that faſtned it) aſunder, it threw the *Roman* Eagles to the ground, and left the head of its Maſter naked and diſarm'd; which diſcover'd to the lookers on, one of the handſomeſt and moſt Majeſtick faces that ever credited Natures workmanſhip: at the firſt glance *Candace* and *Eteocles* knew it, and advancing towards him with a tranſport of Joy, *Ah my Prince, cryed they at once, ah!* Cleomedon, Cæſars *Son*; and indeed it was *Cæſario*, whom the heat of the fight had deafn'd to their cryes; for covering his head with his Shield, with his Sword ready to cut out work for the Chyrurgeon, he re-advanc'd towards his oppoſite that attended him with an equal reſolution: but the Pr. of *Mauritania*, who had lent attention to the words, and regard to the viſage of *Candace*, was willing to do homage to the Empire of Beauty in a deſire to oblige her; and ſeeing the Combatants in a very deſperate condition, threw himſelf between to part them, believing *Cæſario*, with whom he had no quarrel, would not ſtrike him, and the others truncheon he did not fear.

Tyridates and *Eteocles* joyning with him, at the ſame time laid hold of their Bridles, and by that means hindred the Progreſſe of the Combat, which they fretted at with exceſſive choler: *Cæſario*'s appear'd in flaſhes at his eies, and bluſhes in his face, but at laſt lending an ear to the words, and an eye to the faces of *Eteocles* (who held his bridle) and *Candace* that ſtood by ſtill crying out *Cleomedon, Cleomedon*, immediately he knew them both, and with

a Joy that broke into loud accents, seeing his enemy held by the *Mauritanian* and *Parthian* Princes, he forgot all thougts of enmity, and was flying into the arms of his Princess; when they all took a fresh Allarm, from 15 or 20 Horse-men, that with their Swords in their hands, came up towards them upon the Spur, conducted by the same man that fled from the Knight of the Lions, and at him only they all seem'd to bend their unmanly out-rage: but the two others (then quitting, or at least suspending all animosity) of enemies were quickly become parties; which known, without ballancing the baseness of the act, they pour'd themselves upon them all; but the first that aborded them, carryed away incurable marks of their treachery: for they coap'd with such Enemies as were incapable of being dismay'd at such a number. The Prince of *Mauritania*, who was the freshest of the three, sent the first he met without a head to the ground, and cut off the arm of the second, just as it was advanc'd in the air to strike him. These two first blows gave *Cæsario* time to put on his Casque, which *Eteocles* had given him, & the *Knight of the Lions* leisure to recover a Sword instead of his own that was broken. Which done, they both bravely joyned with the valiant Moor, and help'd him to distribute death among their enemies: the first that fell under the Sword of *Cæsars* Son, had his head cloven in two pieces; and he that dyed on the other hand, was run through the body, his point finding a way through the weakness of his Cuiras, to tumble his Soul from the principal seat of life. These were no sooner fallen, but *Tyridates*, covering his head with one of their Casques, and snatching

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ing up a Shield, leap'd upon a Horſe, which a new blow from the gallant Moor had made maſterleſs, and came and joyned his aſſiſtance, like a conſiderable reſerve to the reſt.

Eteocles, with the Prince of *Mauritania*'s Squire, follow'd his example, only the Queen and her Maid remained Spectators of the Combat: and indeed it was almoſt a prodigy to ſee men ſo wearied and wounded in a former fight, with effects beyond humane puiſſance, in ſo few moments to reduce ſuch a number of their enemies to deſpair of victory? *Tyridates*, though but half arm'd, quickly tumbled two at his feet, and *Eteocles* couragionſly cut his paſſage through the preaſe, and join'd himſelf with the Prince his Maſter. But while theſe four gallant Warriors, ſtung with brave emulation, like ſo many new *Mars*'s diſplay'd their invincible valour, the Captain of their enemies, whom fear of death had rang'd in the rear, contenting himſelf to animate with words, but not daring to give the encouragement of a perſonal example, chanced to caſt his eies upon the Queen of *Æthiopia*, who was feeing Heaven with her ſilver tears to reſcue her *Cæſar* from the perils that menac'd him: he no ſooner ſaw, but knew her, and breaking into an out-cry, *Oh you Gods!* ſaid he, *and do you then reſtore me my Fugitive, that was wreſted from my hands with ſo great a danger of my life?* When preſently, commanding one of his men that was neareſt to follow him, he ran to her, juſt as ſhe was thinking (for ſhe had ſpyed him) to go hide her ſelf behinde the rock: but ſhe made not haſte enough to prevent that barbarous Villain, who rudely ſeizing upon her, and, by the help of his compa-

nion,

nion, having ſet her up before him upon the Pomel of his Saddle, he carried her away in ſpight of all the reſiſtance and ſtrugling ſhe could make for eſcape: his companion would have had no pleaſant task to force *Clitie* to the ſame poſture, if her reſolution to follow the Fortune of her Miſtreſs, diſcarding the conſideration of her own, had not made her his eaſie prey: But Gods! What fury ſhot it ſelf into the Soul of *Cæſario*? when hearing the out-cries of his Queen, and his ear directing his eye, he ſpy'd her in the Arms of her cruel Raviſher, who had borrowed all the wings that haſte could lend to get ground of his ſuſpected purſuers; the whole ſtrength of his enemies were now grown feeble to arreſt him; for having thrown down one that oppos'd his paſſage, with a blow that clove him to the breaſt, he darted himſelf among the reſt, with ſuch an irreſiſtable vigour, as he ſoon clear'd the way to his purſute, when (by a freſh piece of Fortunes malice) his Horſe, no longer able to endure the many wounds he had receiv'd, fell dead under him, and ſo ſuddenly, as falling with his Maſters feet engag'd in the Stirrops, he expos'd him to the mercy of his enemies; two of which ſpying the caſual advantages, were coming to kill him, which they had eaſily effected, if the Knight of the Lions (a while before his eager enemy, reſigning hatred to a fitter ſeaſon) had not flown to his defence, and with two blows laid both his Enemies at his feet, the one dead, the other with a deep wound: and taking one of their Horſes by the Reigns, juſt as *Eteocles* had thrown himſelf down to diſ-ingage the Prince from his, *Riſe Cleomedon*, ſaid he, *and receive this aſſiſtance from thy greateſt*

enemy

enemy, but ſuch an enemy as is unwilling to owe any thing to thy generoſity.

The Son of *Cæſar* at another time would not have taken this ſuccour from his declared Foe, without ſtriving to reſtore the benefit, or at leaſt tendring an ample expreſſion after his reſentment, but at that moment the loſs of his Queen (who to his eie had appear'd and diſappear'd like lightening) wholly ſeiz'd him, and would ſcarce ſuffer him to make a fit reflection upon the generous act of this gallant enemie; only in taking the Horſe from his hands, and leaping upon him with more agilitie than his wounds could well allow of; *I know not*, ſaid he, *how to underſtand thee, who in declaring thy ſelf my Enemie, haſt rendered me the office of an intimate Friend: but I proteſt, that as much my Enemie as thou art, I will ever be readie to pay thee back this life which thou haſt ſo bravely aſſail'd, and ſo generouſly defended:* Finiſhing theſe words, and leaping into the Saddle, having now no Enemies capable to ſtay him, he haſted after the Raviſher with all the ſpeed imaginable.

Eteocles, whoſe memorie harbour'd nothing ſo carefully as his Princes intereſt, after his example ſuddenly remounted himſelf, and obſerving the way he took, followed ſo ſwiftly, as in a ſhort time he recover'd him.

In the mean time the Prince of *Mauritania* and *Tyridates* had handled the reſt of their enemies ſo roughly as they were reduc'd to a deſpair of victory; and, when he that ſo valiantly reſcued *Cæſario*, was again join'd with them, they made ſuch havock among thoſe that remain'd, as after the death of all their

their Companions, three that were only left, were constrain'd to trust their safetie to their heels; the gallant Warriors disdaining to pursue them, fell to a mutual admiration of each others valour, and the brave unknown, addressing himself to the Prince of *Mauritania*; "At first, *said he*, you did me a dis-"pleasure that made me your enemie, in hindring "the execution of a revenge so just, as, had you "known the cause, you would doubtless have fa-"vour'd what you prevented: but you have since so "nobly assisted me against enemies who I think only "level'd their malice at me, as the memory of that "over-powers my resentments; and joining with "my wonder at your valour, devotes me to the "search of occasions, that may make me worthy to "become your Friend.

"I am sorry, *replyed the valiant Moor*, for the dis-"pleasure I have given you, judging by what I "have since seen you do, and by the late base acti-"ons of your enemy, that he was worthy of the pu-"nishment you designed him; but (as the truth was "masqu'd) I could not refuse a protection which I "thought was due to the weaker party. I deem it "no mean happiness to have effected your resent-"ments by so poor a piece of service; and after "the experiment of your valour, I cannot without "much joy receive the profer of your amity.

This said, they shook hands, and lifted up the visors of their helmets. If the stranger was ravish'd with the beauty and Majestique air of the *Moor*, the two Princes were not less surprized at his high and heroique Mine, both believing, not without much reason, that they never beheld any that surpast it; thus

thus they gaz'd one at another, their admiration taking a pretty diſtant precedency of their words: but the Prince of *Mauritania* firſt breaking ſilence, and turning towards *Tyridates*, who was dividing his aſtoniſhment betwixt them; *It is to you, valiant man,* ſaid he, *we have the moſt conſiderable obligation; to your valour and generous reſolution we owe the wonder, ſince naked as you are, you have brav'd a danger capable to diſmay men moſt ſecurely armed, rendring a gallant ſuccour to unknown perſons.* To theſe words the brave ſtranger added others that imported the ſame ſenſe, which *Tyridates* modeſty receiving: "I have done nothing, *ſaid he,* but what the "incitement might juſtly chalenge; and the little "help I was able to contribute, ſhew'd ſo poor and "worthleſs in the preſence of your grand actions, "as it merits no remembrance.

In uttering theſe words he obſerved their Arms covered with bloud, eſpecially the ſtrangers, who had loſt very much in his Combat with *Cæſario*, and not willing to dally in ſuch a condition: "I ſee, *ſaid* "*he,* your wounds expreſs the neceſſity of a ſudden "aſſiſtance, which I am preſently able to give, if you "refuſe not the offer of a poor lodging about a "hundred paces hence, where your wounds ſhall be "ſearched, and yourſelves ſerv'd with much affecti-"on: but where is *Cleomedon, continu'd he,* looking "round for *Cæſario. Sir, he is gone,* ſaid the Prince "of *Mauritania*'s Squire, (who being leſs eager than the reſt, had better diſcern'd what paſt concerning the Combat) *in purſute of thoſe raviſhers that carried away two Ladies, that ſtood and looked on while we were fighting. How!* cryed Tyridates, *are the Ladies*

carried away, that were with me when you arrived? Yea my Lord, reply'd Emilius, *they were ſeized on by the chief of thoſe men whom you ſo lately defeated. Oh Gods!* ſaid Tyridates, *what an unvaluable loſs is this, if it be not ſpeedily recover'd? how paſſionately could I wiſh theſe valiant men in a better condition, that they were able to endeavour the reſcue of one of the moſt conſiderable perſons upon earth! Let us go,* ſaid the Prince of Mauritania, *our wounds ought not to diſpenſe with the ſuccour of a perſon of ſo much importance. Indeed,* ſaid Tyridates, *your obligation is particular, and poſſible I know you better than you imagine: but am loath to expoſe you in this eſtate to any freſh peril, eſpecially that gallant man, pointing to the unknown, whoſe wounds are deeper and more dangerous than yours.*

"'Tis true, *ſaid the Stranger,* my hurts are great: "but they ſhall give me leave to go with you to the "Sea-ſide, which is the only courſe you can take in "this deſign; for the Pirate *Zenodorus* (who was he "that I purſu'd, & doubtleſs the ſame that bore a-"way the perſon whoſe loſs you regret) has carried "away the prey to his veſſels that ride near the "Shoar, and only there we ought to ſeek it.

This ſaid, he put Spurrs to his Horſe, and led the way (though not without much pain) towards that ſide of the Coaſt where he had ſeen *Zenodorus* his Veſſels; the Princes eagerly followed, and (being in much the better eſtate, quickly left him behind,) ſpeeding their courſe to that part of the Shoar which he pointed at: but all alas in vain, for finding no veſſel in the road, and coaſting a while upon the ſand without any diſcovery, at laſt they ſpy'd two Ships a far off with full ſails making off to Sea, which they preſently

preſently judg'd to be the ſame they ſought for: the brave unknown, who was as much intereſs'd as *Tyridates*, and poſſible not much leſs than *Cæſario* in the purſuit of the Pirat, fetching two or three deep ſighs, and caſting a ſad look upon the Prince of *Mauritania*, *Oh!* ſaid he, *how I ſhould hate you, if the ſuccour you have given me, with the knowledge of your vertue could leave a poſſibility for the Paſſion.* Gods! purſu'd he, *Oh you Gods! what a loſs do I ſuſtain by this fatal Combat? what have I loſt in a condition, that diſables me to give my ſelf the leaſt hope of recovery.*

At theſe words he had let himſelf fall from his Horſe with weakneſs, if *Tyridates* had not haſted to ſuſtain him: and the *Mauritanian* did as much on the other ſide, proteſting his ſorrow for the injury his ignorance had done him, and the ſhare he took in his fortune. During this diſcourſe, *Tyridates* conſidering that a longer ſearch would but vainly ſtrengthen their deſpair of finding, began to lead them the way to his own houſe, alwaies keeping neer the Stranger, whoſe loſs of blood, and depth of wounds had ſo enfeebled him, as he was ſcarce able to keep his Saddle: but they ſoon reach'd the houſe, where the ſervants of *Tyridates* render'd the ſame offices to the ſtrangers that were due to the perſon of their Prince: they were laid in ſeveral Chambers, (the houſe being ſpacious enough to afford commodious lodging and their wounds viſited, which were not found very dangerous, eſpecially the Prince of *Mauritania*'s who had only received a hurt on his left Arm, and another ſlight one on his ſide; the Stranger's were greater both in number and condition: but the

Chirurgion (who was an officer to *Tyridates*, and an expert Master of his art) promis'd an infallible cure to both.

The Stranger took but little comfort from this promise, and appeared so sensibly afflicted, as the fears of those that serv'd him began to augurate worse success from his sadness than his wounds. He was no sooner laid, but there entered into his Chamber a young man whom he presently knew to be his Squire; who having spent a part of that day in his search, had at last addrest his inquiry to that house, where he understood what was happened.

At the sight of his Squire the Master expressed some signs of comfort, and having call'd him to his Beds side, he entreated the rest to leave him to his repose. *Tyridates* had received two slight wounds, one on his right hand, and the other on his head: but they were too inconsiderable to confine him to his Bed; and having caus'd some remedies to be applyed, he spent his principal care upon the service of his guests, whom he marvellously esteem'd. At the evening understanding that the Prince of *Mauritania* might admit a visit, he entred his Chamber, and being received by the Prince with an excess of civility, they spent some time in terms of Courtesie and deference; which ended, and *Tyridates* seated by his Beds side, before they could Methodically change the subject, he of *Mauritania* calling to mind a word or two the *Parthian* let fall some hours before: "I remember you told me, *said he*, that "I was better known to you than I knew of, make me "the favour, if you please, to let me understand what "knowledge you have of me, and by what means "you

" you gain'd it: I drew it, *reply'd Tyridates*, from " ſome words I over-heard you utter before the ar- " rival of the valiant Stranger, againſt whom you " Combated, your ample mention of the Princeſs " *Cleopatra*, and of *Tyberius*, added to what I had " heard at *Rome*, of the life of that Princeſs, begat " my opinion you were the Prince of *Mauritania*; " but if at firſt it was only a ſingle conjecture, the " ſight of your viſage, with the grand actions you " performed in my preſence, have ſtrengthned it to " a confidence.

This diſcourſe rais'd a bluſh in the Princes cheeks, becauſe it imported him to diſguiſe his quality, yet willing that his Obligation to *Tyridates* ſhould vanquiſh the diſpleaſure; " I ſhould be ſorry, *ſaid he*, " (as my affairs are now ſtated) to be known to " any other perſon than your ſelf; but you have " too nobly engaged me to a high eſteem of your " worth to allow diſtruſt a being.' Tis true, I am that " unhappy Prince of *Mauritania*, whoſe misfortunes, " if you made any ſtay at *Rome*, have poſſibly reach'd " your ears; but becauſe methinks your face too, " diſcovers more marks of greatneſs than your " Equipage, I ſhould gladly learn to whom I am " reduable, and what he is that I have truſted. If I " pris'd my life, *reply'd Tyridates*, I ſhould not have " leſs cauſe than you to hide my name: but as for- " tune has us'd me, the preſervation of it is ſo incon- " ſiderable, as were my confidence in you leſs than " it is, I ſhould make no difficulty to tell you that " I am *Tyridates*, Son of *Orodes*, and Brother to *Phra-* " *ates* King of *Parthia*, perſecuted both by fortune " and friends, and reduced ever ſince my greeneſt

"years to beg from Court to Court a ſhelter for my "life. At this relation the Prince of *Mauritania*, a little lifting himſelf from his Bed, ſaluted *Tyridates*, with an addition to his former reſpect. "I am no "ſtranger to your name, *ſaid he*; for when you quit- "ted *Rome*, you left your ſelf upon every tongue in "ſo fair a Character, as is not inſuitable to my pre- "ſent experience of your perſon and vertue. I am "not ſorry to be reduable to a Prince of your birth, "nor to find ſuch high worth in him, of whom my "eſtimation preceded my knowledge. To you, *ſaid* "*Tyridates*, I owe with much more Juſtice what "your expreſſions have miſplac'd upon my ſelf, the "bruit of your beautious actions hath produced ſuch "effects through the *Roman* Empire, as doubtleſs "you are not known where your vertue is not ad- "mir'd and adored.

The Prince modeſtly retorted this Language, and they had ſome while continued a Courteous conteſt full of deference and proteſtations of amity, they transferr'd their diſcourſe upon the valiant Stranger, who repos'd in the next Chamber; wherein they forgot not to mention his rare compoſure both of face and garb, his undaunted Spirit, with thoſe grand actions they had ſeen him perform, which kindled an equal ardour in both, to be as well acquainted with his name and quality; and as they contrived the means, they ſpyed his Squire paſs by the Chamber door, that ſtood half open; *Tyridates* call'd him, and after he was entred and come near the Bed; *We call'd to you*, ſaid he, *to demand ſome news of your Maſter, and to intreat, if you may grant it without incurring his diſpleaſure, the ſatisfaction of our deſires*

ſires to know him, the bravery of his actions muſt excuſe our curioſity, in contenting which, you may deeply oblige us.

"My Lord, *reply'd the Squire*, had I permiſſion from "my Maſter, you ſhould gladly be obey'd, but ha- "ving not yet revoked the command he gave me to "conceal his perſon, I muſt be forced to a very un- "willing diſobedience; yet this I may take commiſſi- "on to ſay, that poſſible I ſerve one of the greateſt "men upon Earth, and young as he is, (if your re- "mote abode be not ſituate where fame is a ſtran- "ger) doubtleſs the noiſe of his actions hath found "you out; happily when he knows your deſire, he "will command me to ſatisfie it, and if you pleaſe I "will demand his leave.

"It is not neceſſary, *ſaid the Prince of Mauritania*, "for though your diſcourſe hath much augmented "our Curioſity, we ſhould be too incivil to preſs a- "ny thing that may diſpleaſe him; when it ſhall "come from his own free motion we ſhall joyfully "receive it, and in the mean time content our "ſelves to know him by thoſe marks of greatneſs "that ſhine in his perſon, and by what he has done "in our preſence.

With this anſwer the Squire departed, and a while after *Tyridates* (finding it time to leave him to his repoſe) bad his gueſt good night, and went to ſeek that in his own bed, which was there accuſtomed to entertain him.

FINIS.